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The standard Catholic hymnal

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THE

STANDARD CATHOLIC HYMNAL

No. 255
COMPLETE EDITION

Compiled, Edited and Arranged by
JAMES A. REILLY, A.M.

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(Cloth Bound—Linen Cover)

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(Vellum Cover)

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NIHIL OBSTAT

Patrick J. Waters, Ph. D.
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IMPRIMATUR

✠ William Cardinal O'Connell
Archbishop of Boston

May 31, 1921

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To Mr. Leonard S. Whalen, A.M., of Boston College, also are special thanks due, for kindly cooperation and helpful criticism.

To His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell for special permission to use his "Hymn to the Holy Name," thanks are extended.

Every effort has been made to obtain permission where necessary, for the publication of copyright hymns. If we have unconsciously transgressed in this respect due acknowledgement will be made in the next edition.

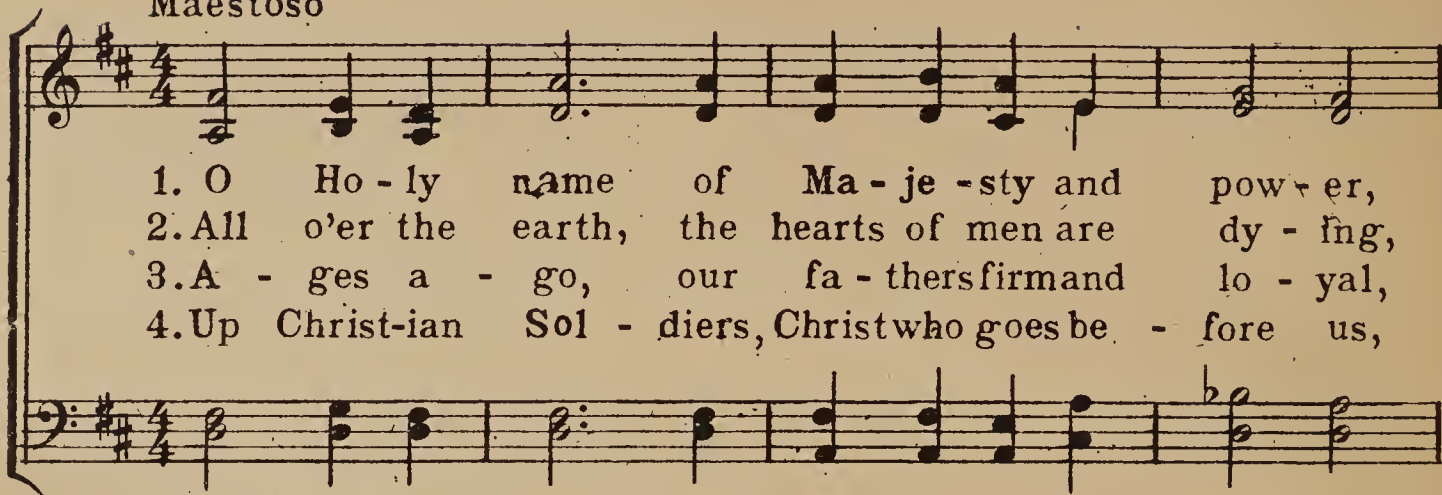
Buckingham. 43-

HYMN TO THE HOLY NAME

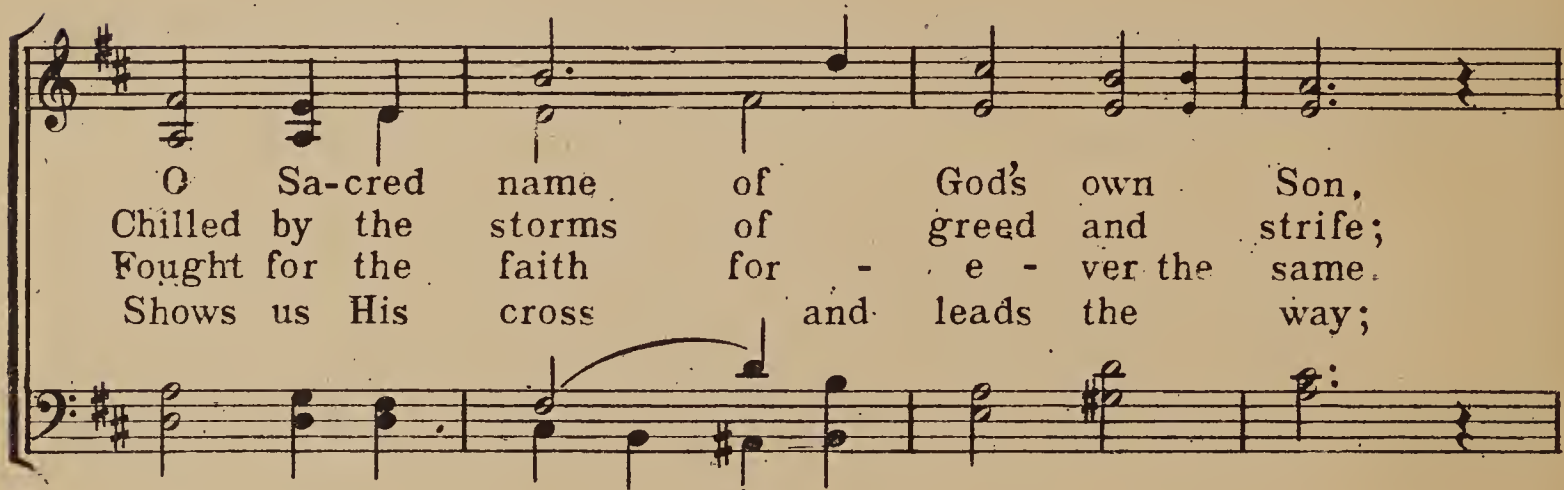
1

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

Maestoso



1. O Ho - ly name of Ma - je - sty and pow - er,
 2. All o'er the earth, the hearts of men are dy - ing,
 3. A - ges a - go, our fa - thers firm and lo - yal,
 4. Up Christ - ian Sol - diers, Christ who goes be - fore us,



O Sa - cred name of God's own Son,
 Chilled by the storms of greed and strife;
 Fought for the faith for e - ver the same.
 Shows us His cross and leads the way;



In ev' - ry joy and ev' - ry wea - ry hour,
 All o'er the land re - bel - lion's flag is fly - ing,
 We are their sons, our he - ri - tage is ro - yal,
 Be - ne - dict our Pont - iff, guides and God is o'er us,

★ By permission of His Eminence the Cardinal, Archbishop of Boston.

HOLY NAME

Be Thou our strength un-til life's war is won.
Threat'-ning our al - tars and the na - tion's life.
and we shall con - quer in the Ho - ly name.
Victo - ry is ours if we but watch and pray.

The first system of the musical score for 'HOLY NAME'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Unison

Fierce is the fight for God and the Right:

The 'Unison' section of the musical score. It begins with a vocal line in the treble clef, followed by a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a forte (ff) dynamic marking.

Sweet name of Je - sus, in Thee is our might.

The final section of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a crescendo hairpin and a piano (p) dynamic marking at the end.

2

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

Rev. C. A. WALWORTH

Traditional

Maestoso

Melody from the "Katholisches Gesangbuch" (1775)

1. *mf* Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name, Lord of all, - we
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
 3. *mf* Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,

bow_ be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy scep - tre claim,
 bove_ are rais ing; Cher - u - bim_ and Ser - a - phim
 Three we name Thee, While in es - sence on - ly One,

All in heaven a - bove a - dore Thee; In - fi - nite_ Thy
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing; Fill the heavens with
 Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee: And a - dor - ing

vast do - main, *f* Ev - er - last - ing is_ Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord: *dim.* Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.
 bend the knee, *p* While we own_ the mys - te - ry.

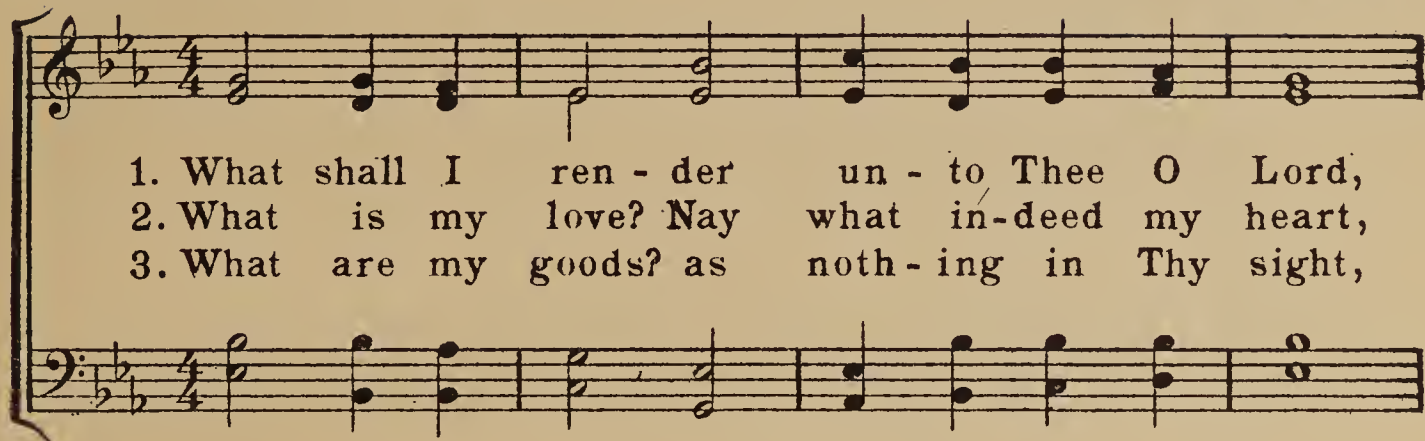
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WHAT SHALL I RENDER

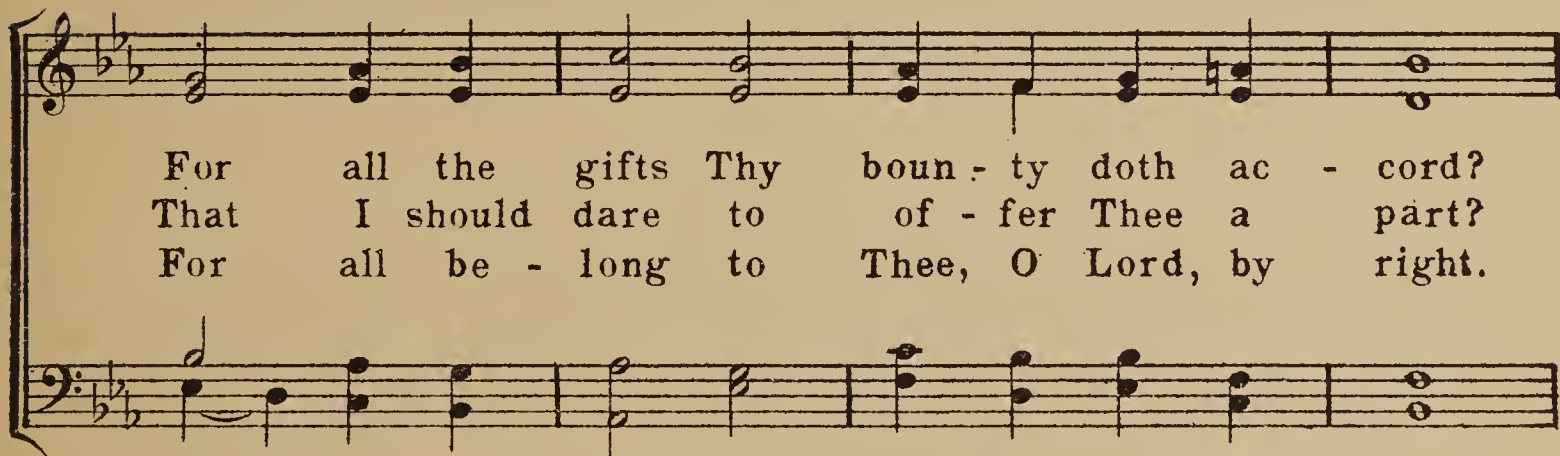
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Rev. H. Van RENSSELAER S.J.

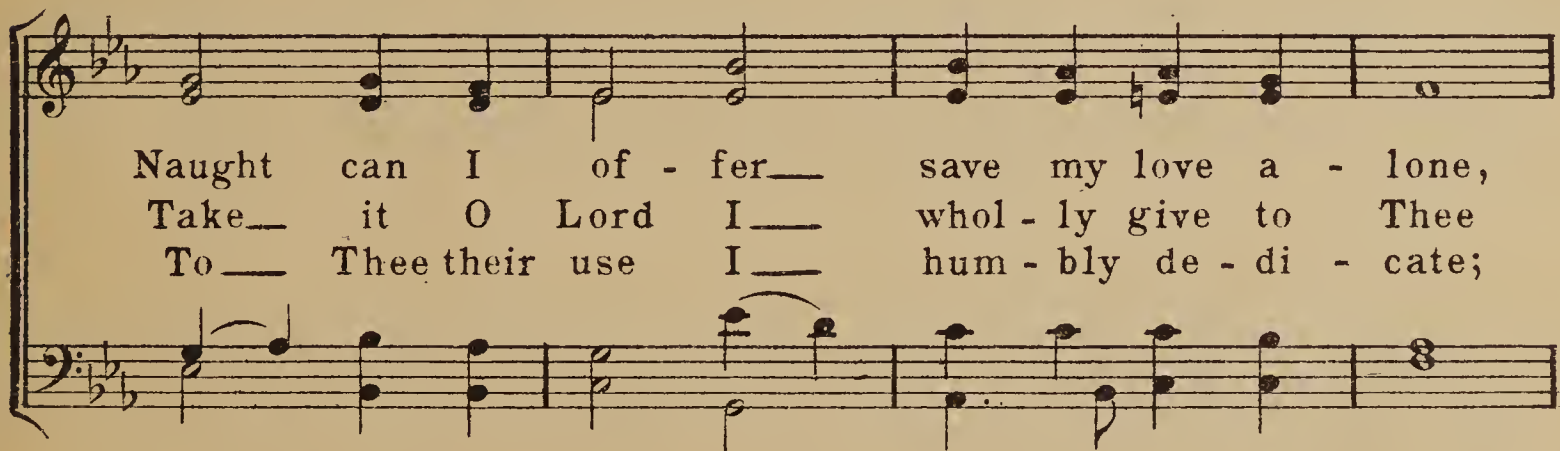
W. H. MONK



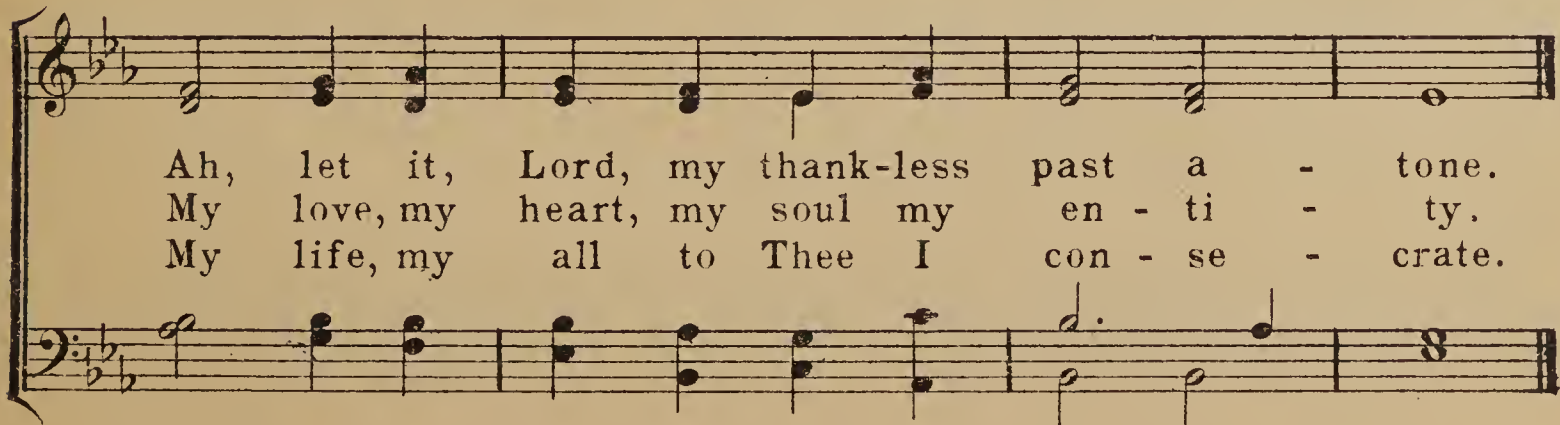
1. What shall I ren - der un - to Thee O Lord,
 2. What is my love? Nay what in-deed my heart,
 3. What are my goods? as noth - ing in Thy sight,



For all the gifts Thy boun - ty doth ac - cord?
 That I should dare to of - fer Thee a part?
 For all be - long to Thee, O Lord, by right.



Naught can I of - fer— save my love a - lone,
 Take— it O Lord I— whol - ly give to Thee
 To— Thee their use I— hum - bly de - di - cate;



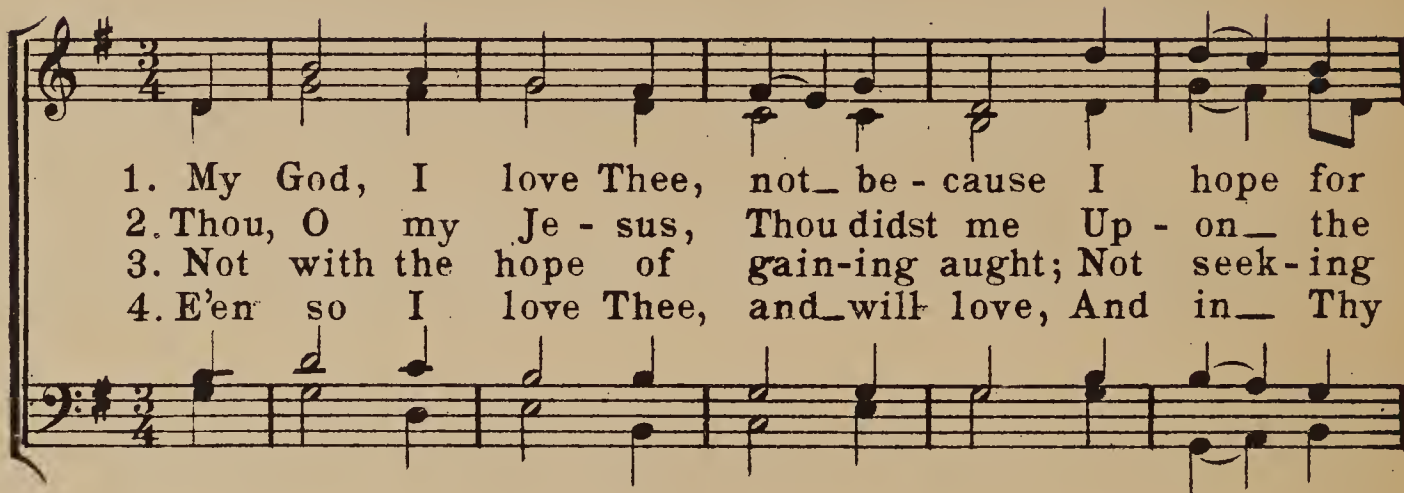
Ah, let it, Lord, my thank-less past a - tone.
 My love, my heart, my soul my en - ti - ty.
 My life, my all to Thee I con - se - crate.

4

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE

Rev. E. CASWALL

S. WEBBE



1. My God, I love Thee, not_ be - cause I hope for
 2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on_ the
 3. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught; Not seek - ing
 4. E'en so I love Thee, and_ will love, And in_ Thy



Heaven there - by; — Nor yet be - cause who
 Cross em - brace; — For me didst bear the
 a — re - ward; — But, as Thy - self hast
 praise will sing, — Sole - ly be - cause Thou



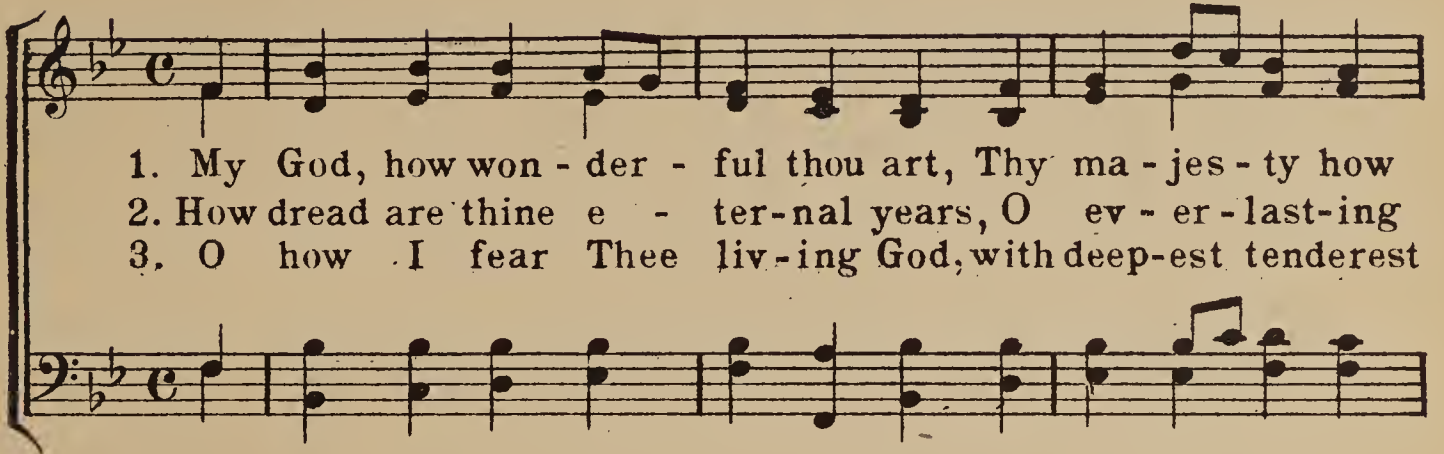
love_ Thee not, Must burn_ e - ter - nal - ly.
 nails and spear, And man - i - fold_ dis - grace.
 lov - ed me, O ev - er lov - ing Lord.
 art_ my God, And my_ E - ter - nal King.

MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

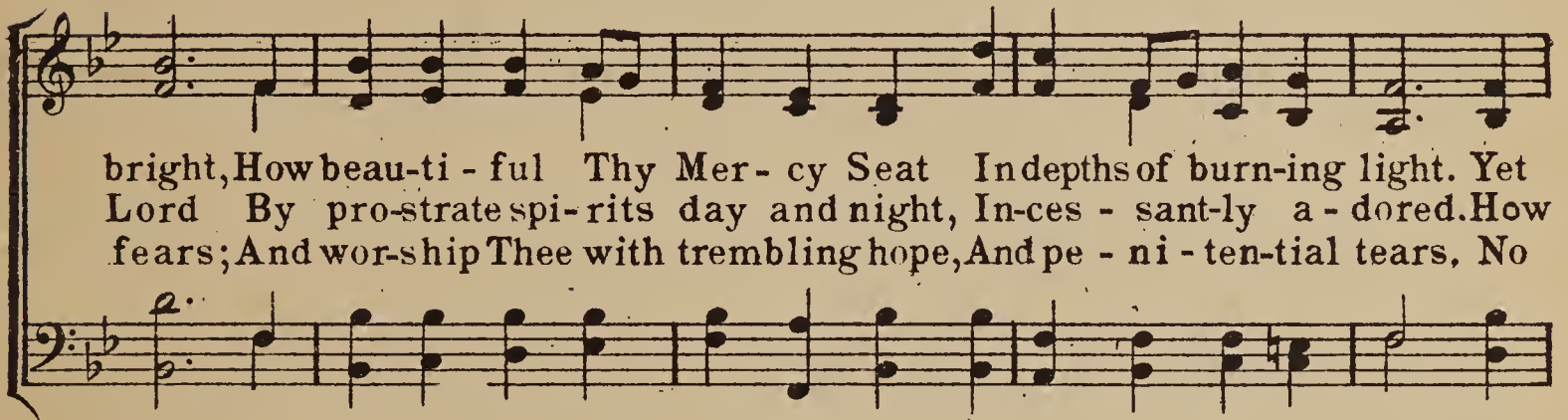
5

Rev. FR. W. FABER

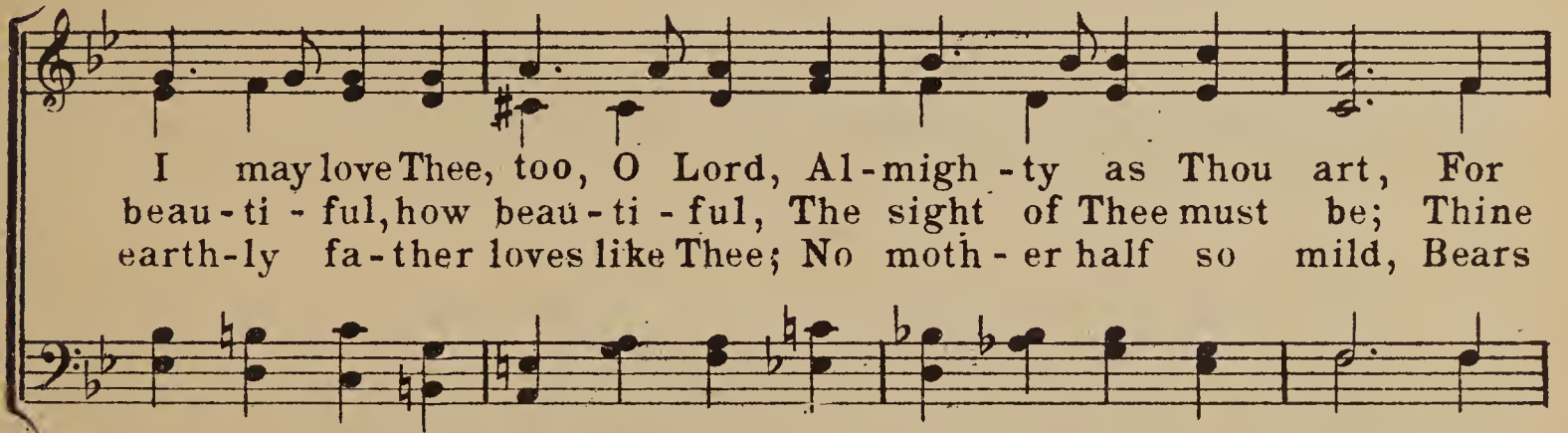
F. H. BIRCHNELL



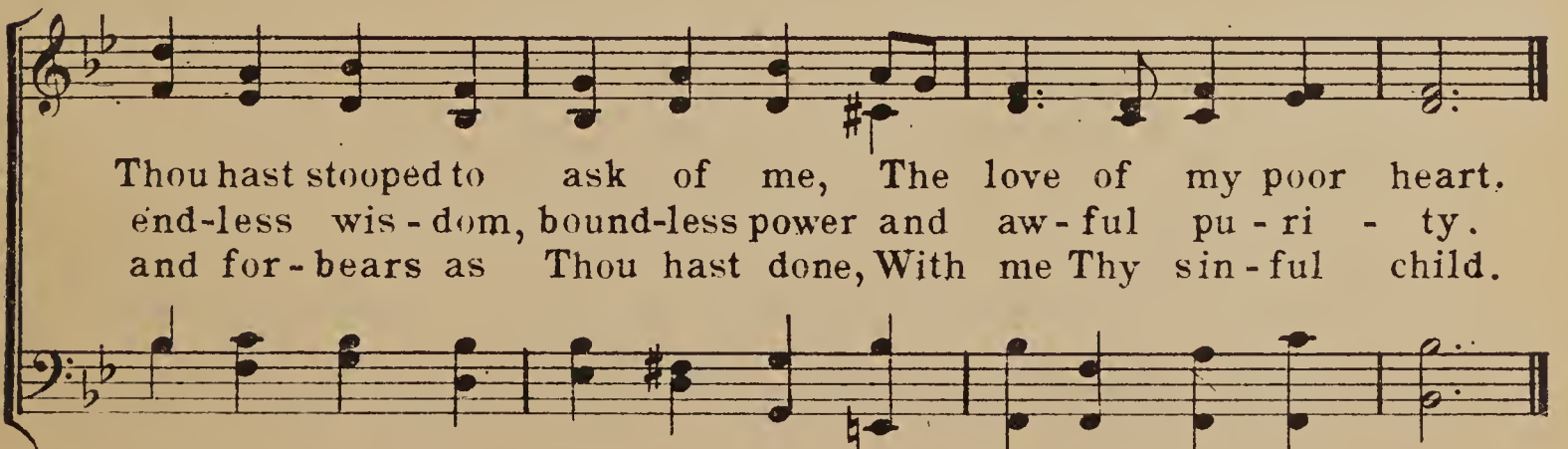
1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how
 2. How dread are thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing
 3. O how I fear Thee liv - ing God, with deep - est tenderest



bright, How beau - ti - ful Thy Mer - cy Seat In depths of burn - ing light. Yet
 Lord By pro - strates spi - rits day and night, In - ces - sant - ly a - dored. How
 fears; And wor - ship Thee with trembling hope, And pe - ni - ten - tial tears, No



I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Al - migh - ty as Thou art, For
 beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be; Thine
 earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No moth - er half so mild, Bears



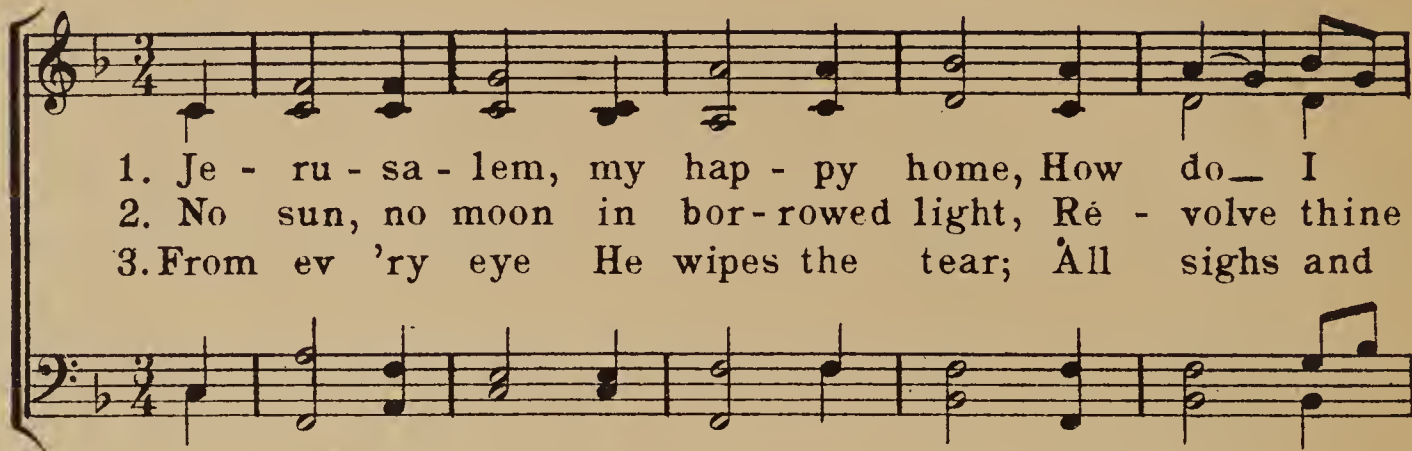
Thou hast stooped to ask of me, The love of my poor heart.
 end - less wis - dom, bound - less power and aw - ful pu - ri - ty.
 and for - bears as Thou hast done, With me Thy sin - ful child.

6

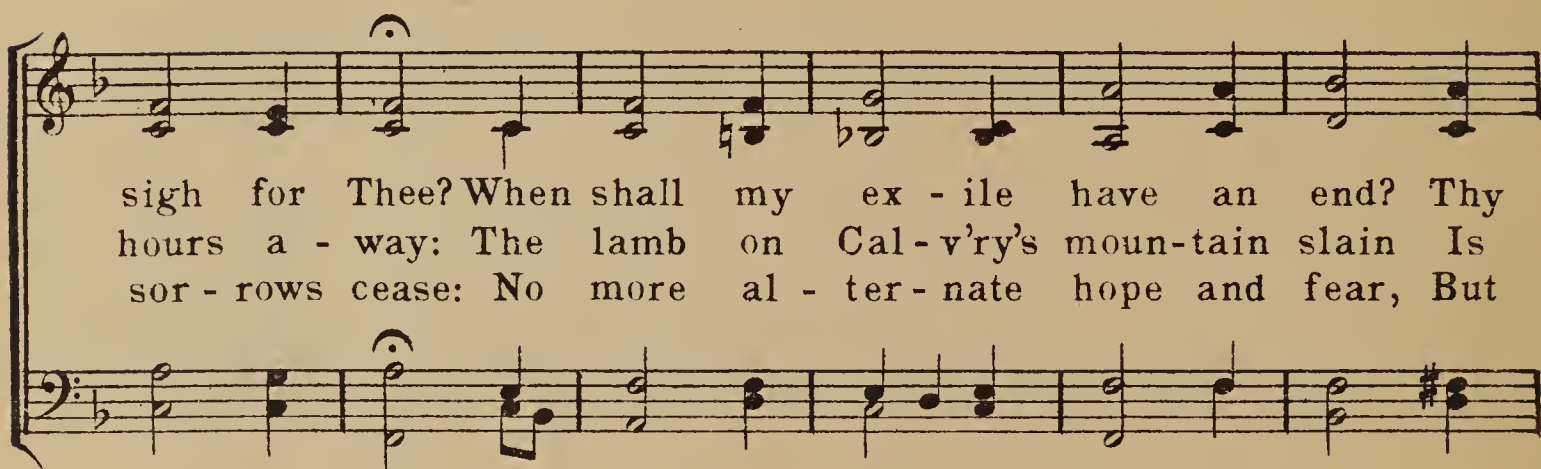
JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

Rev. L. ANDERTON S.J.
(1575-1643)

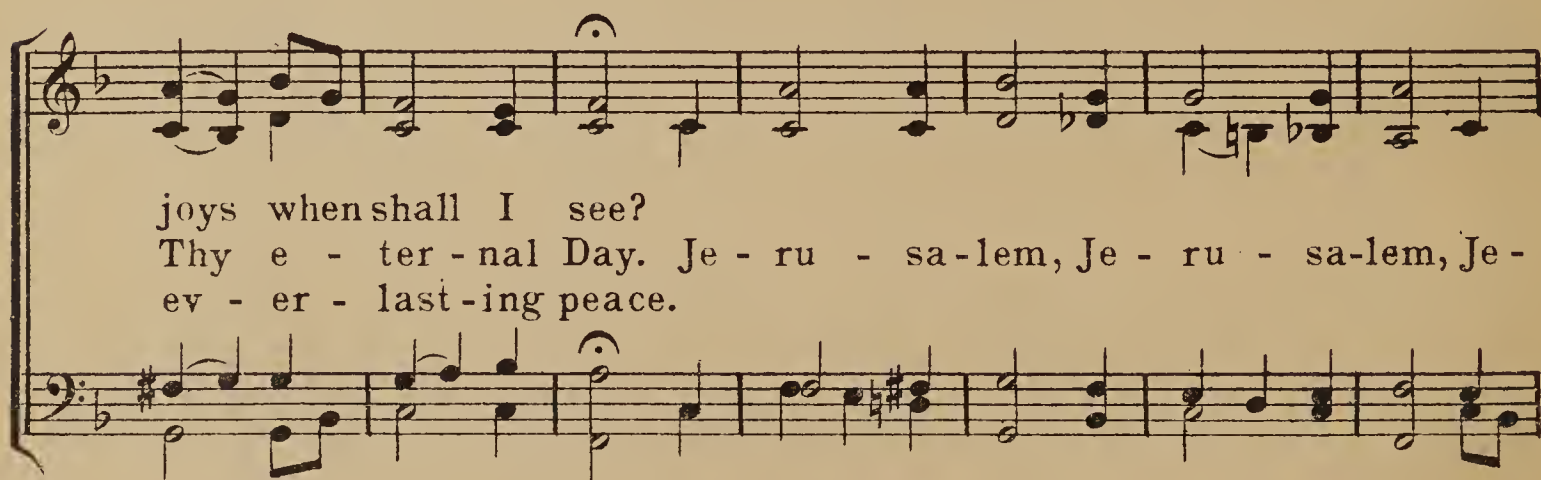
Traditional



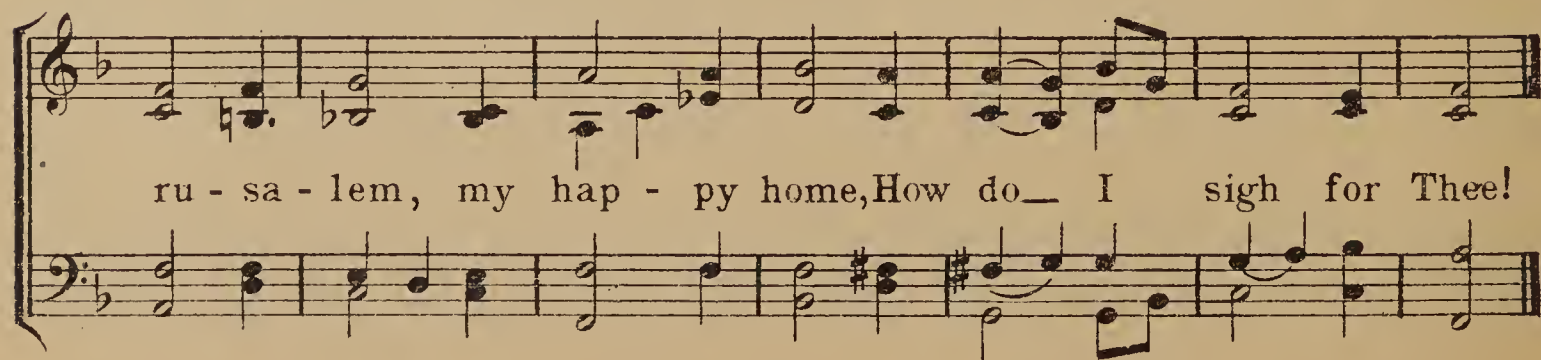
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do_ I
2. No sun, no moon in bor - rowed light, Ré - volve thine
3. From ev 'ry eye He wipes the tear; All sighs and



sigh for Thee? When shall my ex - ile have an end? Thy
hours a - way: The lamb on Cal - v'ry's moun - tain slain Is
sor - rows cease: No more al - ter - nate hope and fear, But



joys when shall I see?
Thy e - ter - nal Day. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je -
ev - er - last - ing peace.



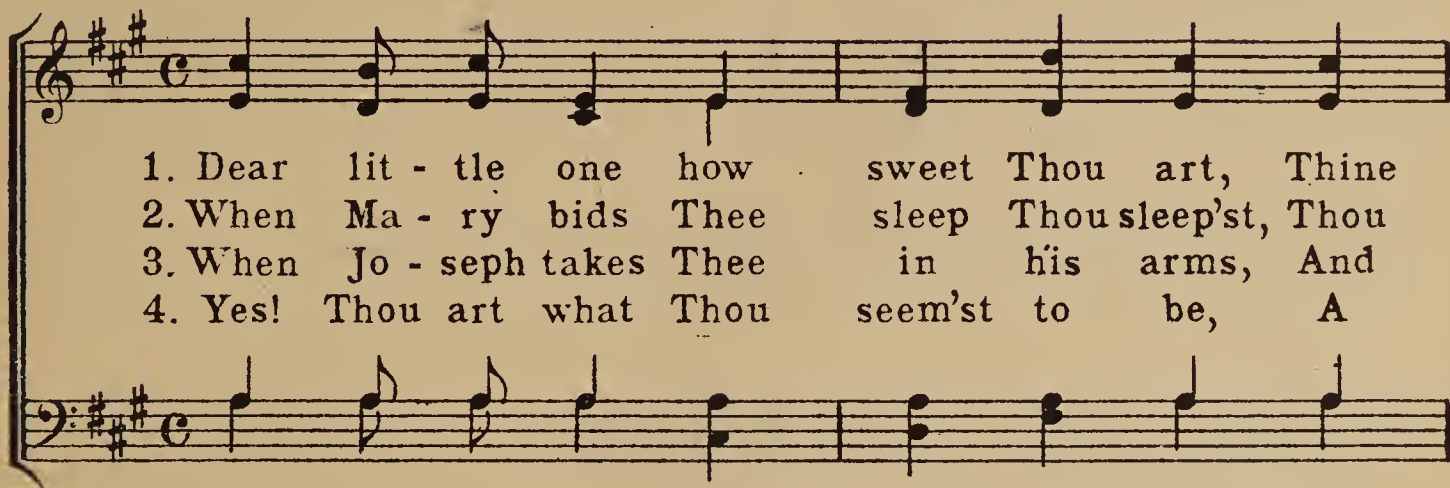
ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do_ I sigh for Thee!

DEAR LITTLE ONE, HOW SWEET THOU ART

7

Rev. F. X. FABER

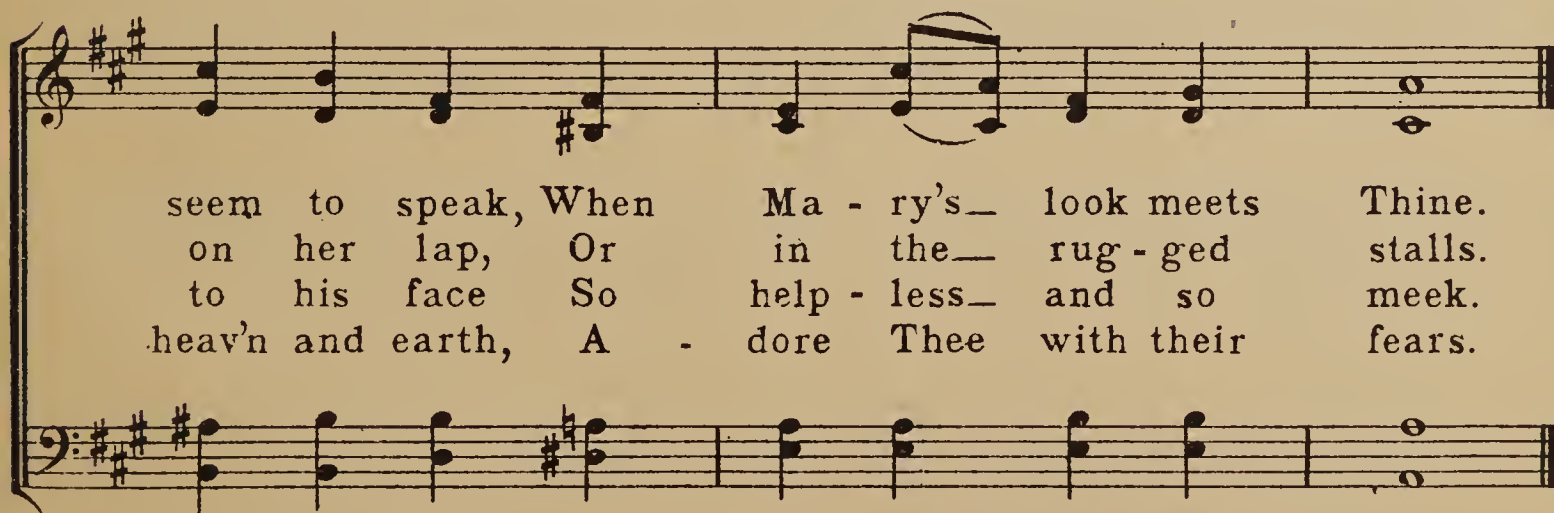
E. WALTERS



1. Dear lit - tle one how sweet Thou art, Thine
 2. When Ma - ry bids Thee sleep Thousleep'st, Thou
 3. When Jo - seph takes Thee in his arms, And
 4. Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be, A



eyes how bright they shine, So bright, they al - most
 wak - est when she calls, Thou art con - tent up -
 smooths Thy lit - tle cheek, Thou look - est up in -
 thing of smiles and tears; Yet Thou art God, and

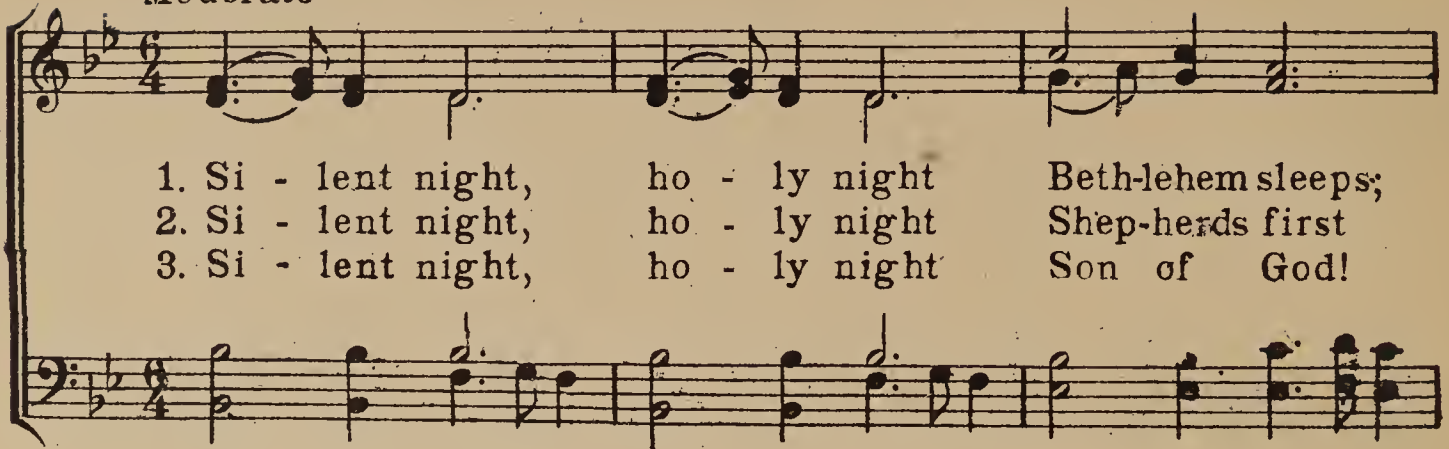


seem to speak, When Ma - ry's— look meets Thine.
 on her lap, Or in the— rug - ged stalls.
 to his face So help - less— and so meek.
 heav'n and earth, A - dore Thee with their fears.

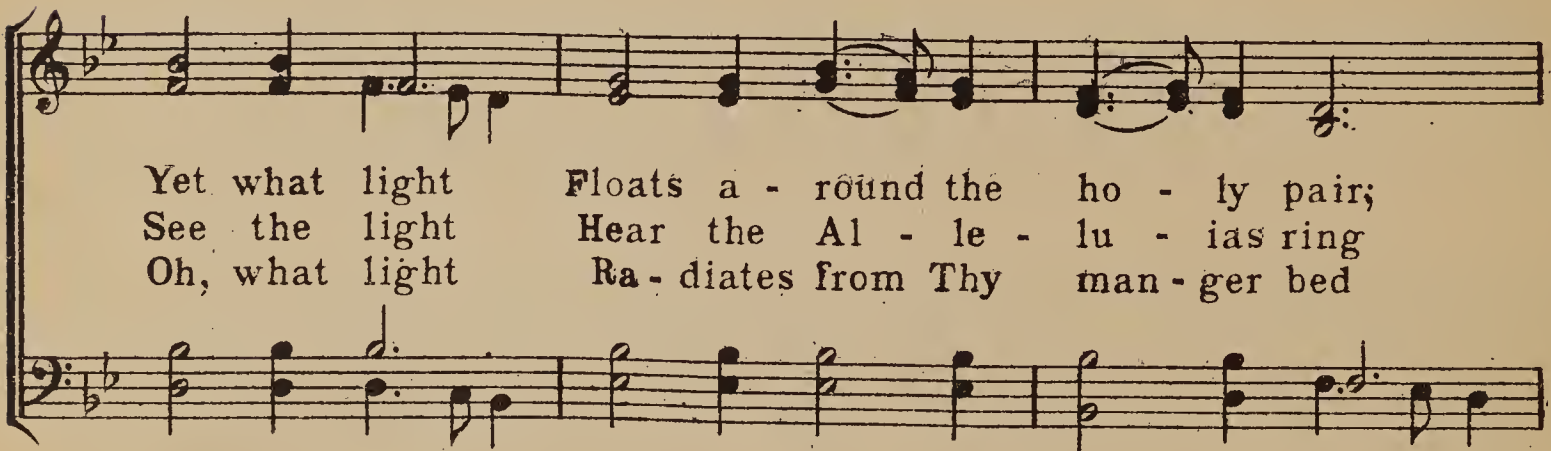
SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

F. GRUBER

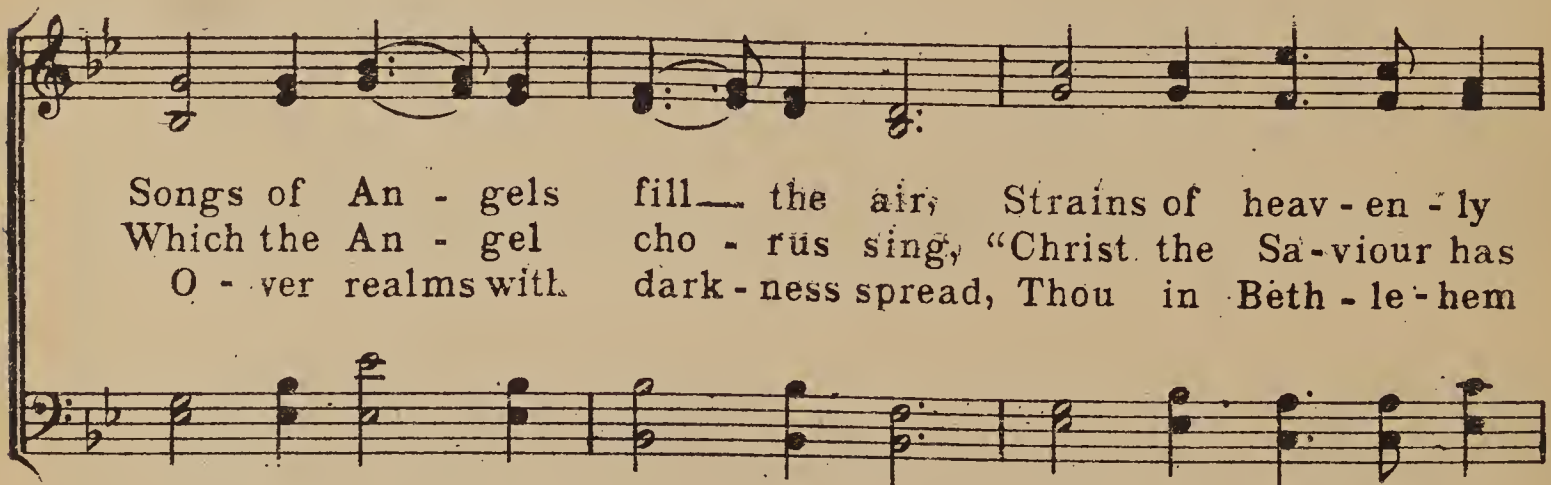
Moderato



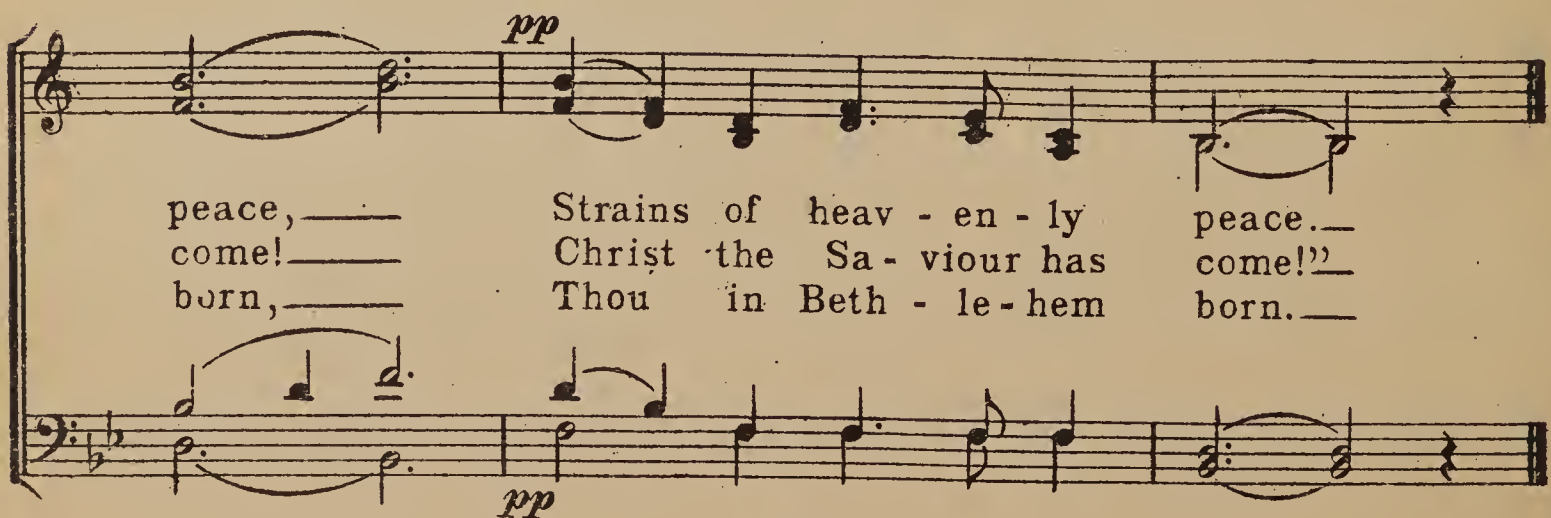
1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night Beth-lehem sleeps;
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night Shep-herds first
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night Son of God!



Yet what light Floats a - round the ho - ly pair;
 See the light Hear the Al - le - lu - ias ring
 Oh, what light Ra - diates from Thy man - ger bed



Songs of An - gels fill — the air, Strains of heav - en - ly
 Which the An - gel cho - rus sing, "Christ the Sa - viour has
 O - ver realms with dark - ness spread, Thou in Beth - le - hem

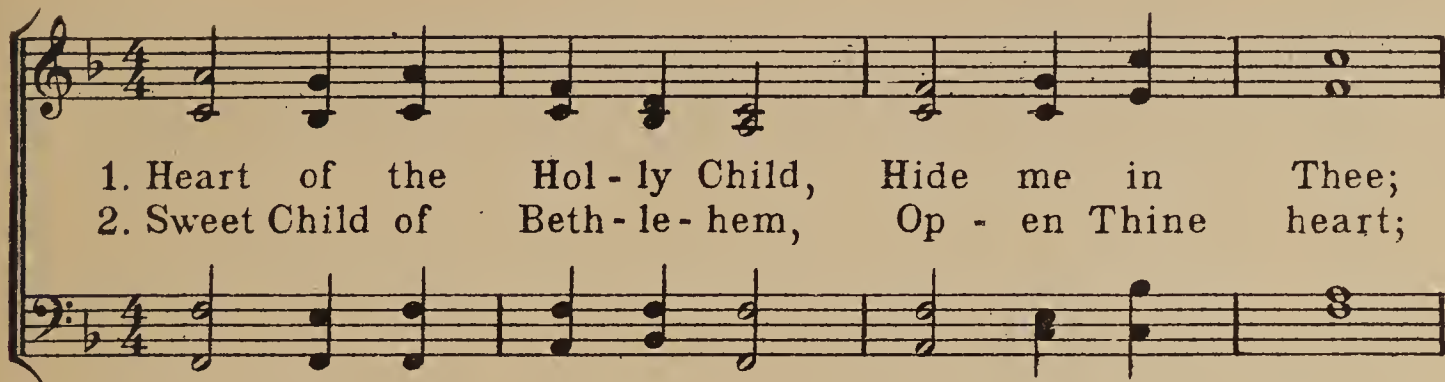


peace, — Strains of heav - en - ly peace. —
 come! — Christ the Sa - viour has come! —
 born, — Thou in Beth - le - hem born. —

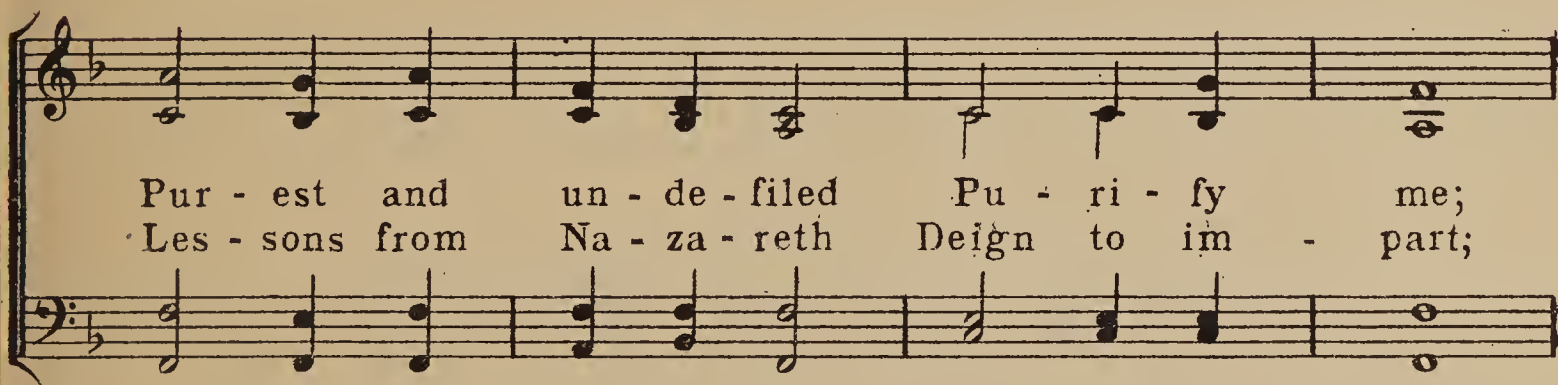
HEART OF THE HOLY CHILD

9

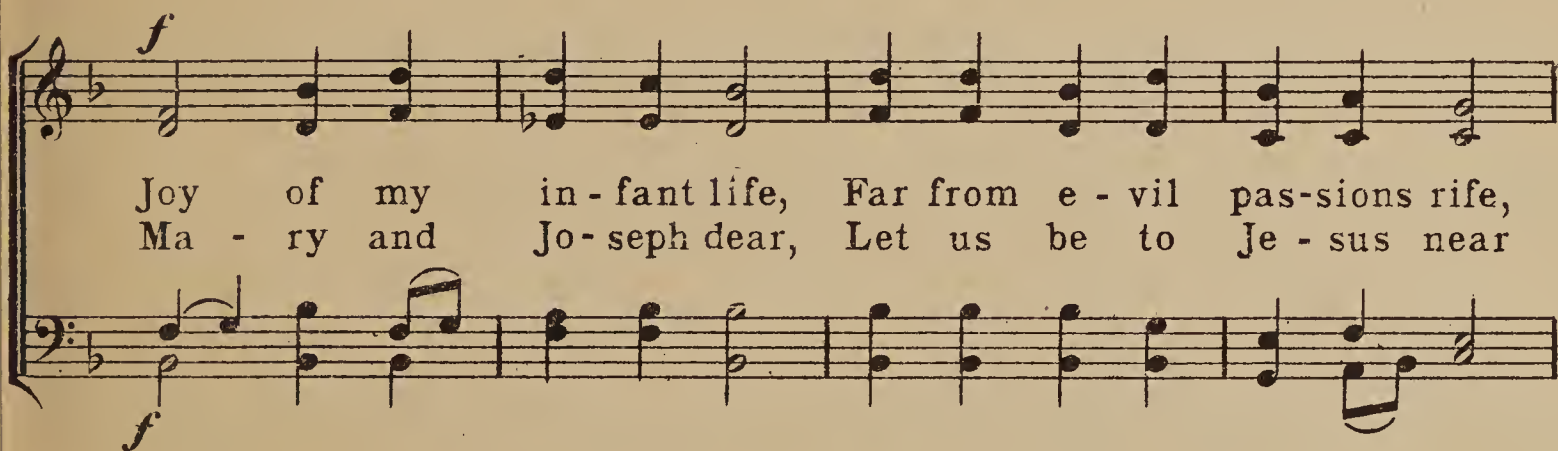
F. N. BIRTCHNELL



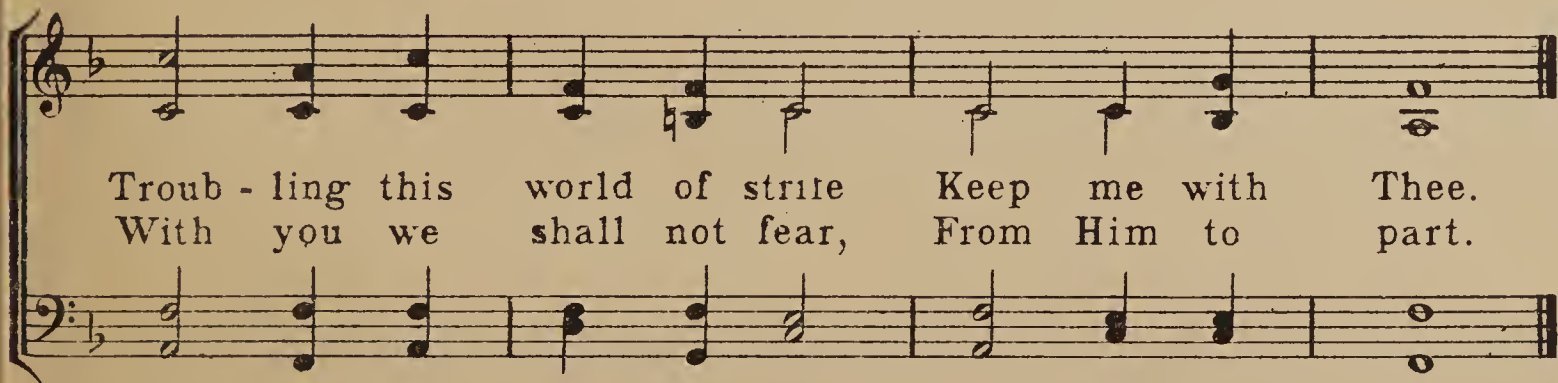
1. Heart of the Hol - ly Child, Hide me in Thee;
2. Sweet Child of Beth - le - hem, Op - en Thine heart;



Pur - est and un - de - filed Pu - ri - fy me;
Les - sons from Na - za - reth Deign to im - part;



f
Joy of my in - fant life, Far from e - vil pas - sions rife,
Ma - ry and Jo - seph dear, Let us be to Je - sus near



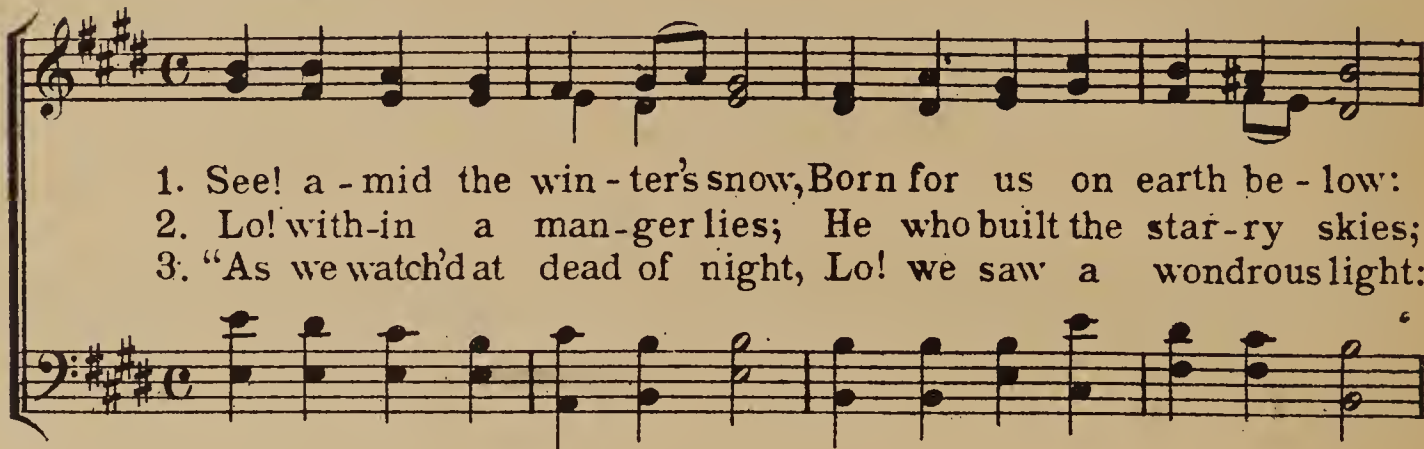
Troub - ling this world of strife Keep me with Thee.
With you we shall not fear, From Him to part.

SEE! AMID THE WINTER SNOW

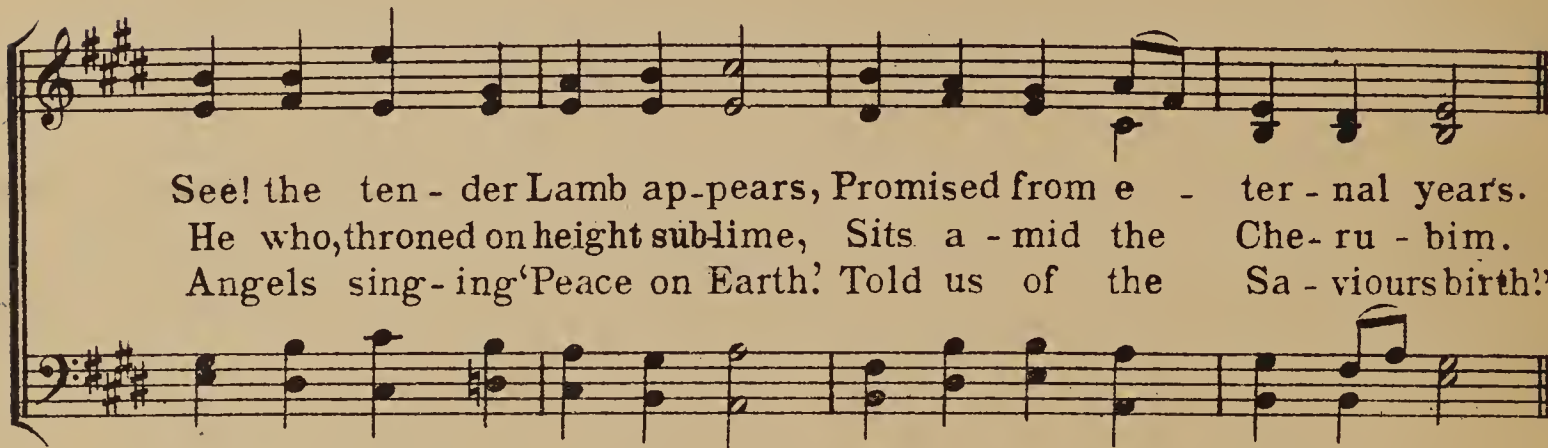
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Rev. Fr. E. CASWALL

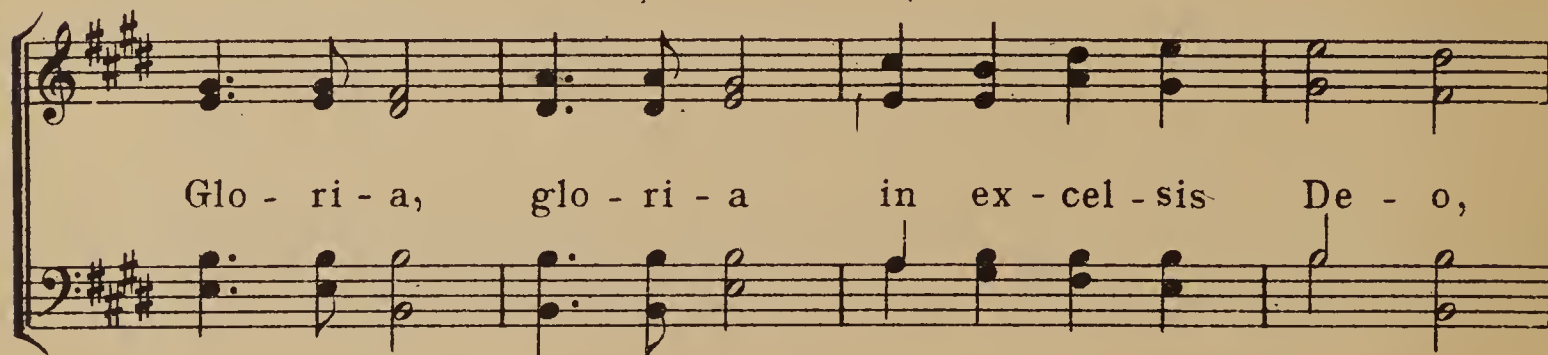
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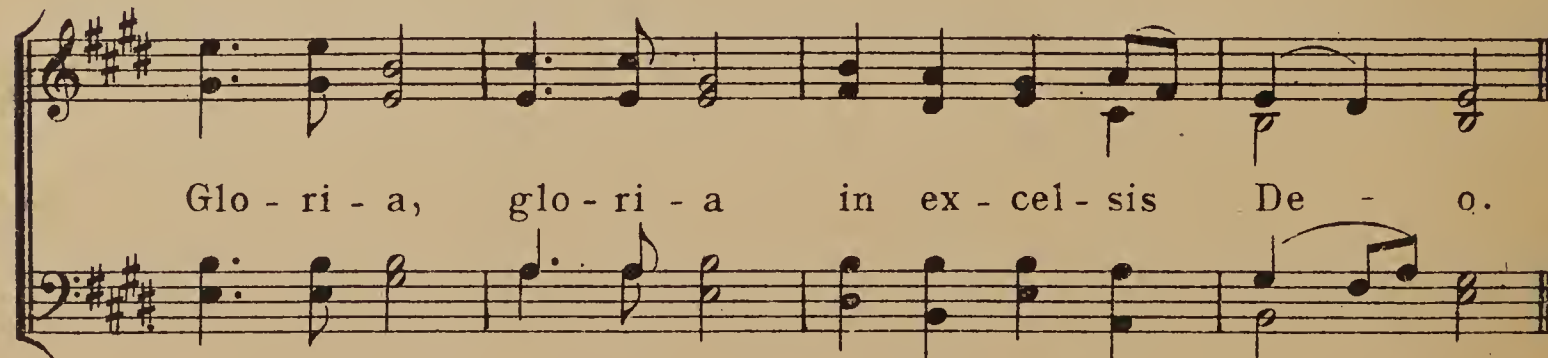
1. See! a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low:
 2. Lo! with-in a man-ger lies; He who built the star-ry skies;
 3. "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light:



See! the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years.
 He who, throned on height sublime, Sits a - mid the Che - ru - bim.
 Angels sing - ing 'Peace on Earth.' Told us of the Sa - viours birth."



Glo - ri - a, glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,



Glo - ri - a, glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

WITH GLORY LIT, THE MIDNIGHT AIR REVEALED

DUET

DIELMAN,
Arranged

11

Maestoso con Spirito

1. With glo - ry lit, the mid - night air Re -
 2. Then sweet - ly spoke th'an - gel - ic voice: "Fear
 3. The Choirs of Heaven still bless the morn When

f

veal'd bright An - gels hov - 'ring there; In fear be-held the rap-tured
 not; let Heaven and Earth re - joice; The Child in Bethlehem's crib that
 God through love for man was born; That God we hum - bly bow be -

mf

swains When rose the heav'n-in-spir - ed strains:
 lies Is God, de-scend - ed from the skies."
 fore And praise with An - gels, and a - dore.

f

Christmas Hymn

"Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God and

f *mf* *p*

This system contains the first four measures of the hymn. The vocal line features a melody with accents and a dynamic change to *p* in the final measure. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with dynamics *f*, *mf*, and *p* indicated.

dolce
peace to earth, and peace to earth Made

f

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line is marked *dolce* and continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features more active eighth-note patterns in the right hand, with a dynamic change to *f* in the final measure.

glo - rious by the Sa - viour's birth, by the Sa - - viour's birth."

This system contains the final measures of the hymn. The vocal line concludes with a long note on the word "birth". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords and moving lines.

CHRISTMAS

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND

12 Rev. JOHN LINGARD, D.D.
(1771-1851)

A. EDMONDS TOZER

(First setting)



1. *mf* The snow lay on — the ground, — The
2. 'Twas Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure, — Of
3. And then that man - 'ger poor, — Be -
4. The an - gels ho - vered round, — And



stars shone bright, — When Christ our Lord was
ho - ly Anne, — That brought in - to this
came a throne; — For He Whom Ma - ry
sang this song; — Ve - ni - te a - do -



born — On Christ - mas night. —
world — The God made Man. — A - men.
bore, — Was God the Son. —
re - mus Do - mi num. —

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND

13 Rev. Dr. LINGARD

A. EDMONDS TOZER

(Second setting)

1. *mf* The snow lay on the ground, The
 2. 'Twas Ma - ry, daugh - ter pure, Of
 3. And then that man - ger poor, Be
 4. The an - gels ho - vered round, And

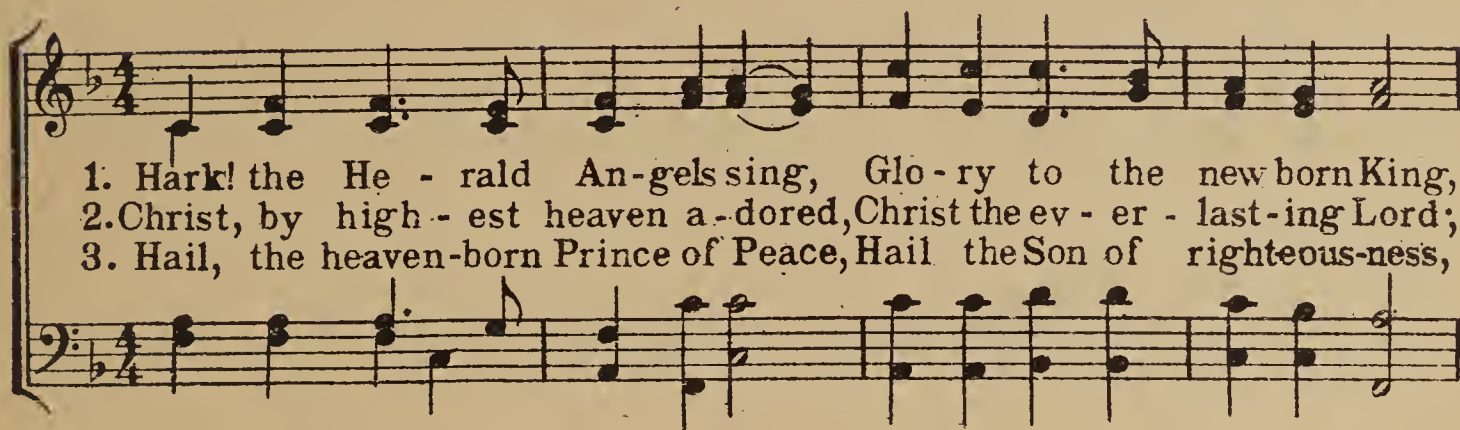
stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord was
 ho - ly Anne, That brought in - to this
 came a throne; For He Whom Ma - ry
 sang this song: Ve - ni - te a - do -

born On Christ - mas night.
 world The God made Man. A - men.
 bore, Was God the Son.
 re - mus Do - mi - num.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

14

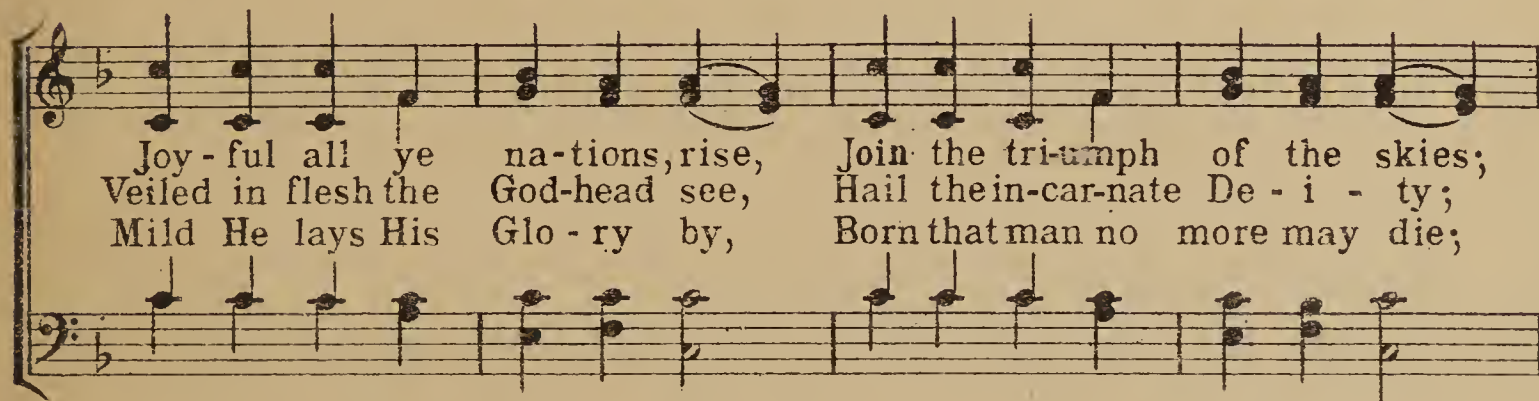
MENDELSSOHN



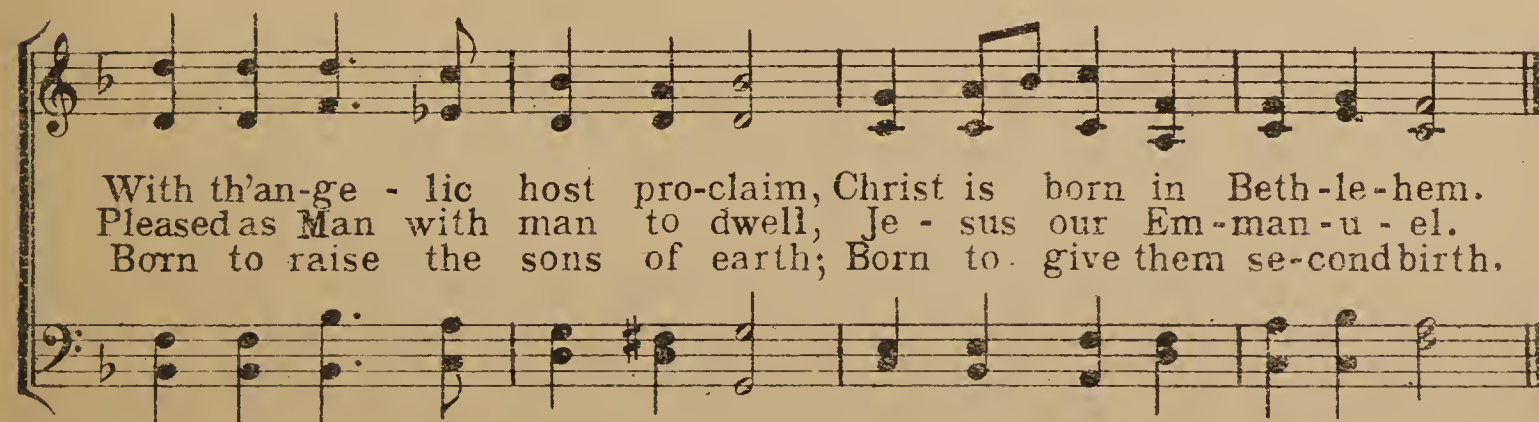
1. Hark! the He - rald An - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new born King,
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace, Hail the Son of righteous-ness,



Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all he brings, Risen with hea - ling in His wings.



Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail the in - car - nate De - i - ty;
 Mild He lays His Glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;

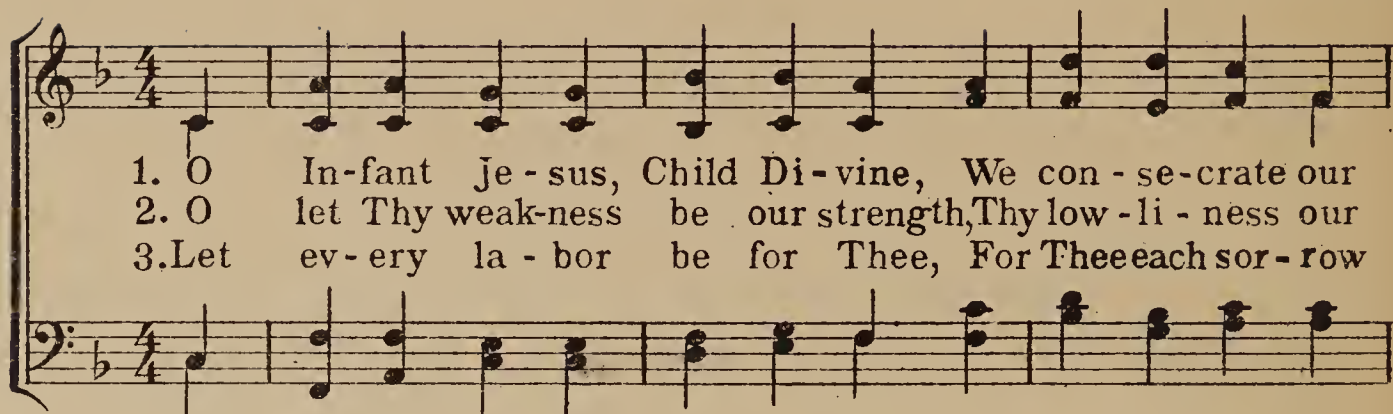


With th' an - ge - lic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus our Em - man - u - el.
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them se - cond birth.

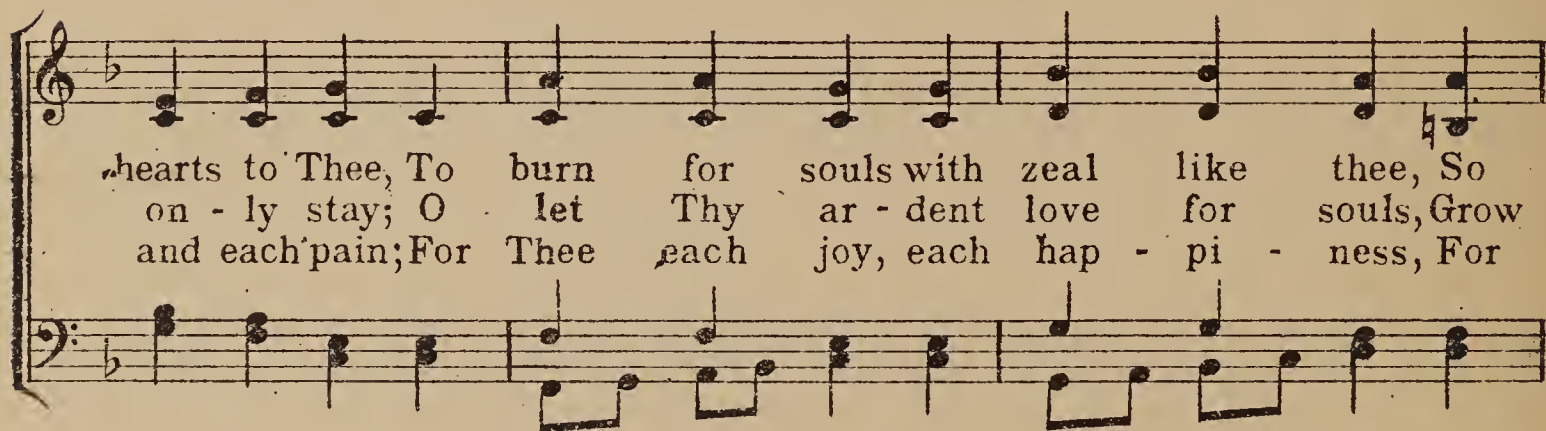
O INFANT JESUS

15

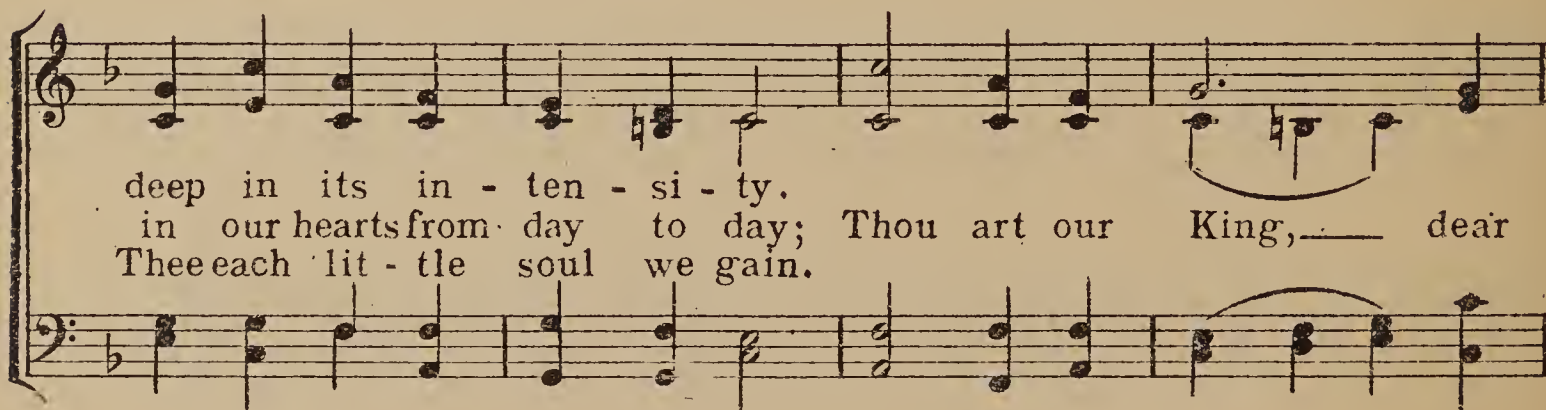
WILFRED NEWMAN



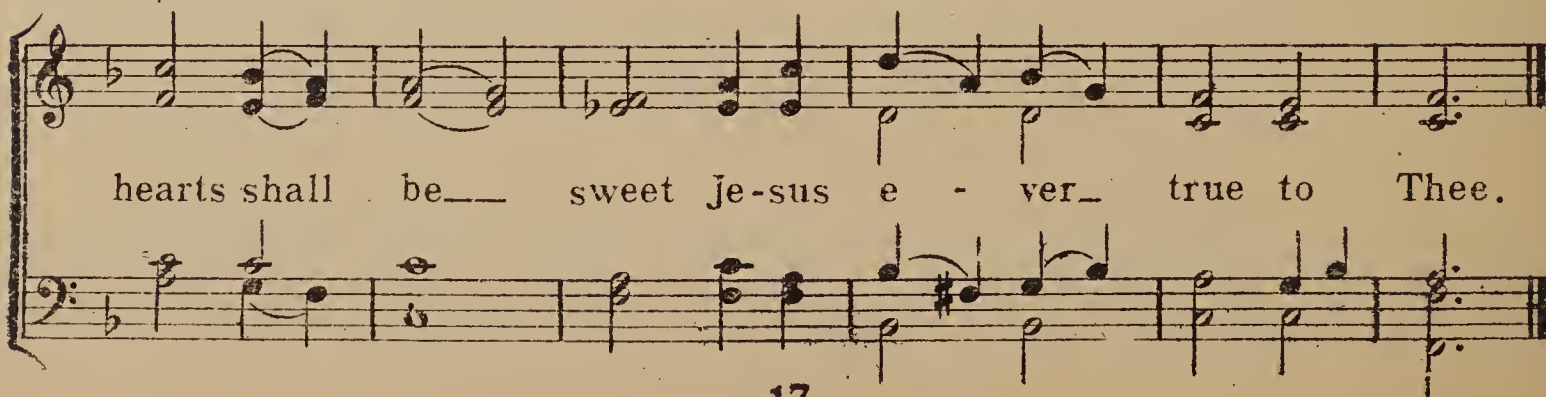
1. O In-fant Je-sus, Child Di-vine, We con-se-crate our
 2. O let Thy weak-ness be our strength, Thy low-li-ness our
 3. Let ev-ery la-bor be for Thee, For Thee each sor-row



hearts to Thee, To burn for souls with zeal like thee, So
 on-ly stay; O let Thy ar-dent love for souls, Grow
 and each pain; For Thee each joy, each hap-pi-ness, For



deep in its in-ten-si-ty.
 in our hearts from day to day; Thou art our King,— dear
 Thee each lit-tle soul we gain.

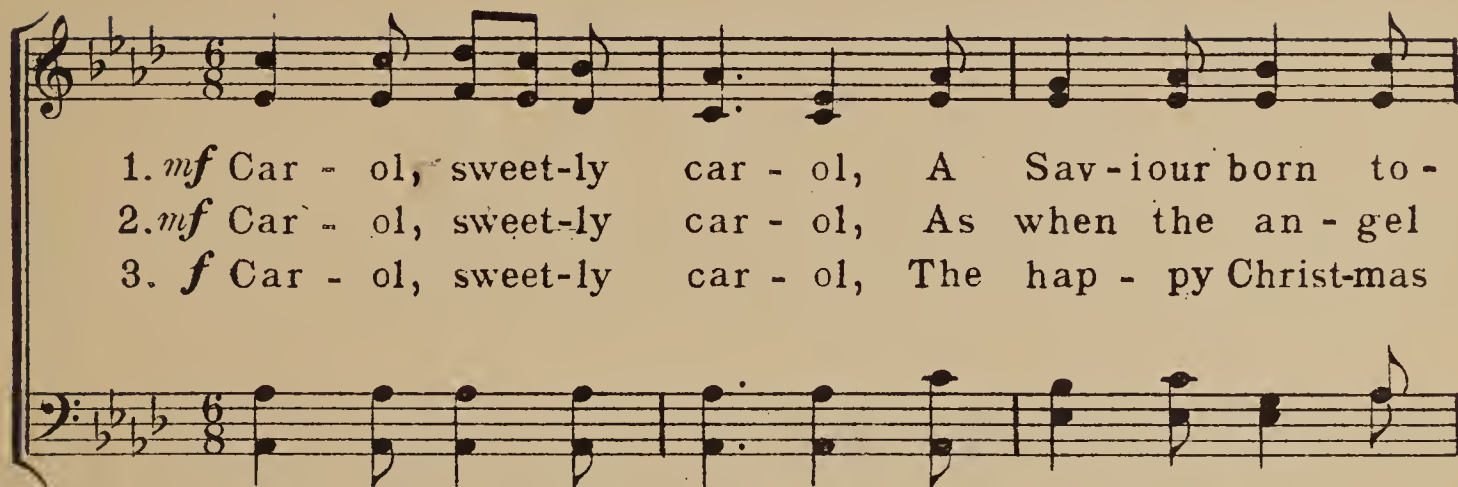


hearts shall be— sweet Je-sus e-ver— true to Thee.

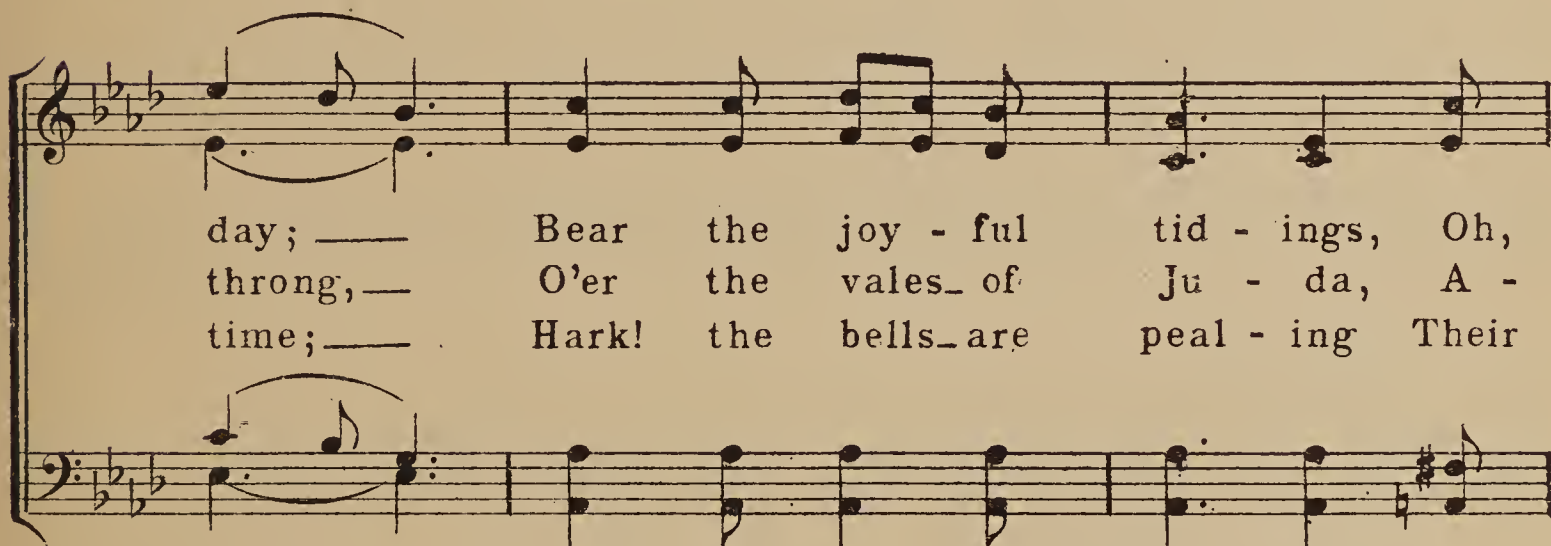
CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL

16

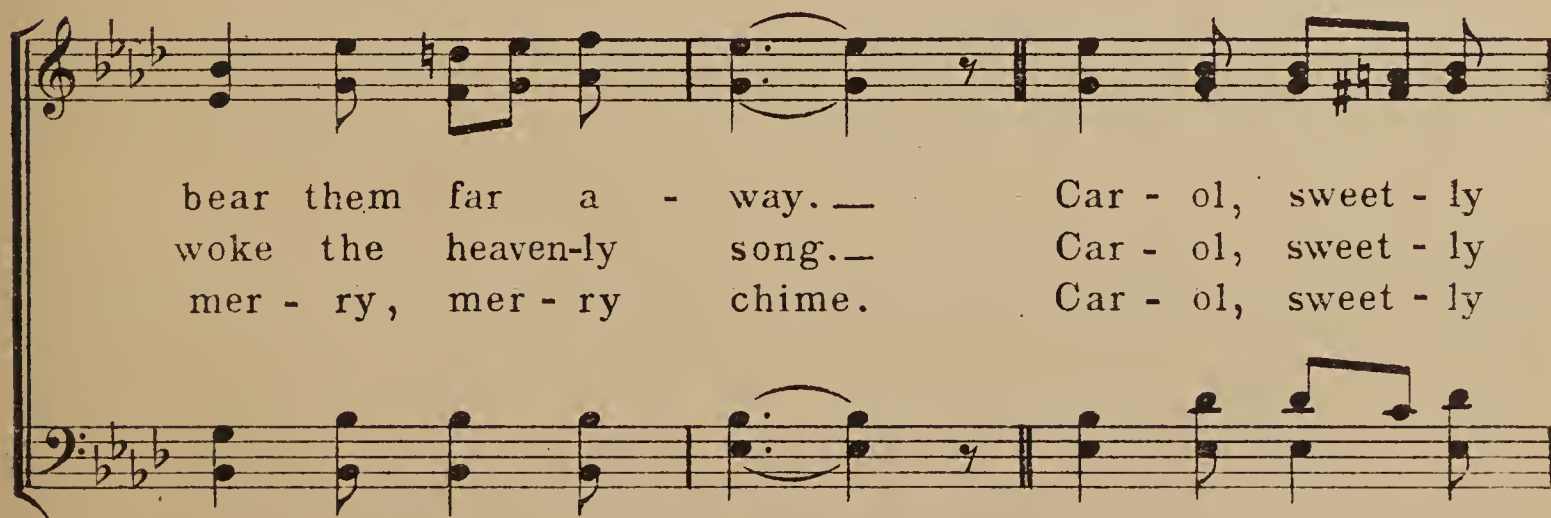
P. V.



1. *mf* Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, A Sav-iour born to -
 2. *mf* Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, As when the an - gel
 3. *f* Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, The hap - py Christ-mas

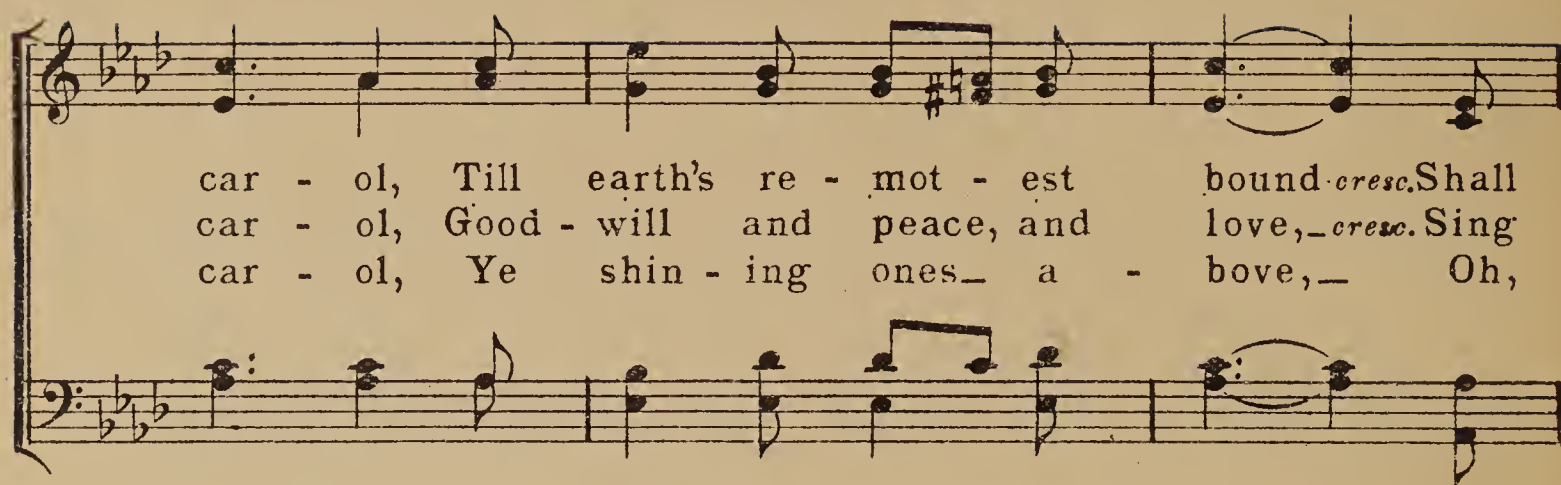


day; — Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh,
 throng, — O'er the vales of Ju - da, A -
 time; — Hark! the bells are peal - ing Their

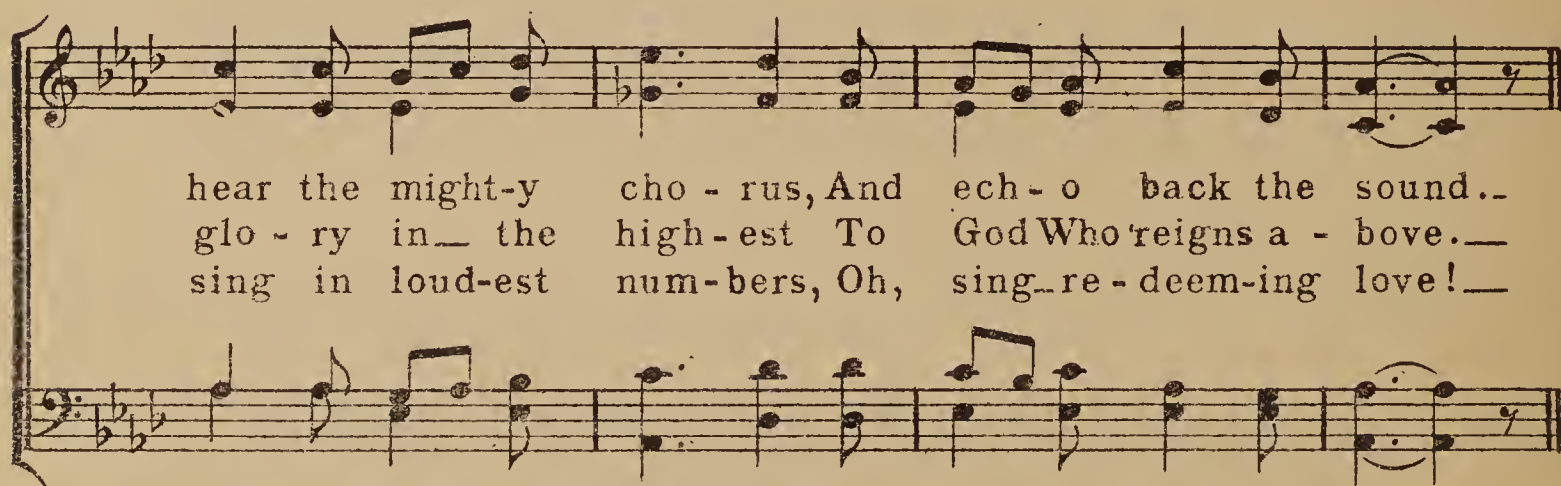


bear them far a - way. — Car - ol, sweet - ly
 woke the heaven-ly song. — Car - ol, sweet - ly
 mer - ry, mer - ry chime. Car - ol, sweet - ly

CHRISTMAS

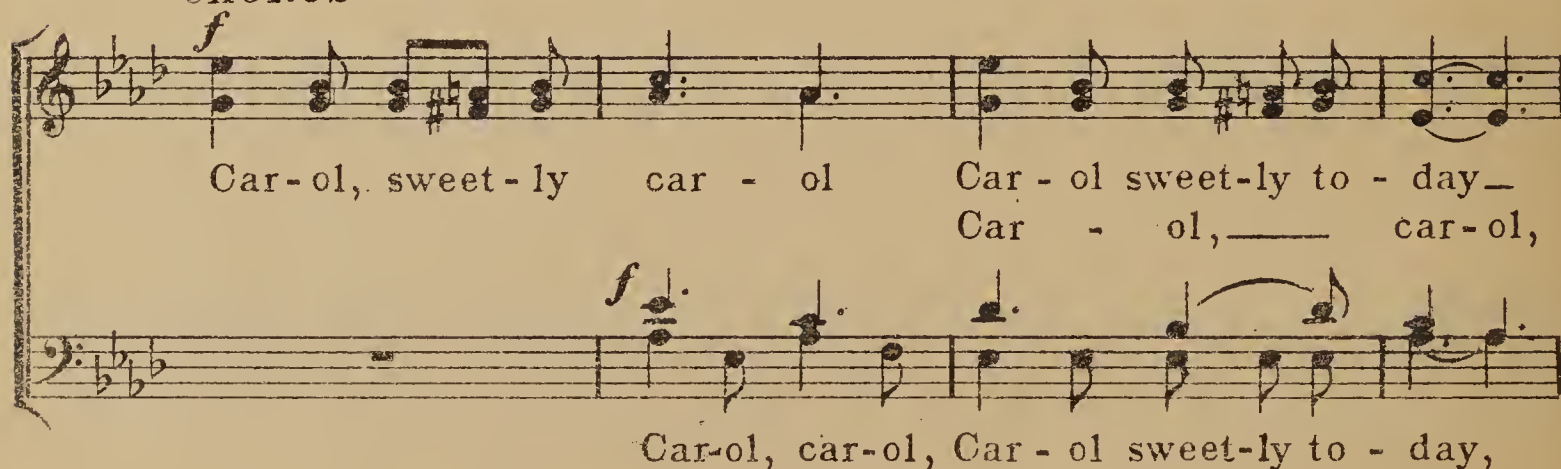


car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound *cresc.* Shall
 car - ol, Good - will and peace, and love, *cresc.* Sing
 car - ol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove, — Oh,

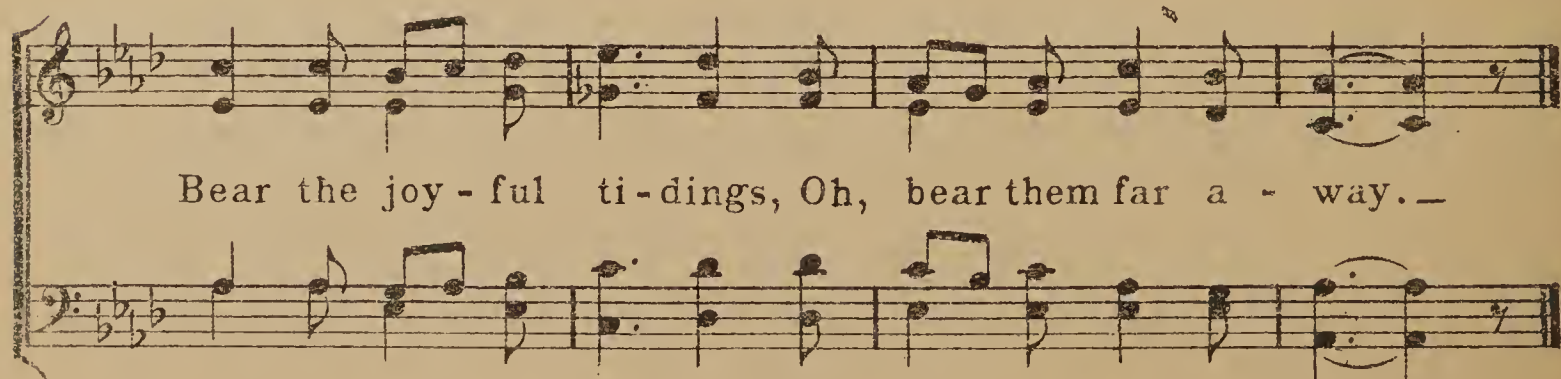


hear the might-y cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound..
 glo - ry in — the high - est To God Who reigns a - bove..
 sing in loud - est num - bers, Oh, sing re - deem - ing love! —

CHORUS



f Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol Car - ol sweet - ly to - day —
 Car - ol, — car - ol,
f Car - ol, car - ol, Car - ol sweet - ly to - day,



Bear the joy - ful ti - dings, Oh, bear them far a - way. —

PEACEFUL EVE, SO STILL AND HOLY

17

A. E. TOZER

Andante con moto

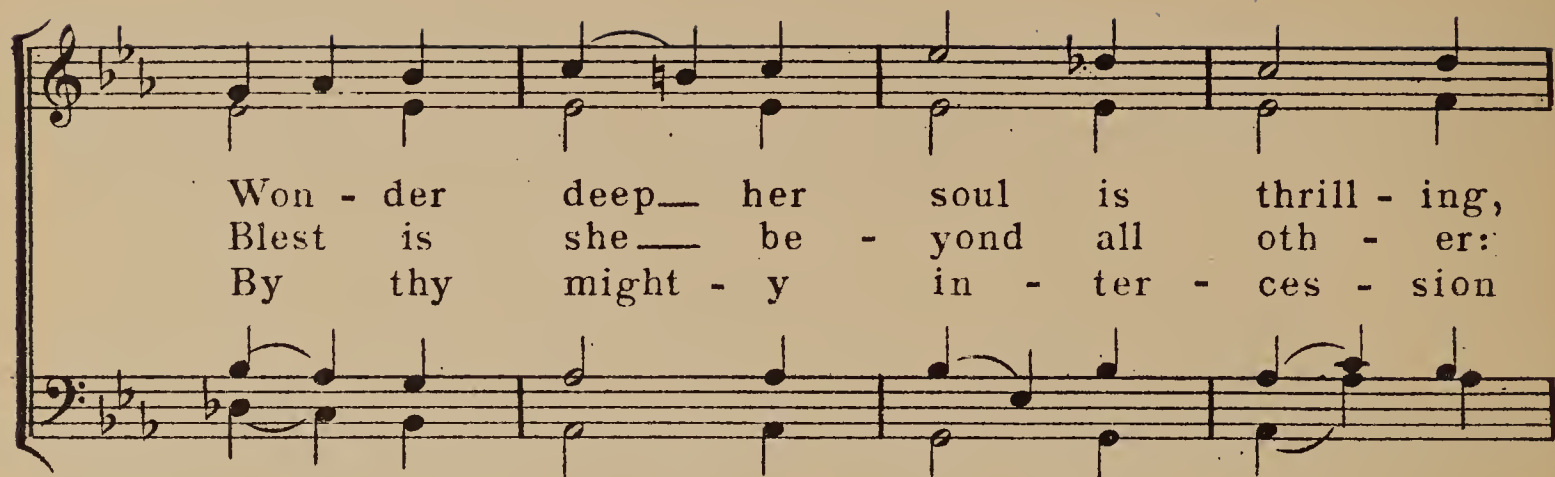
1. *p* Peace-ful eve, - so still - and ho - ly,
 2. *mf* Who - can view with - out e - mo - tion
 3. *mf* So - would we - with ho - ly dar - ing,

When - in sta - ble mean - and low - ly,
 That - fond Moth - er's deep - de - vo - tion?
 Through this Christ - mas - tide - be shar - ing

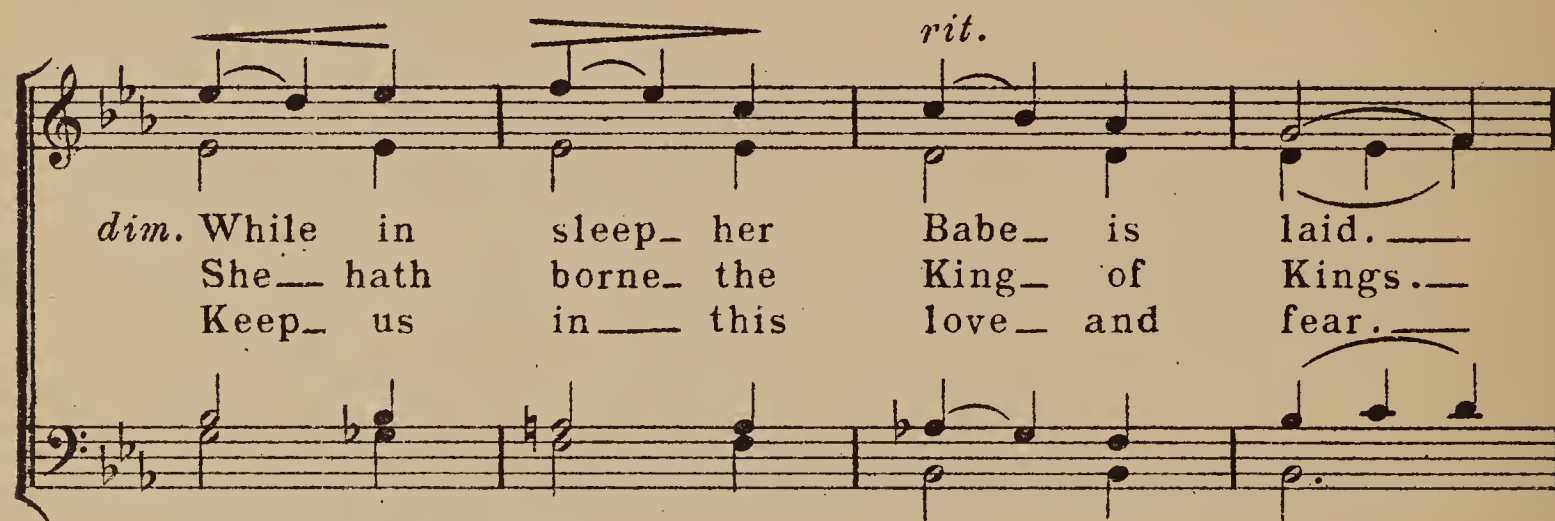
poco cresc. Ra - diant stood the Moth - er - Maid.
cresc. All - her soul - with glad - ness sings.
 In - thy joy, - O Moth - er dear,

Yearn - ing love - her heart is fill - ing;
 For - she knows - that earth - ly Moth - er -
 Christ we claim as our - pos - ses - sion:

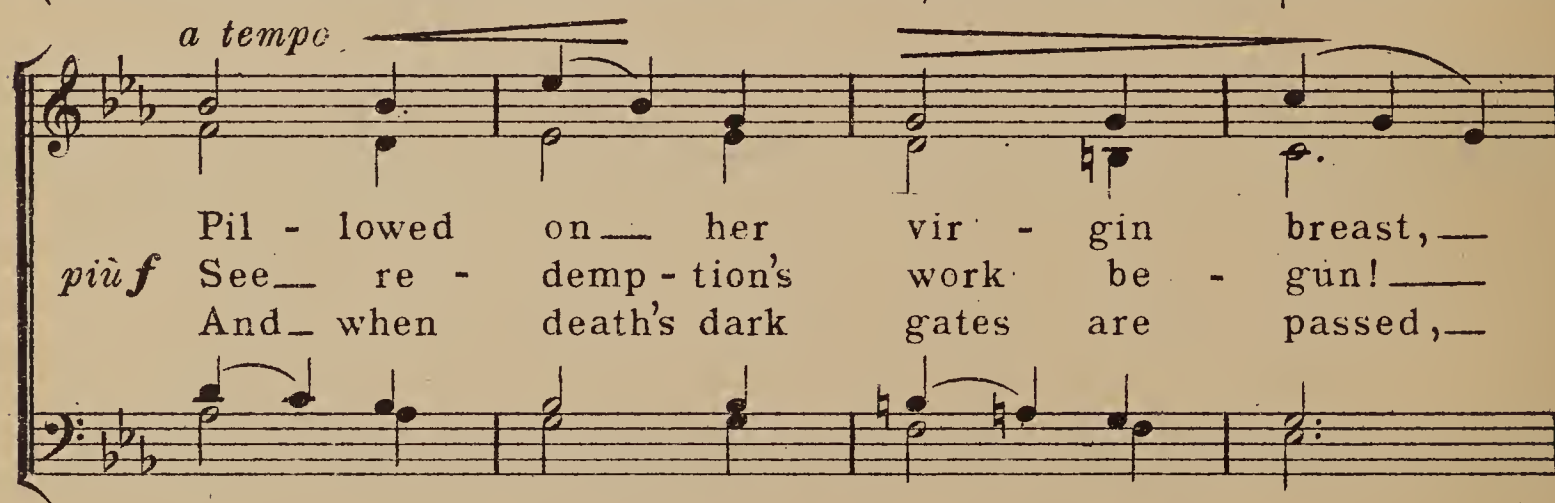
CHRISTMAS



Won - der deep — her soul is thrill - ing,
 Blest is she — be - yond all oth - er:
 By thy might - y in - ter - ces - sion



dim. While in sleep — her Babe — is laid. —
 She — hath borne — the King — of Kings. —
 Keep — us in — this love — and fear. —



a tempo
più f Pil - lowed on — her vir - gin breast, —
 See — re - demp - tion's work be - gun! —
 And — when death's dark gates are passed, —



p God — the Son — doth gent - ly rest.
 Ma - ry bears both God — and Son.
cresc. Lead — us to — His Feet — at last.

18

HAIL, HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAY

Words by D. L. M.

Animato

1. Hail, hap - py Christ - mas Day! Joy — to the
 2. Hail, hap - py Christ - mas Day! Christ the Lord is
 3. Hail, hap - py Christ - mas Day! All — hearts be

world! — Let us all re - joice, —
 born! — Glo - ry to His name! —
 thank - ful, Ban - ish care and sor - row,

Let us all be glad. — It is the day of
 Glo - ry to our King. — Light o'er the hills is
 Ban - ish ev - 'ry fear. — Praise we the Lord of

glad - ness, There is no room for sad - ness.
 break - ing, Na - ture is a - wake - ning.
 Heav - en, All thanks to Him be giv - en.

Hail, hap - py Christ - mas Day! The day of ex - ul - ta - tion!

19

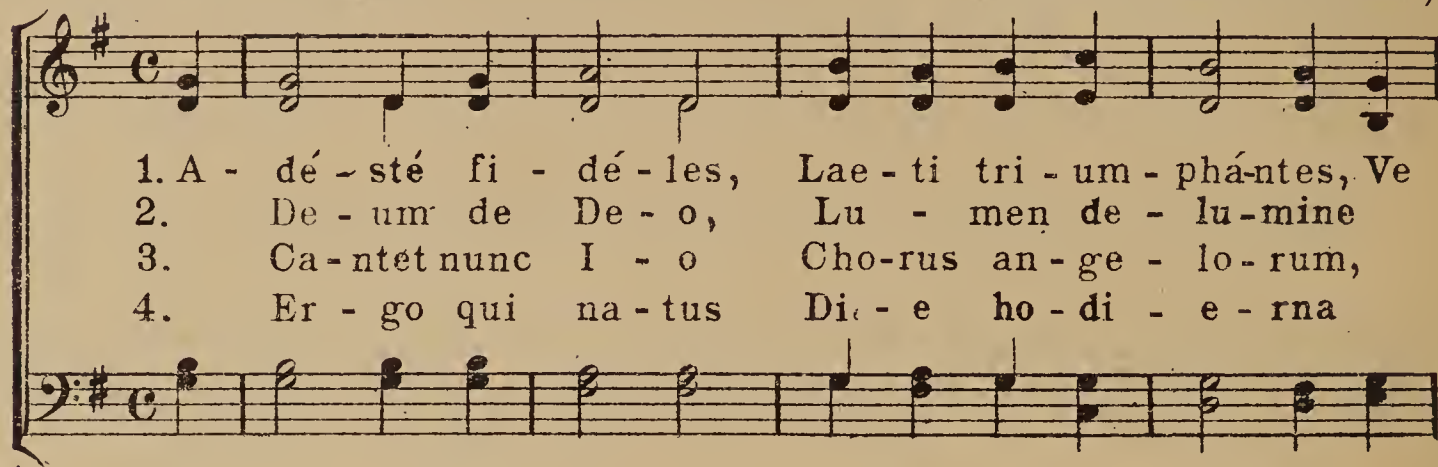
ADESTE FIDELES

Cistercian Gradual (1741)

Moderato (♩=80)

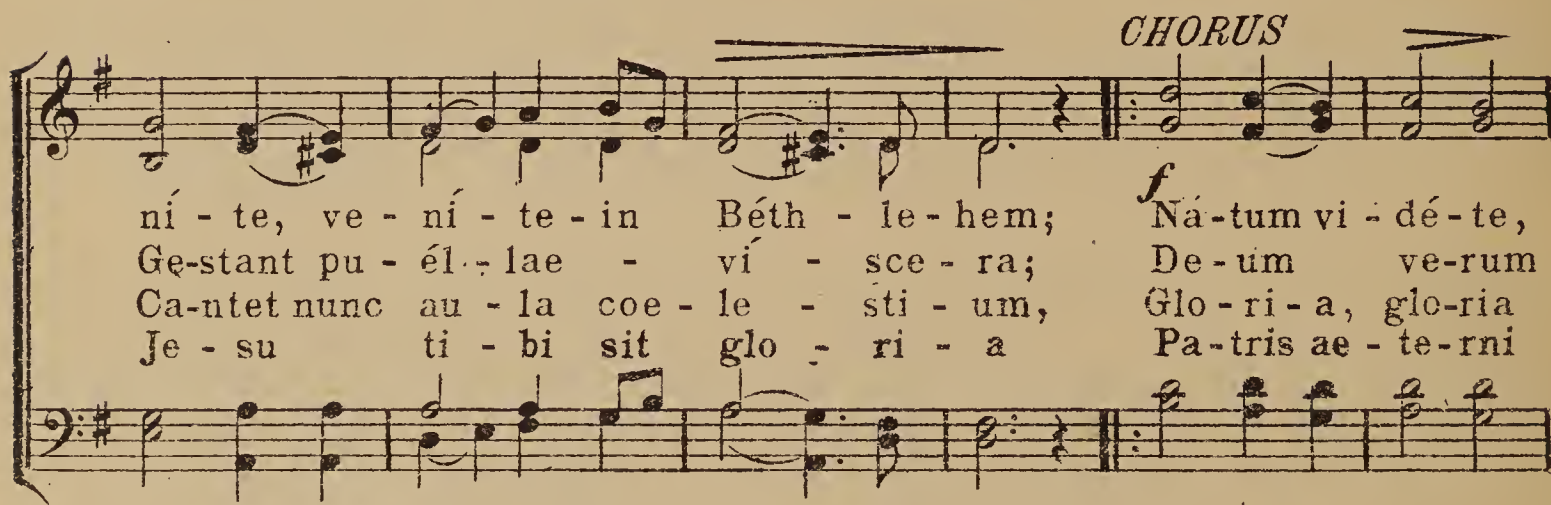
Traditional Melody

(JOHN READING 17th Cent.)



1. A - dé - sté fi - dé - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phántes, Ve
 2. De - um de De - o, Lu - men de - lu - mine
 3. Ca - ntet nunc I - o Cho - rus an - ge - lo - rum,
 4. Er - go qui na - tus Di - e ho - di - e - rna

CHORUS



ní - te, ve - ní - te - in Béth - le - hem; Ná - tum vi - dé - te,
 Ge - stant pu - él - lae - ví - sce - ra; De - um ve - rum
 Ca - ntet nunc au - la coe - le - sti - um, Glo - ri - a, glo - ria
 Je - su ti - bi sit glo - ri - a Pa - tris ae - te - rni

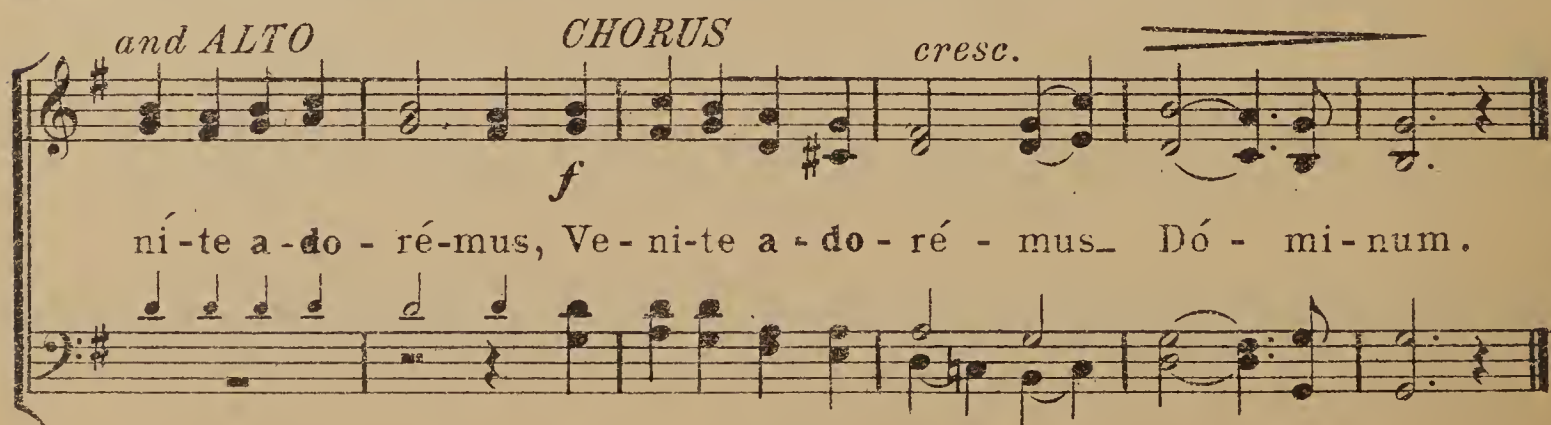
SOPRANO

SOP.



Re - gem a - nge - ló - rum:
 Ge - ni - tum non fa - ctum: Ve - ní - te a - do - ré - mus, Ve
 in ex - cel - sis De - o;
 ve - rbum ca - ro fa - ctum.

and ALTO *CHORUS* *cresc.*



ní - te a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - ré - mus. Dó - mi - num.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

20

Tr. Bishop CHADWICK
(1817 - 1882)

Old French Melody
W. J. MOREAU

1. *f* An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing ing o'er our plains,
2. Shepherds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rapturous strain pro-long?
3. Come to Beth-le-hem, and see Him Whose birth the an-gels sing;

And the moun-tains in rep - ly Ech - o - ing their joy-ous strains.
What the glad-some tid-ings be Which in-spire your heaven-ly song?
p Come, a-dore on bend-ed knee Christ the Lord, the new-born King.

Unison

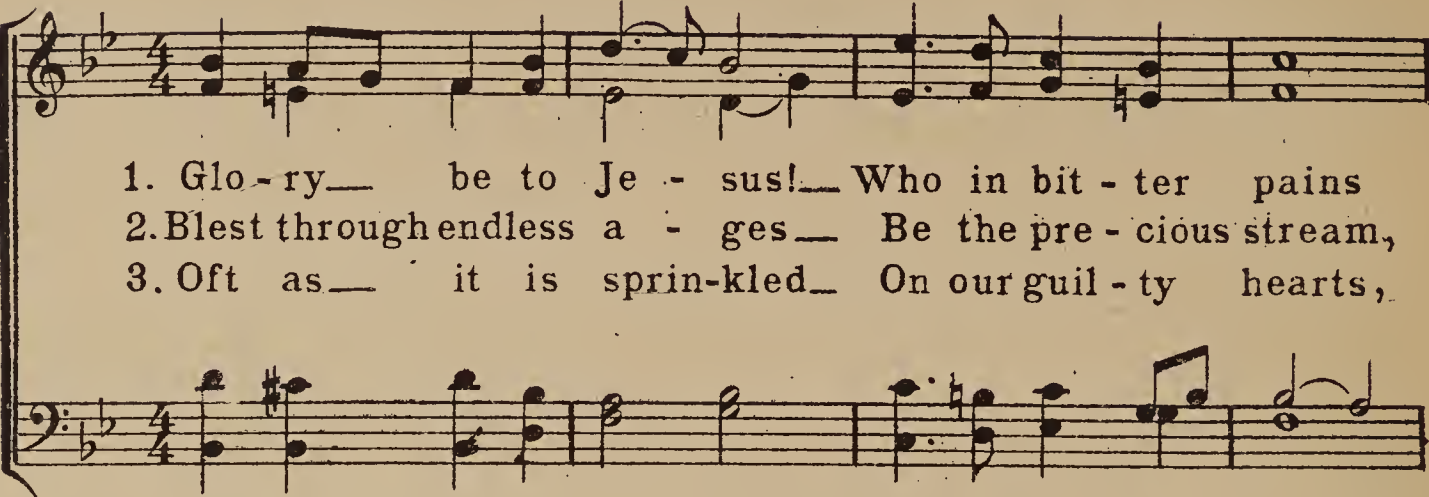
"Glo - - - - -"

- ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o."

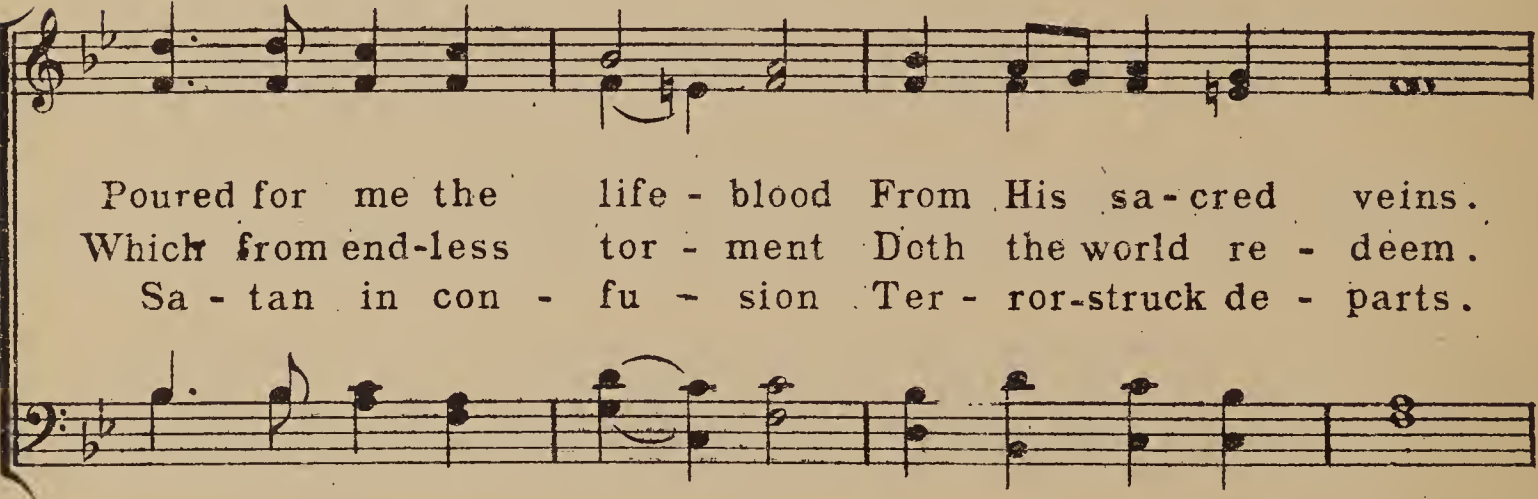
GLORY BE TO JESUS

21 Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

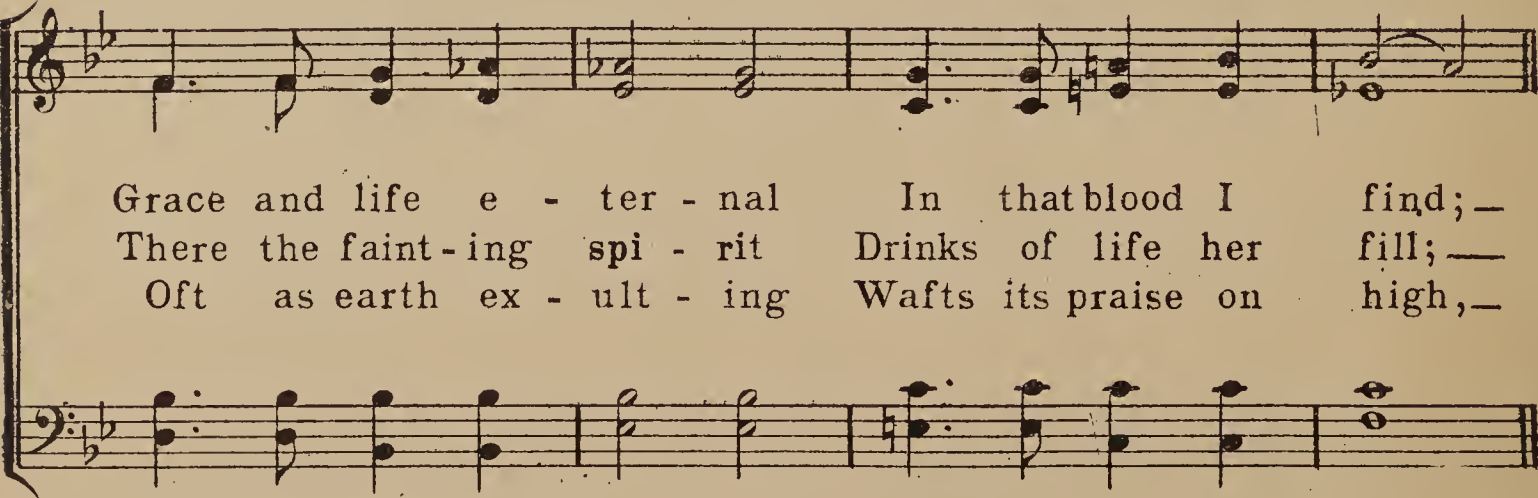
FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



1. Glo-ry— be to Je - sus!— Who in bit - ter pains
2. Blest through endless a - ges— Be the pre - cious stream,
3. Oft as— it is sprin-kled— On our guil - ty hearts,

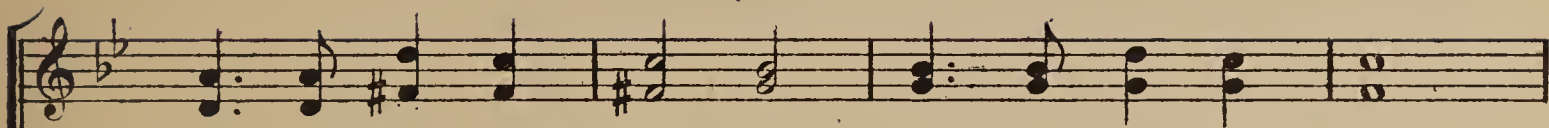


Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
Which from end-less tor - ment Doth the world re - deem.
Sa - tan in con - fu - sion Ter - ror-struck de - parts.

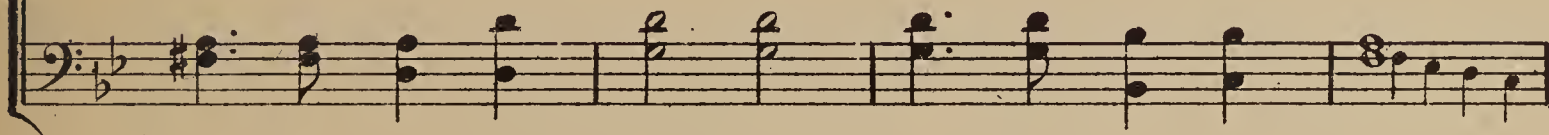


Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;—
There the faint-ing spi - rit Drinks of life her fill;—
Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high,—

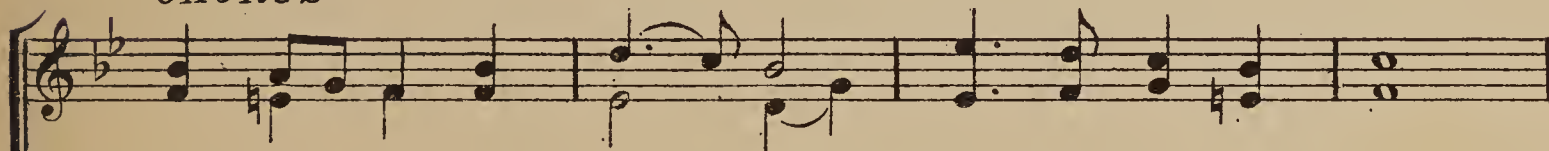
SACRED HEART



Bless'd be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
There, as in a foun-tain, Laves her-self at will.
Hell with ter - ror trem-bles, Heav'n is filled with joy.



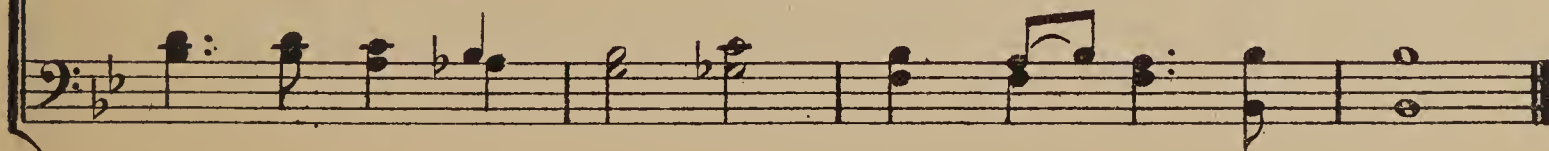
CHORUS



Lift ye, then, your voi - ces;— Swell the might-y flood,



Loud - er still, and loud - er, Praise the pre-cious blood.



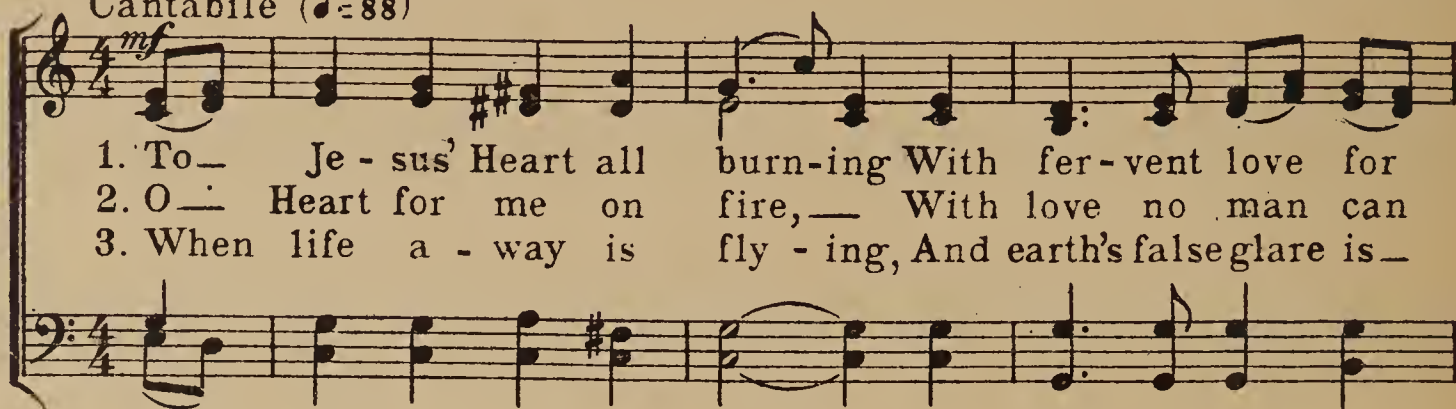
22

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING

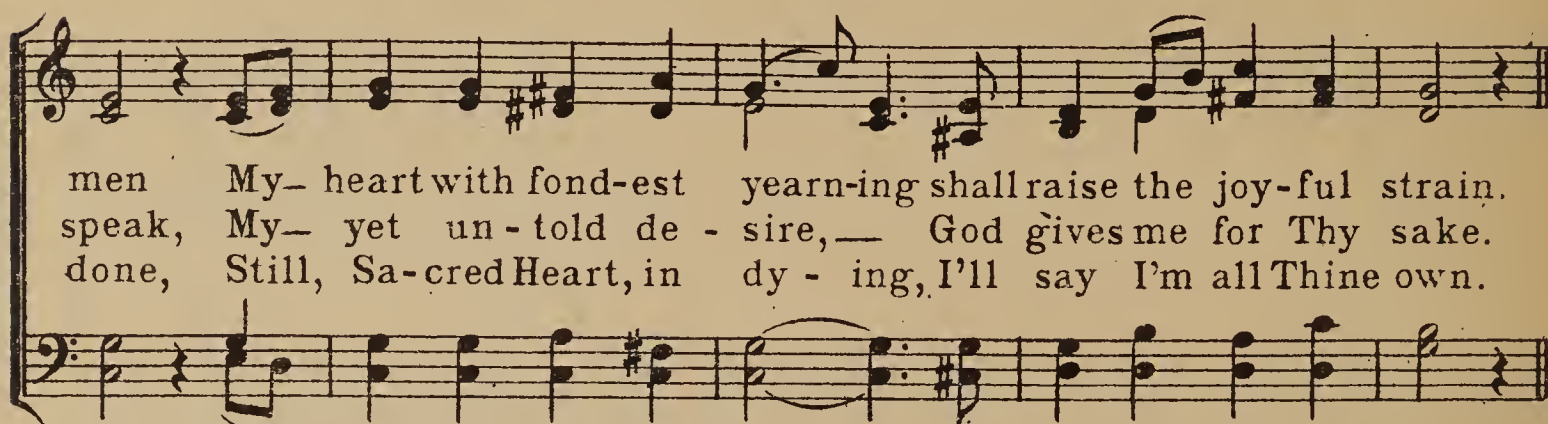
Rev. A. J. CHRISTIE, S. J. (1817 - 1891)

Fr. MAHER, S. J.

Cantabile (♩ = 88)

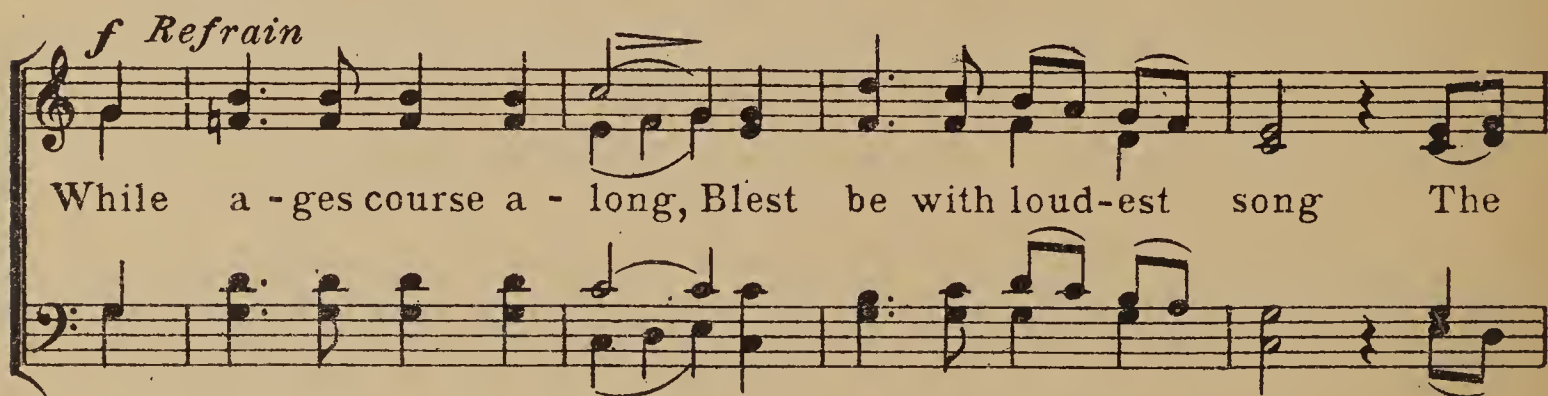


1. To— Je - sus' Heart all burn-ing With fer-vent love for
 2. O— Heart for me on fire,— With love no man can
 3. When life a - way is fly - ing, And earth's false glare is—

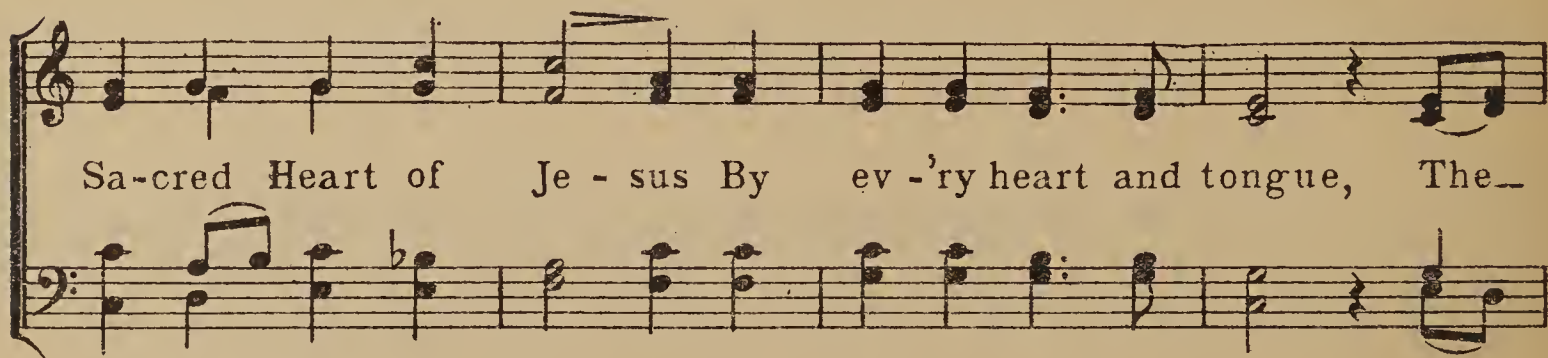


men My— heart with fond-est yearn-ing shall raise the joy-ful strain.
 speak, My— yet un - told de - sire,— God gives me for Thy sake.
 done, Still, Sa-cred Heart, in dy - ing, I'll say I'm all Thine own.

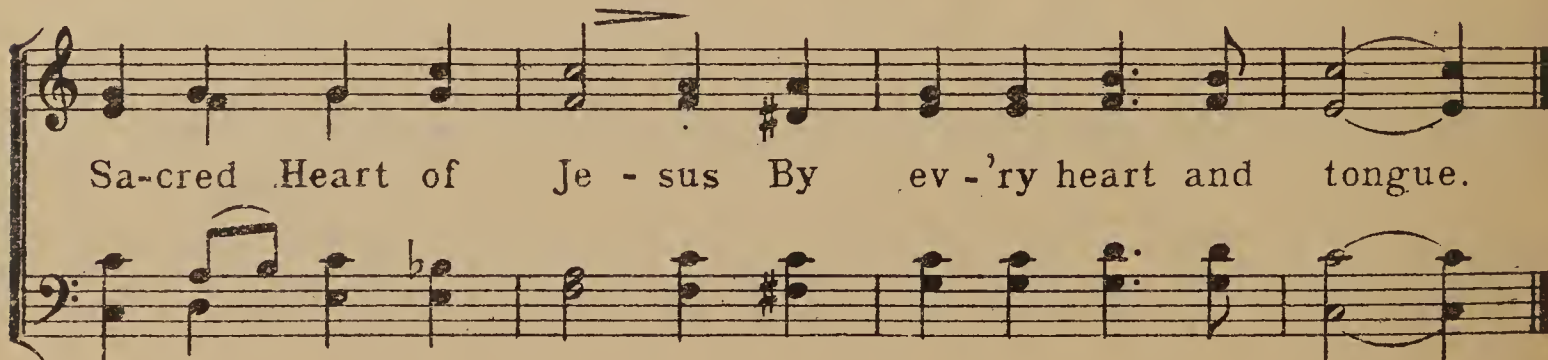
f Refrain



While a - ges course a - long, Blest be with loud-est song The



Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus By ev - 'ry heart and tongue, The—



Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus By ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

SACRED HEART

O SACRED HEART!

Rev. F. STANFIELD
23

A. EDMONDS TOZER

(First tune)

1. *mf* O sa - cred Heart! Our home lies deep in
2. *più f* O sa - cred Heart! Our trust is all in
3. *mf* O sa - cred Heart! Lead ex - iled child - ren

Thee, On earth Thou art an ex - ile's rest, In
Thee; For though earth's night be dark and drear, Thou
home, Where we may ev - er rest near Thee, In

heaven the glo - ry of the blest, O sa - cred Heart!
breath - est rest where Thou art near, O sa - cred Heart!
peace and joy e - ter - nal - ly: O sa - cred Heart!

SACRED HEART

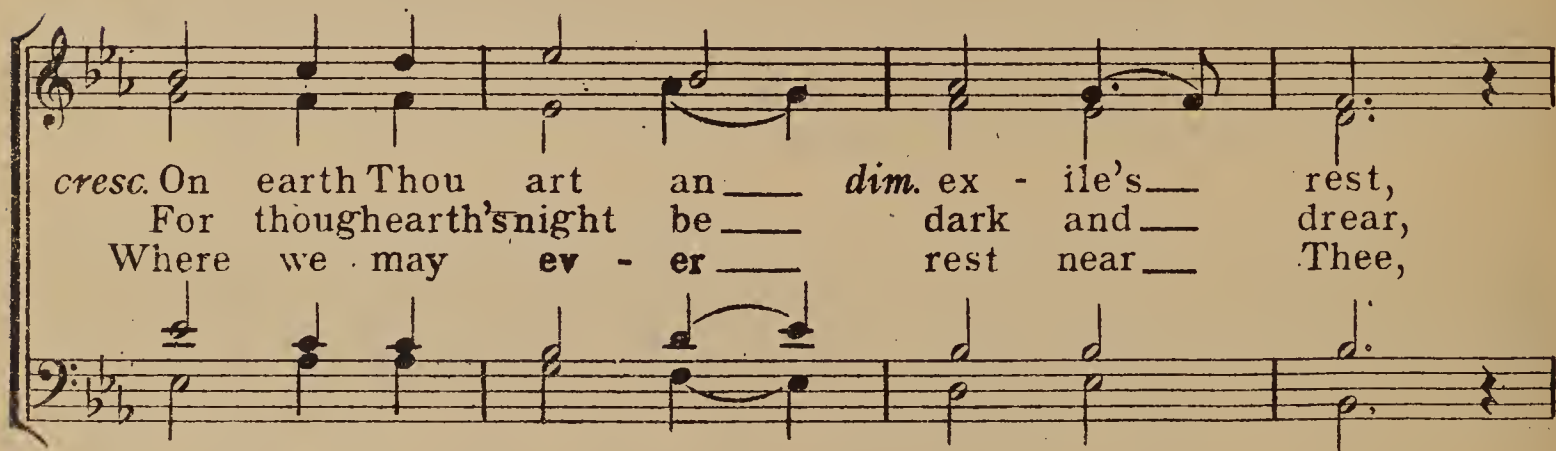
O SACRED HEART! OUR HOME

24 Rev. F. STANFIELD
(Second tune).

J. STEVENSON



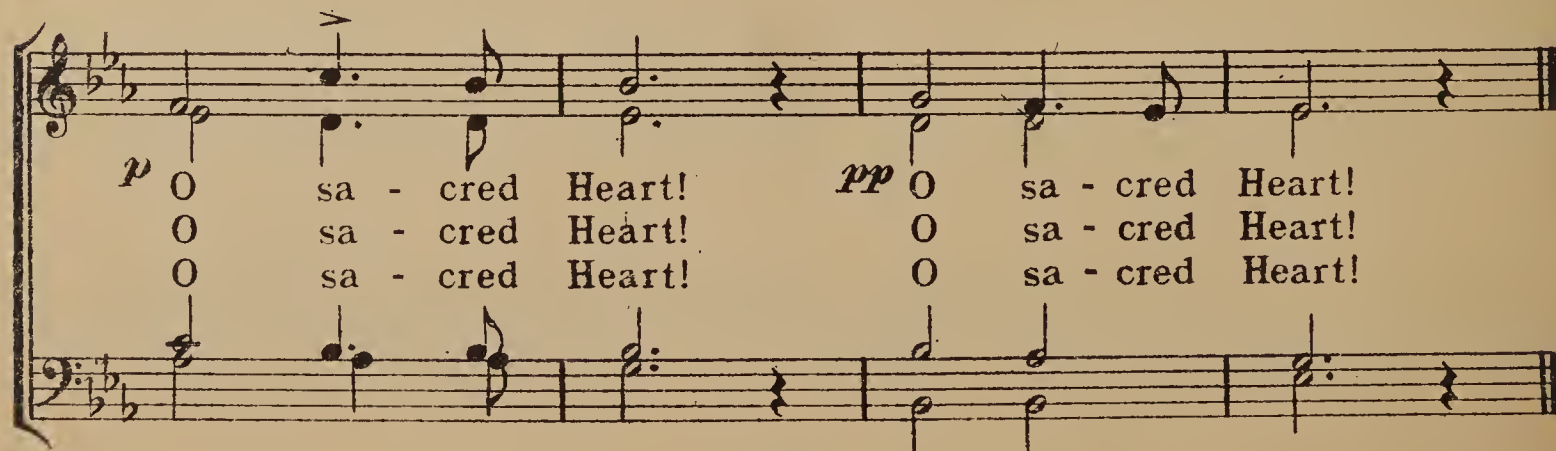
1. *p* O sa - cred Heart! Our home lies deep in Thee,
2. O sa - cred Heart! Our trust is all in Thee;
3. O sa - cred Heart! Lead ex - iled child - ren home,



cresc. On earth Thou art an — *dim.* ex - ile's — rest,
For though earth's night be — dark and — drear,
Where we may ev - er — rest near — Thee,



f In heaven the glo - ry — of the — blest,
Thou breath - est rest where — Thou art — near,
In peace and joy e - ter - nal - ly:

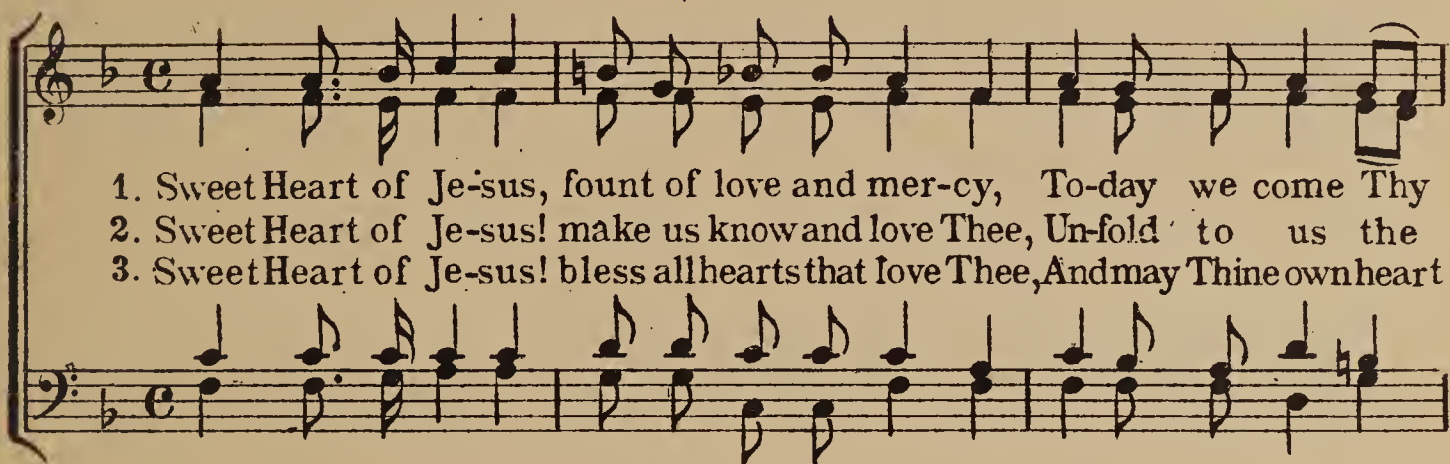


p O sa - cred Heart! *pp* O sa - cred Heart!
O sa - cred Heart! O sa - cred Heart!
O sa - cred Heart! O sa - cred Heart!

SWEET HEART OF JESUS

Traditional

25

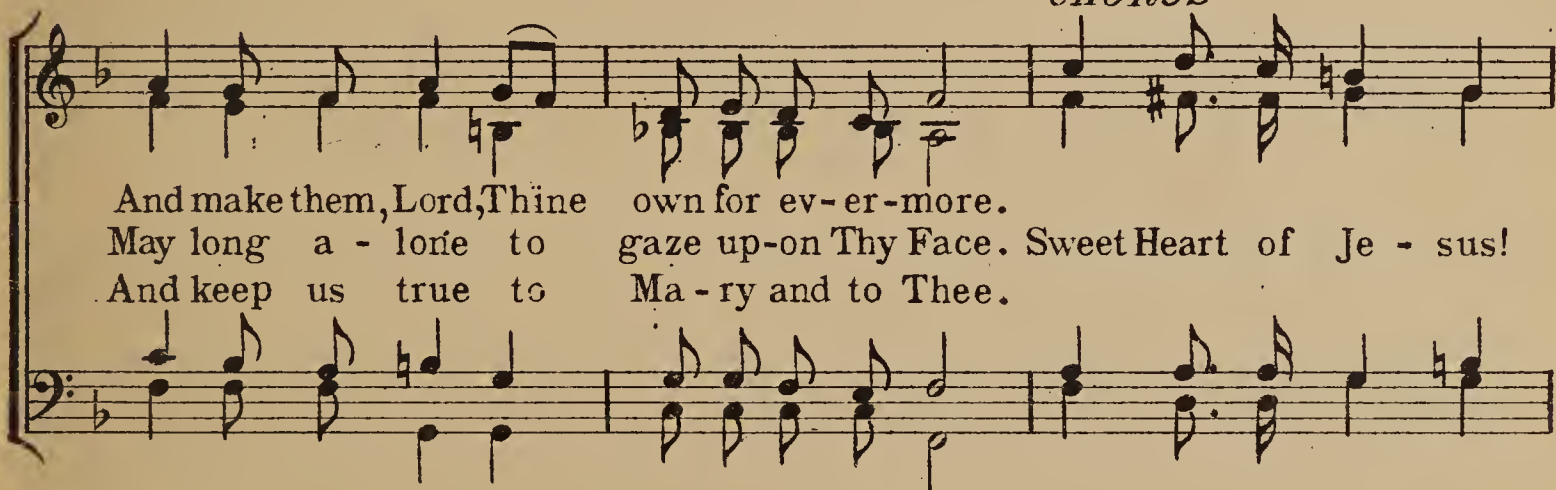


1. Sweet Heart of Je-sus, fount of love and mer-cy, To-day we come Thy
 2. Sweet Heart of Je-sus! make us know and love Thee, Un-fold to us the
 3. Sweet Heart of Je-sus! bless all hearts that love Thee, And may Thine own heart



bles-sing to im-plore; Oh! touch our hearts, so cold and so ungrateful,
 treasures of Thy grace, That so our hearts, from things of earth up-lift-ed,
 ev-er bless-ed be.— Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends we cherish,

CHORUS



And make them, Lord, Thine own for ev-er-more.
 May long a-lone to gaze up-on Thy Face. Sweet Heart of Je-sus!
 And keep us true to Ma-ry and to Thee.



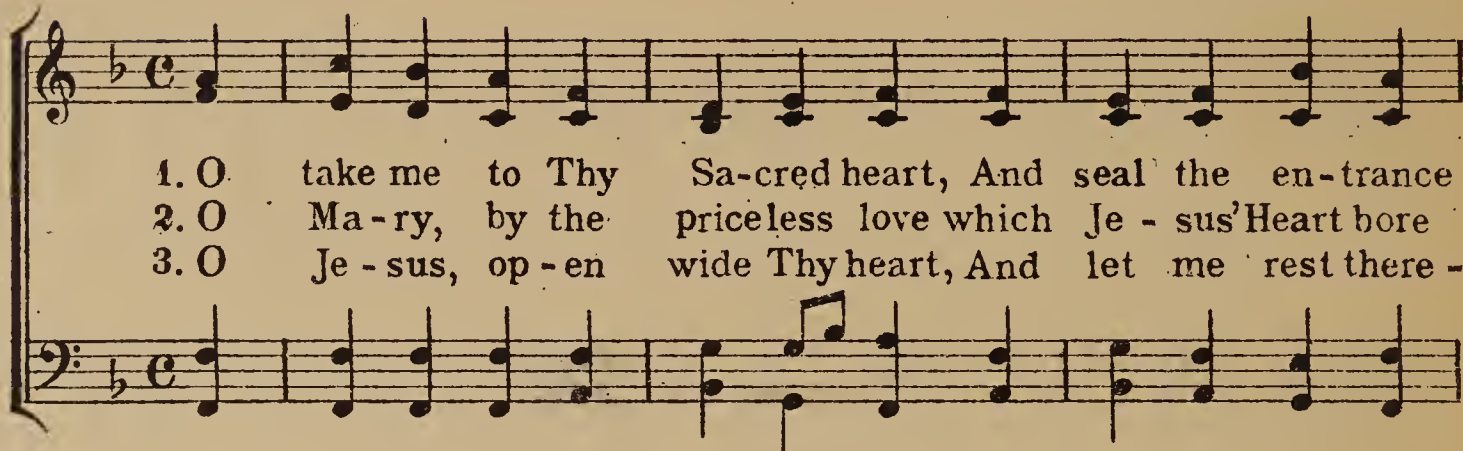
we im-plore, Oh, make us love Thee more and—more.

SACRED HEART

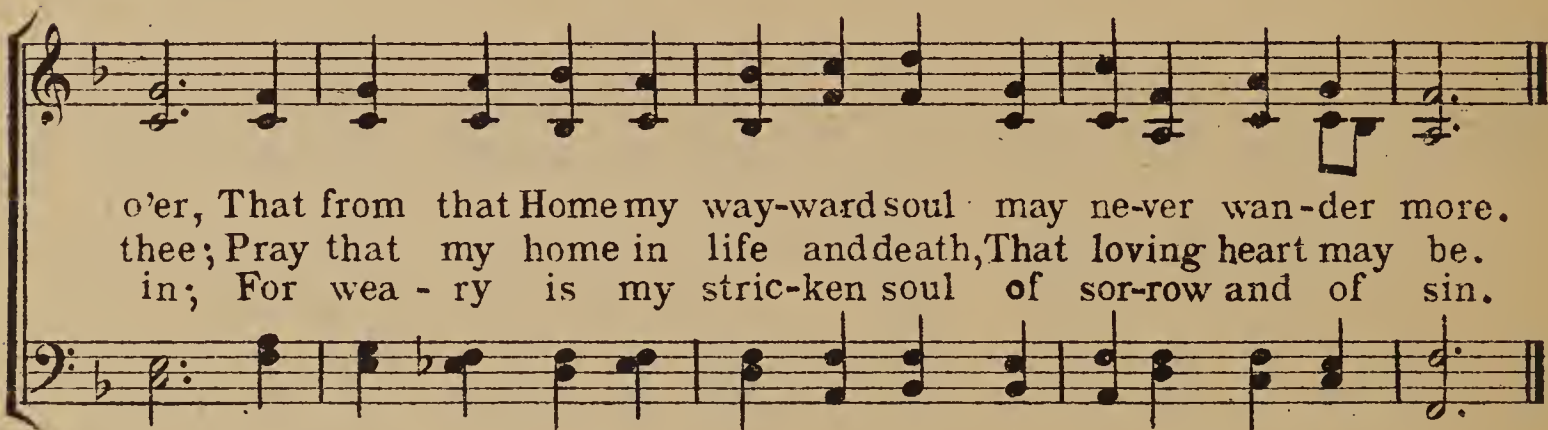
26

O TAKE ME TO THY SACRED HEART

F. H. BIRTCHNELL



1. O take me to Thy Sa-cred heart, And seal the en-trance
 2. O Ma-ry, by the priceless love which Je - sus' Heart bore
 3. O Je - sus, op - en wide Thy heart, And let me rest there -



o'er, That from that Home my way-ward soul may ne-ver wan-der more.
 thee; Pray that my home in life and death, That loving heart may be.
 in; For wea - ry is my stric-ken soul of sor-row and of sin.

HEART OF JESUS

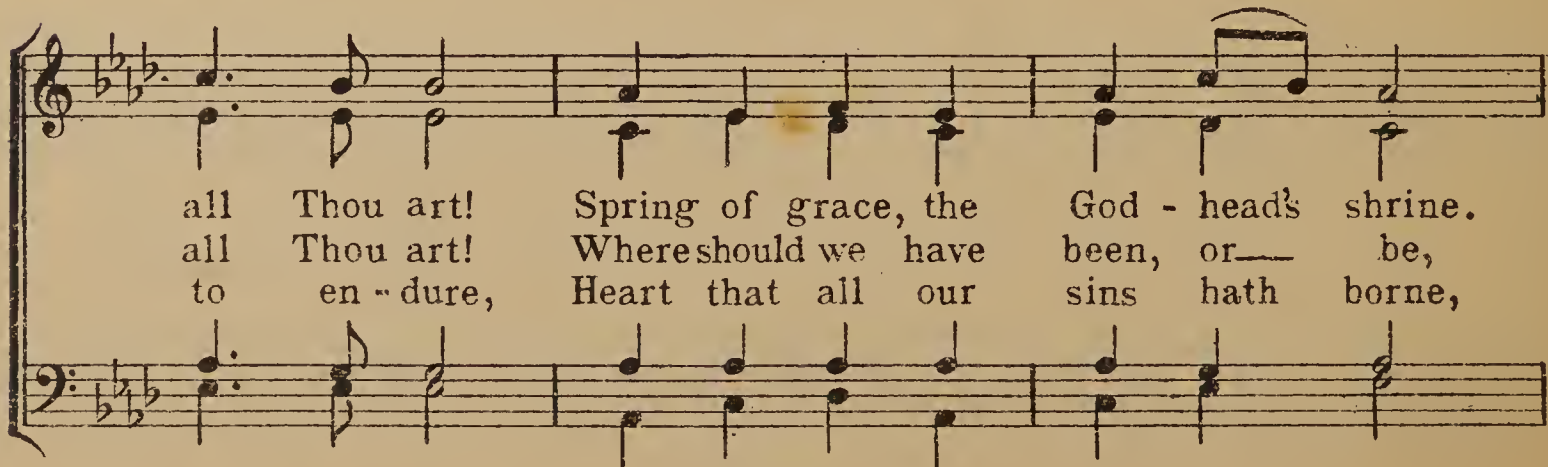
27

MOIR BROWN

First tune

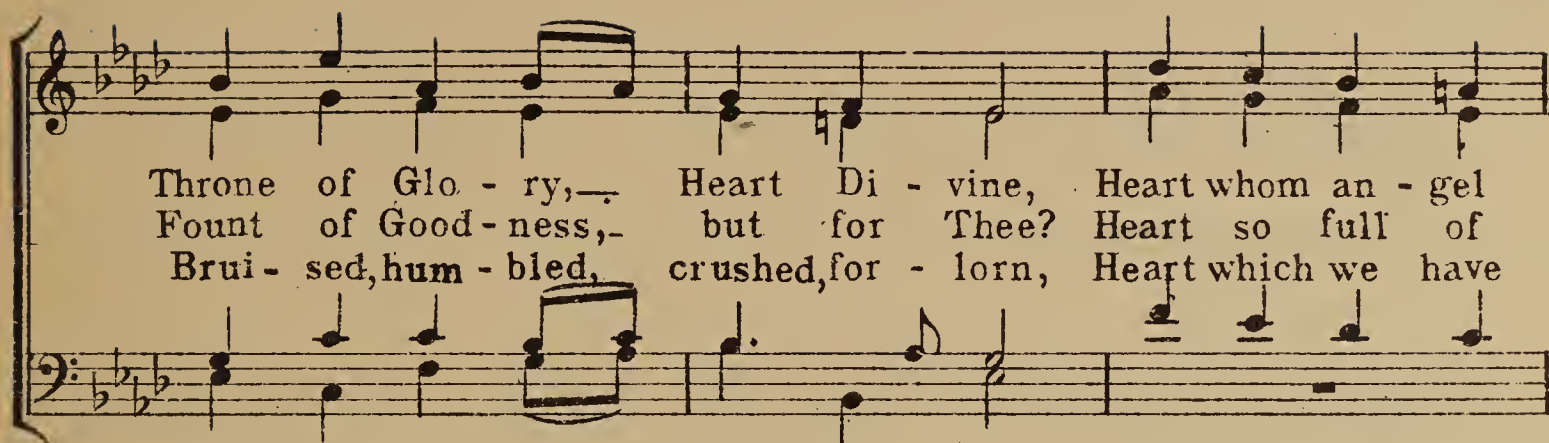


1. Heart of Je - sus, Sa - cred Heart, Praise to Thee for
 2. Heart of Je - sus, Hu - man Heart, Thanks to Thee for
 3. Heart so ho - ly, Heart so — pure, Heart so pa - tient

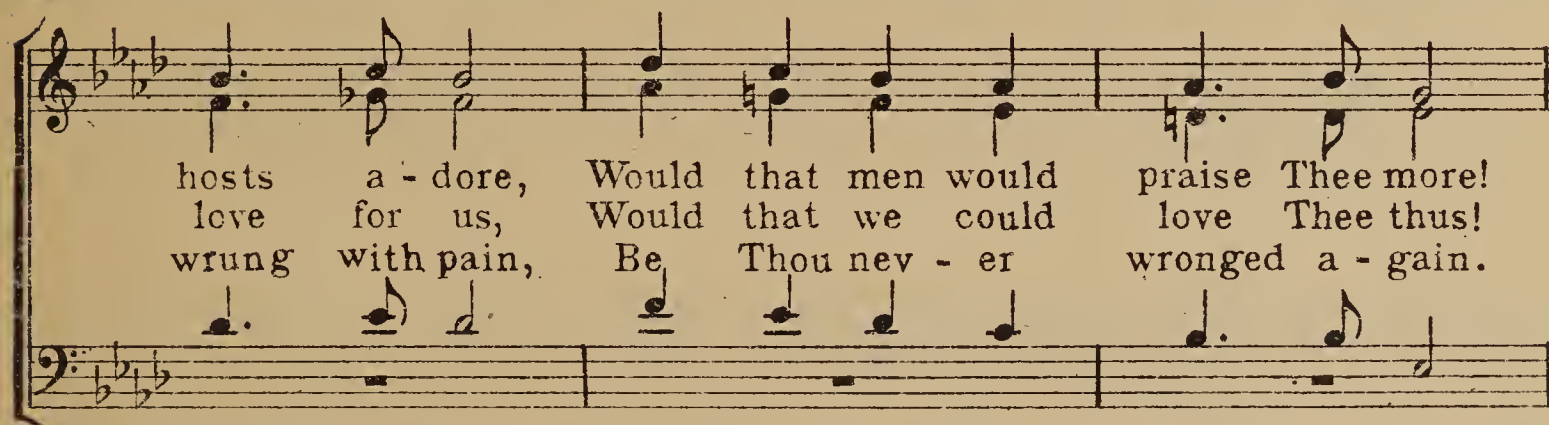


all Thou art! Spring of grace, the God - head's shrine.
 all Thou art! Where should we have been, or — be,
 to en - dure, Heart that all our sins hath borne,

SACRED HEART



Throne of Glo - ry,— Heart Di - vine, Heart whom an - gel
Fount of Good - ness,— but for Thee? Heart so full of
Brui - sed, hum - bled, crushed, for - lorn, Heart which we have

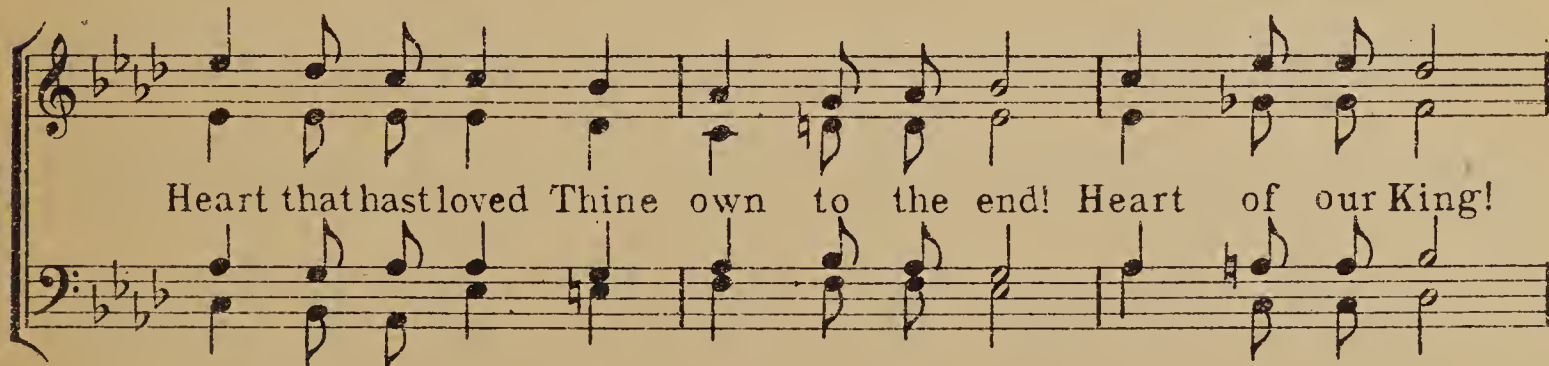


hosts a - dore, Would that men would praise Thee more!
love for us, Would that we could love Thee thus!
wrung with pain, Be Thou nev - er wronged a - gain.

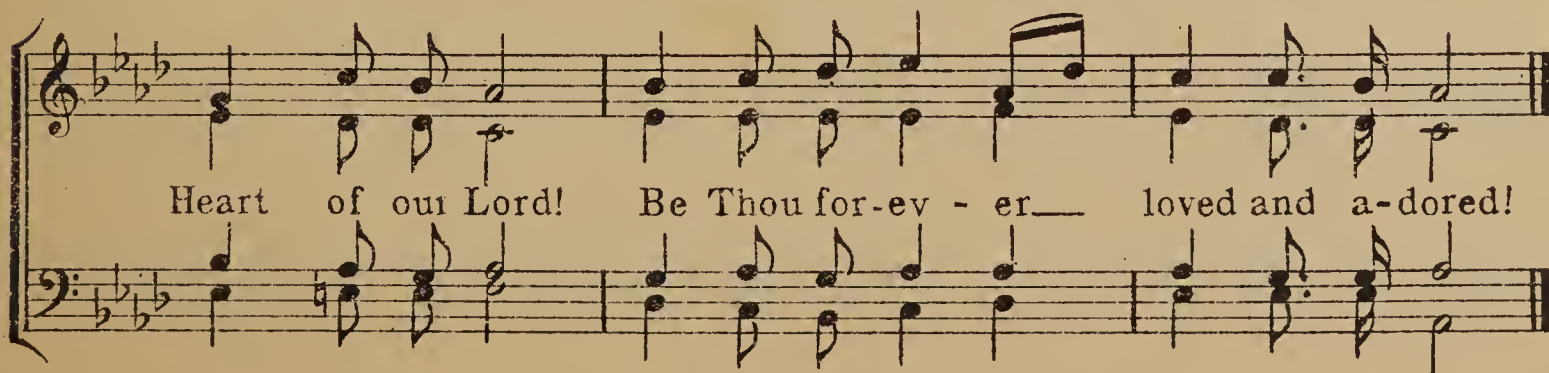
Refrain



Heart of our Sav - iour! Heart of our Friend!



Heart that hast loved Thine own to the end! Heart of our King!



Heart of our Lord! Be Thou for - ev - er— loved and a - dored!

28

HEART OF JESUS

S. N. D.

R. W. RATCLIFFE, S. J.

Second tune

1. Heart of Je - sus, Sa cred Heart, Praise to Thee for
 2. Heart of Je - sus, hu - man Heart, Thanks to Thee for
 3. Heart so ho - ly, Heart so pure, Heart so pa - tient

mp

all Thou art! Spring of grace the God - head's shrine,
 all Thou art! Where should we have been or be,
 to en dure, Heart that all our sin hast borne,

cresc.

Throne of glo - ry, Heart di - vine! Heart whom an - gel
 Fount of good-ness, but for Thee? Heart so full of
 Brui - sed, hum - bled, crushed, for - lorn. Heart which we have

f *p*

SACRED HEART

hosts a - dore Would that men would love Thee more.
love for us, Would that we could love Thee thus.
wrung with pain, Be Thou nev - er wronged a - gain!

p *f*

This system contains the first vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are indicated.

Chorus

Heart of our Sa - viour, Heart of our Friend,

This system continues the musical notation with the second line of the chorus. It features the same vocal melody and piano accompaniment as the first system.

Heart that hast loved thine own to the end, Heart of our King!

This system continues the musical notation with the third line of the chorus. It features the same vocal melody and piano accompaniment as the first system.

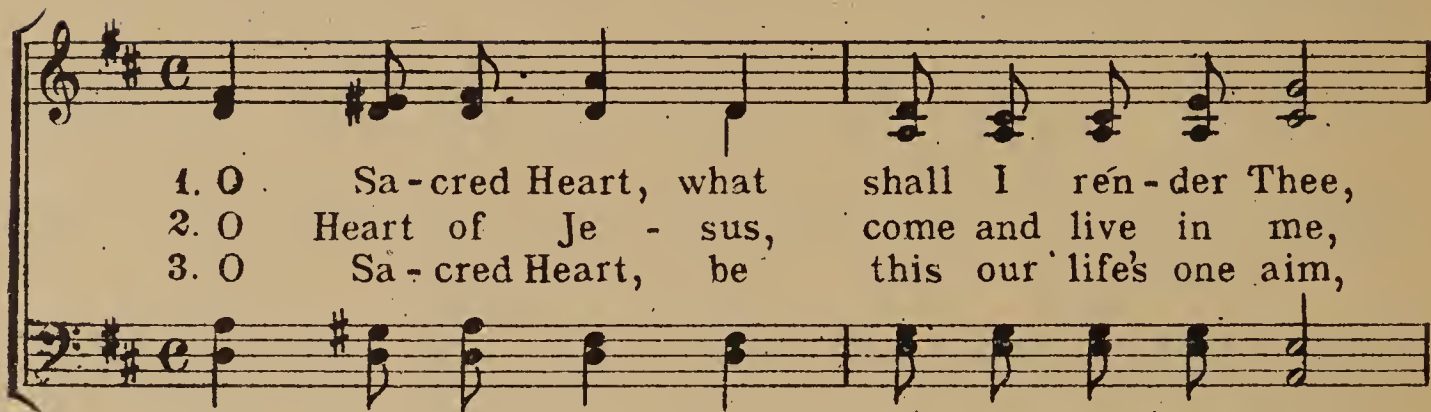
Heart of our Lord! Be Thou for - ev - er loved and a - dored!

This system contains the final line of the chorus. It features the same vocal melody and piano accompaniment as the first system.

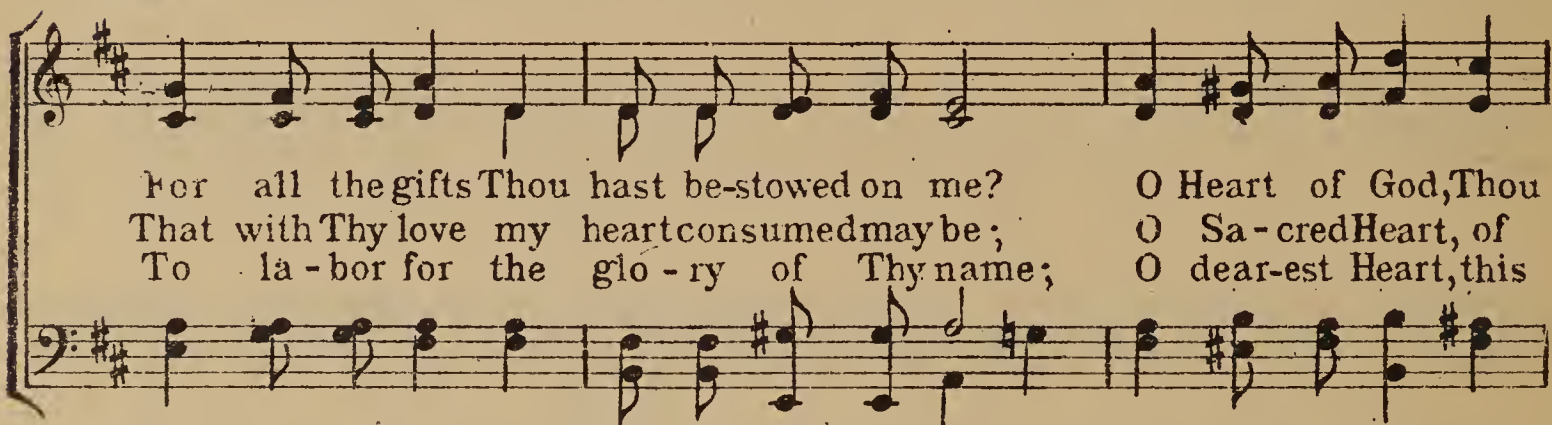
O SACRED HEART

29

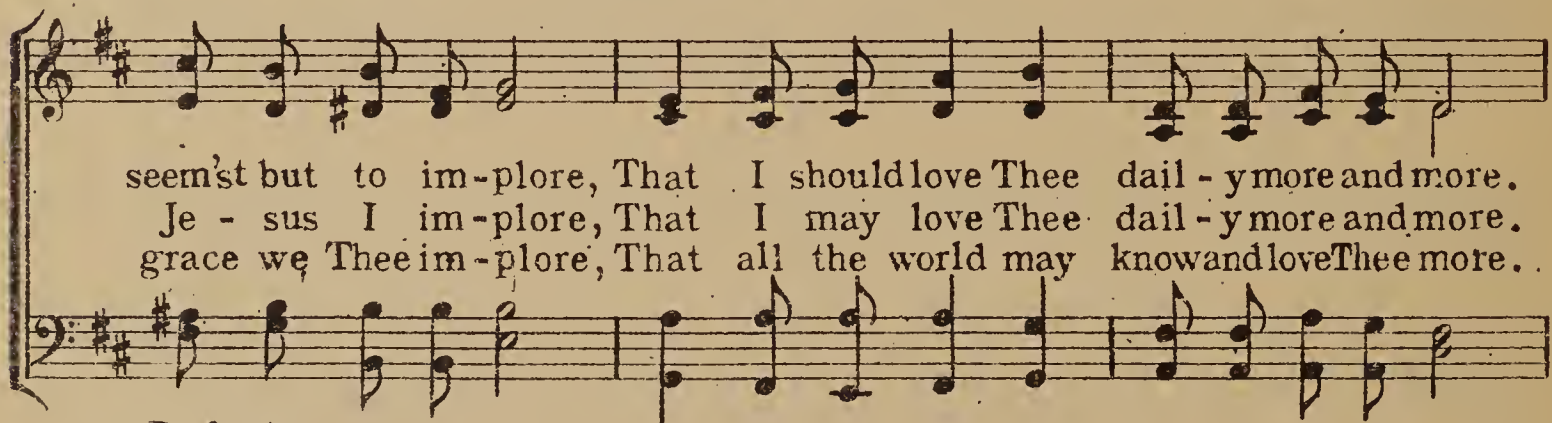
J. WILLIAMS



1. O Sa - cred Heart, what shall I ren - der Thee,
 2. O Heart of Je - sus, come and live in me,
 3. O Sa - cred Heart, be this our life's one aim,

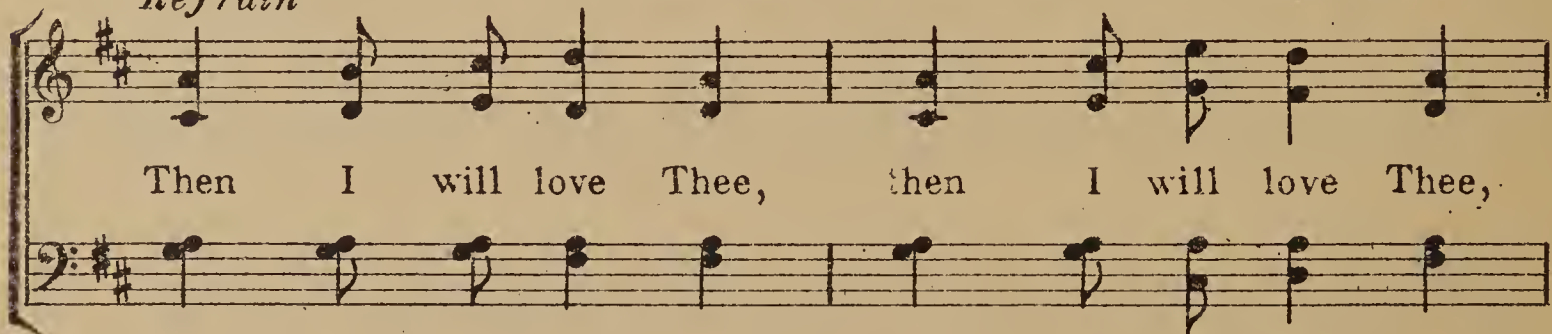


For all the gifts Thou hast be-stowed on me? O Heart of God, Thou
 That with Thy love my heart consumed may be; O Sa - cred Heart, of
 To la - bor for the glo - ry of Thy name; O dear - est Heart, this

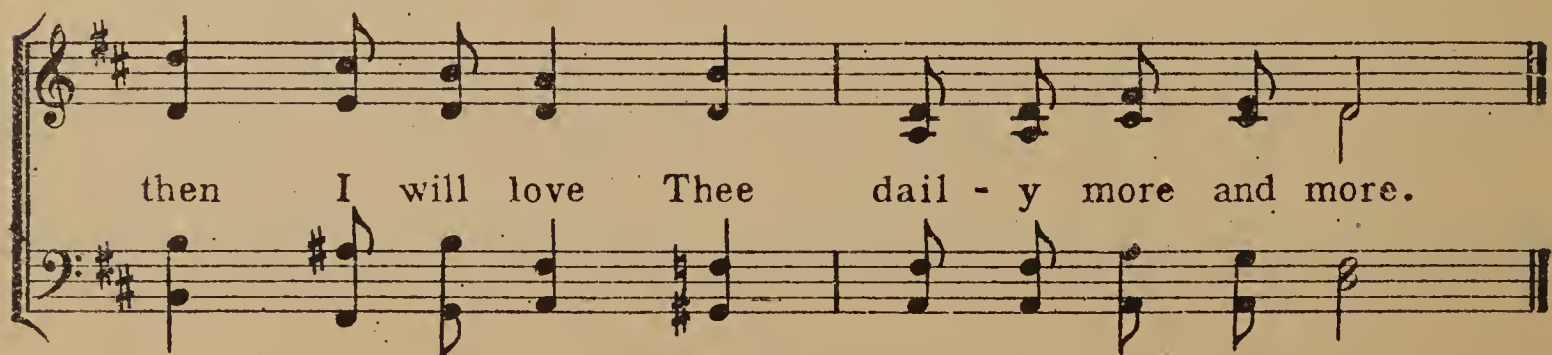


seem'st but to im-plore, That I should love Thee dail - y more and more.
 Je - sus I im-plore, That I may love Thee dail - y more and more.
 grace we Thee im-plore, That all the world may know and love Thee more.

Refrain



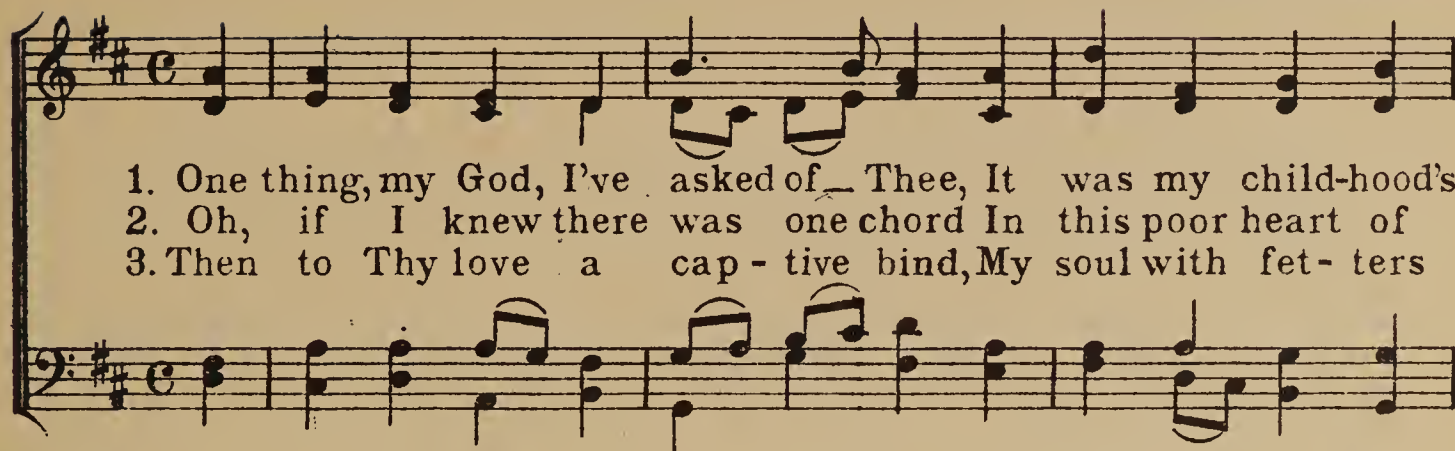
Then I will love Thee, then I will love Thee,



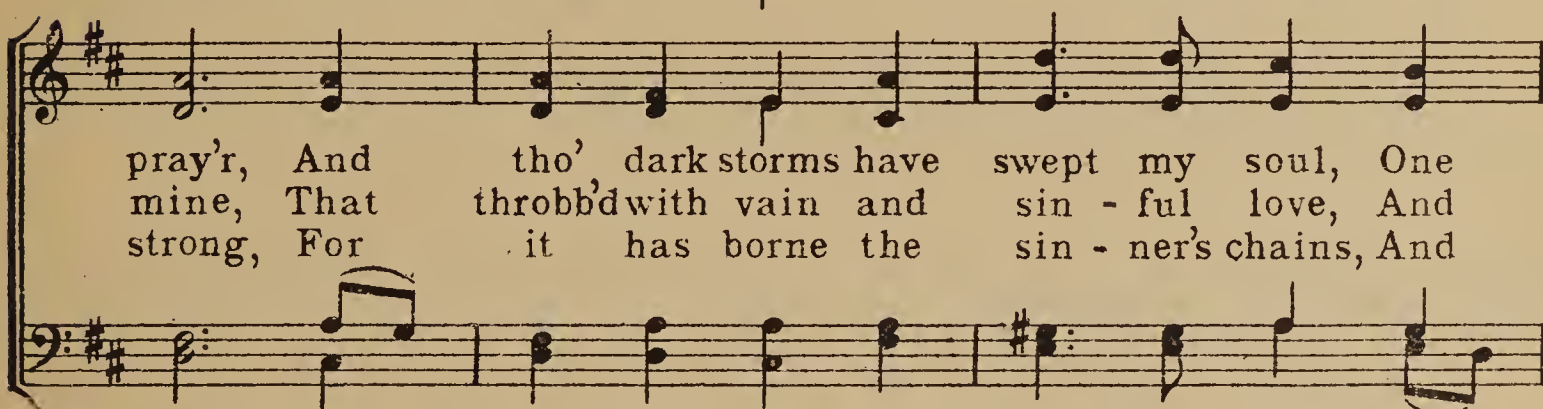
then I will love Thee dail - y more and more.

ONE THING, MY GOD

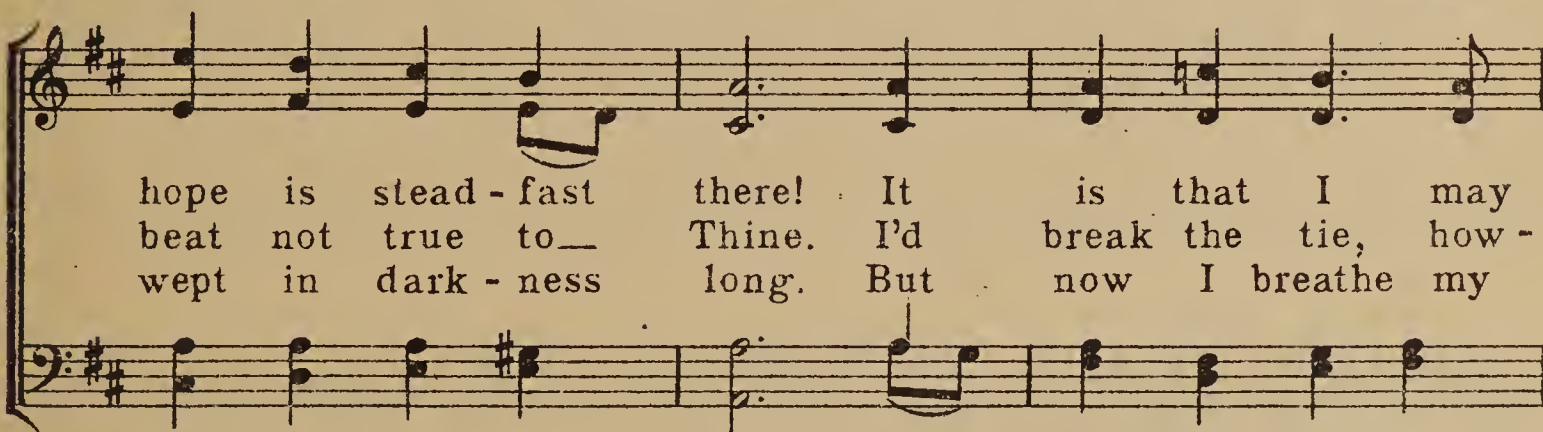
MARY MOIR



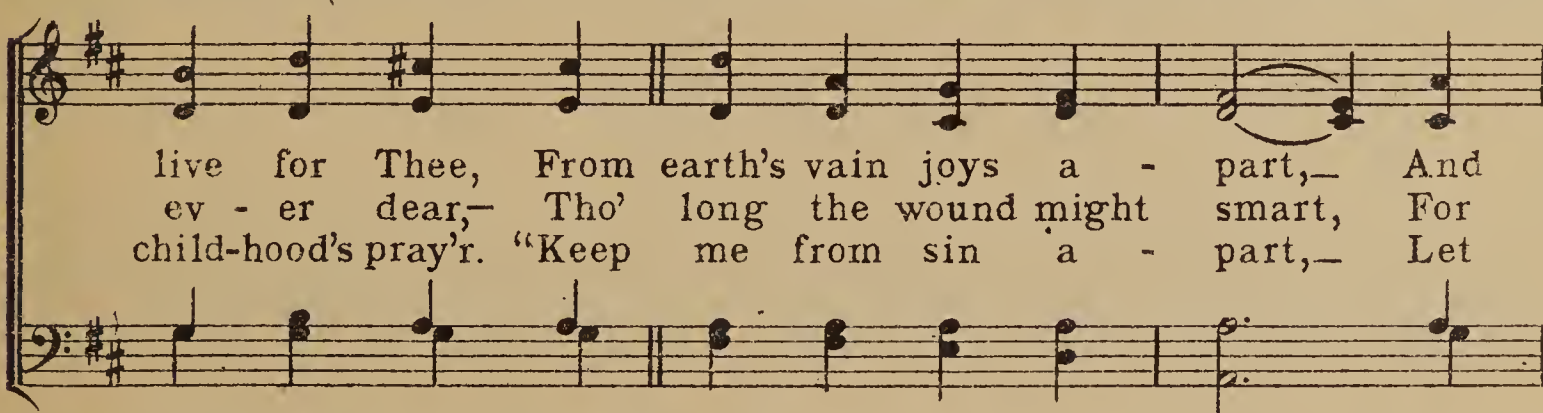
1. One thing, my God, I've asked of— Thee, It was my child-hood's
 2. Oh, if I knew there was one chord In this poor heart of
 3. Then to Thy love a cap - tive bind, My soul with fet - ters



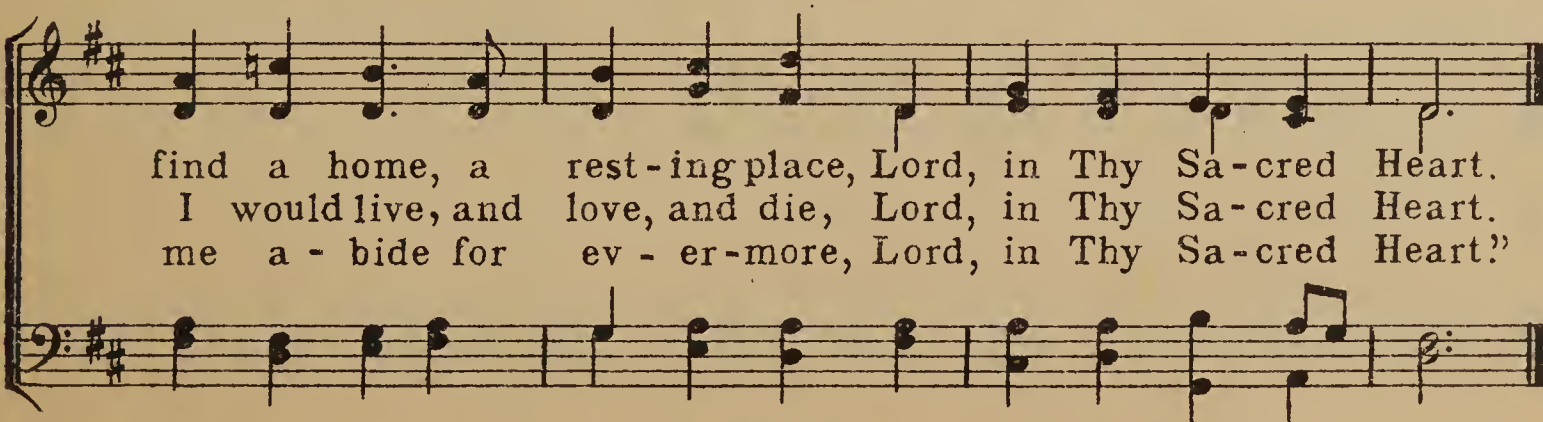
pray'r, And tho' dark storms have swept my soul, One
 mine, That throbb'd with vain and sin - ful love, And
 strong, For it has borne the sin - ner's chains, And



hope is stead - fast there! It is that I may
 beat not true to— Thine. I'd break the tie, how -
 wept in dark - ness long. But now I breathe my



live for Thee, From earth's vain joys a - part,— And
 ev - er dear,— Tho' long the wound might smart, For
 child-hood's pray'r. "Keep me from sin a - part,— Let



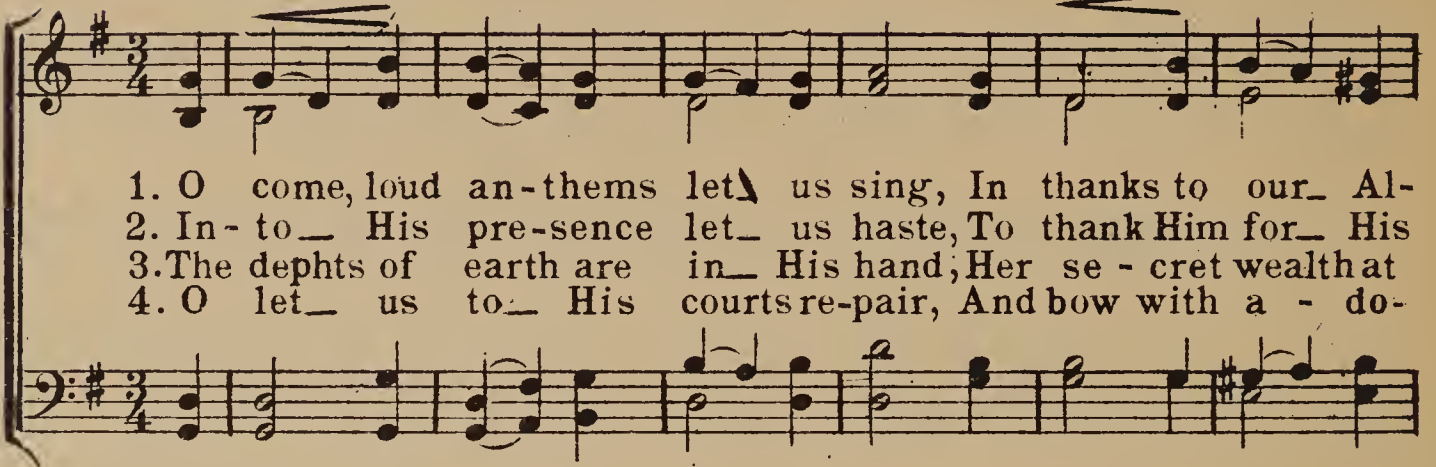
find a home, a rest - ing place, Lord, in Thy Sa - cred Heart.
 I would live, and love, and die, Lord, in Thy Sa - cred Heart.
 me a - bid for ev - er - more, Lord, in Thy Sa - cred Heart?"

O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US SING

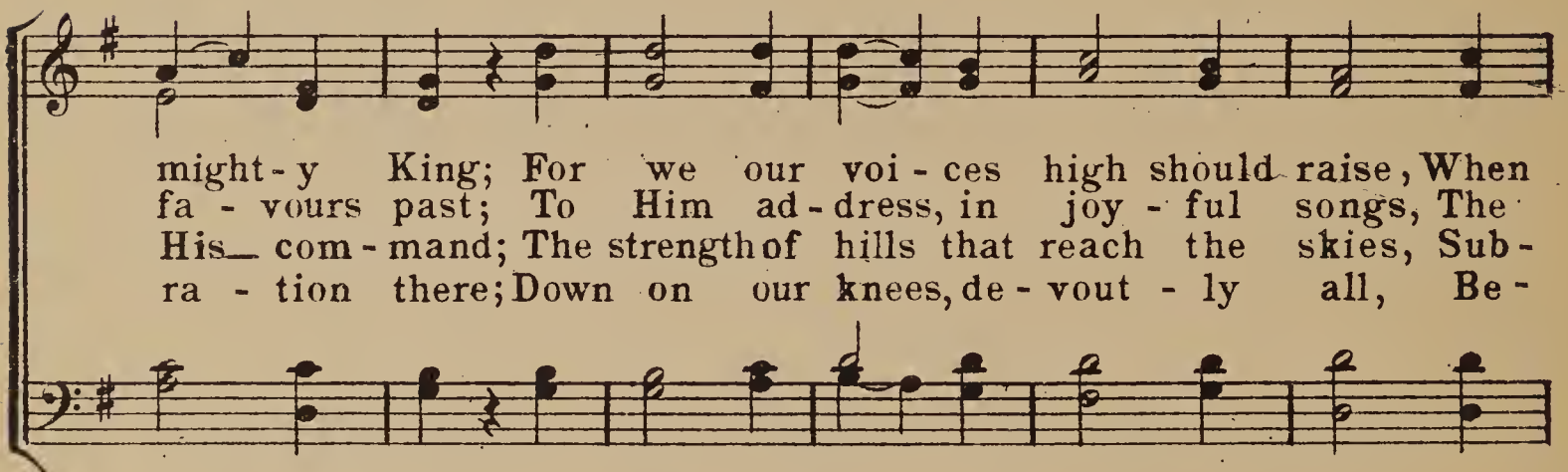
31

Adapted from HAYDN

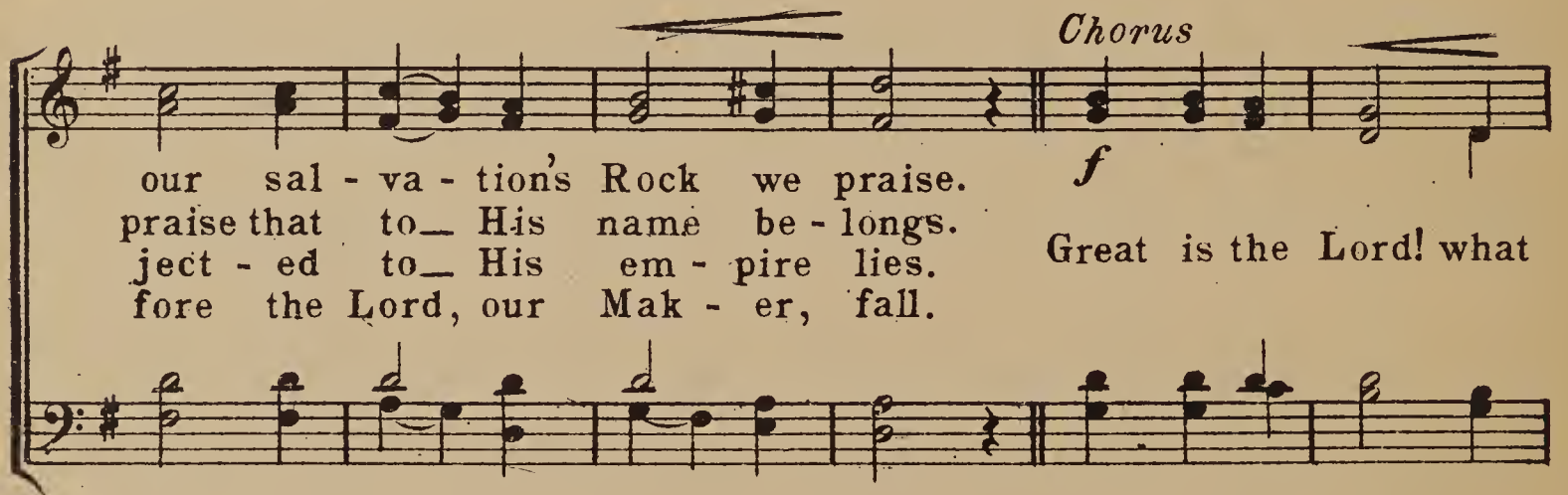
Andante (♩ = 104)



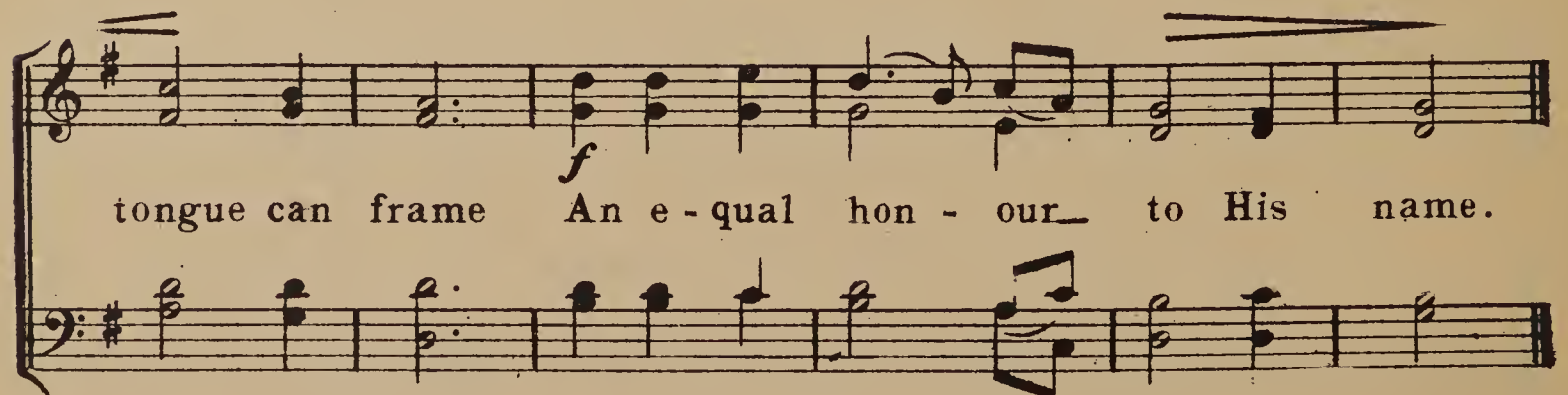
1. O come, loud an-thems let us sing, In thanks to our Al-
 2. In-to His pre-sence let us haste, To thank Him for His
 3. The dephts of earth are in His hand; Her se-cret wealth that
 4. O let us to His courts re-pair, And bow with a do-



might-y King; For we our voi-ces high should raise, When
 fa-vours past; To Him ad-dress, in joy-ful songs, The
 His com-mand; The strength of hills that reach the skies, Sub-
 ra-tion there; Down on our knees, de-vout-ly all, Be-



Chorus
 our sal-va-tion's Rock we praise. *f*
 praise that to His name be-longs.
 ject-ed to His em-pire lies. Great is the Lord! what
 fore the Lord, our Mak-er, fall.




f
 tongue can frame An e-equal hon-our to His name.

O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD

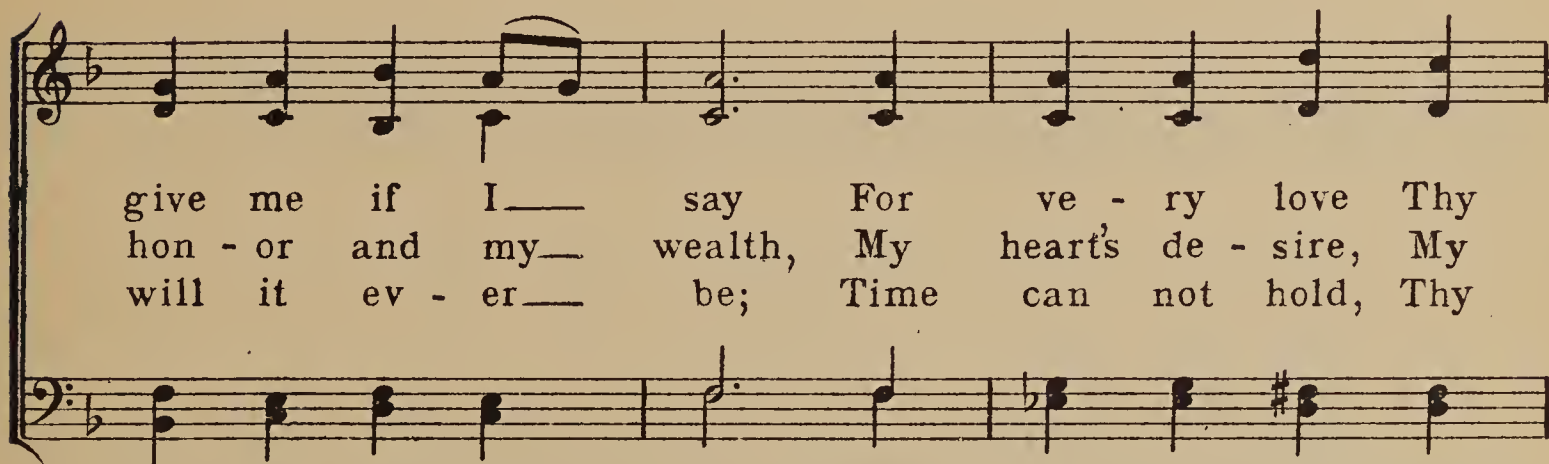
32

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

ROBERT EDGAR



1. O Je - sus, Je - sus, dear - est Lord, For -
 2. For Thou to me art all in all, My
 3. O love of Je - sus! Bless - ed love, So



give me if I— say For ve - ry love Thy
 hon - or and my— wealth, My heart's de - sire, My
 will it ev - er— be; Time can not hold, Thy



sa - cred name, A thou - sand times a— day.
 bod - y's strength, My soul's e - ter - nal— health.
 won - drous growth, No, nor e - ter - ni - ty.

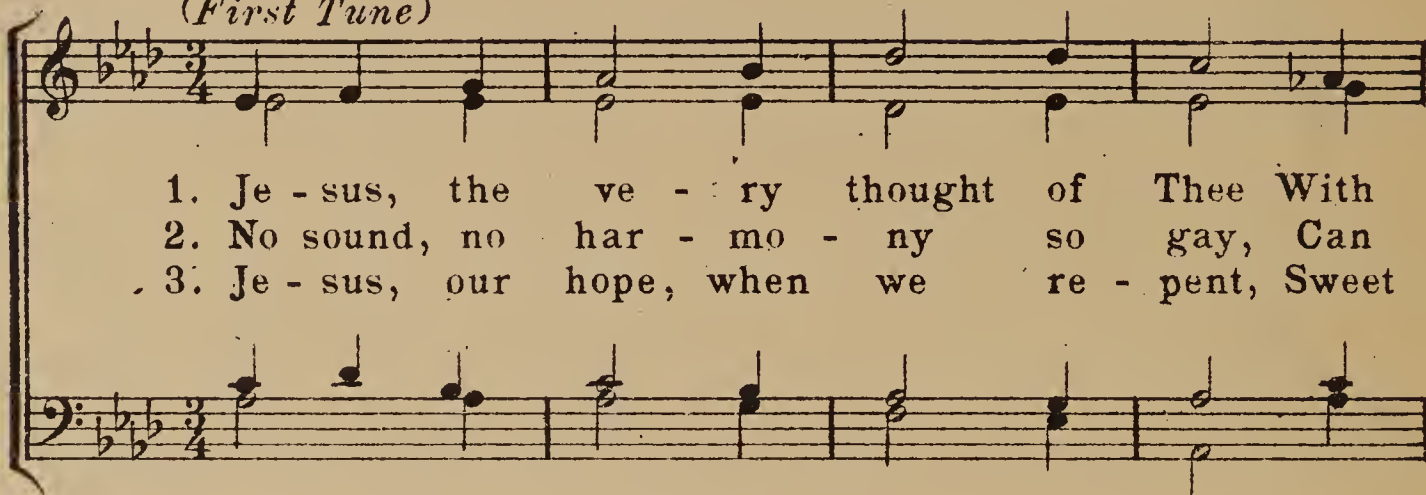
JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

(JESU DULCIS MEMORIA)

33 Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL

A. EDMONDS TOZER

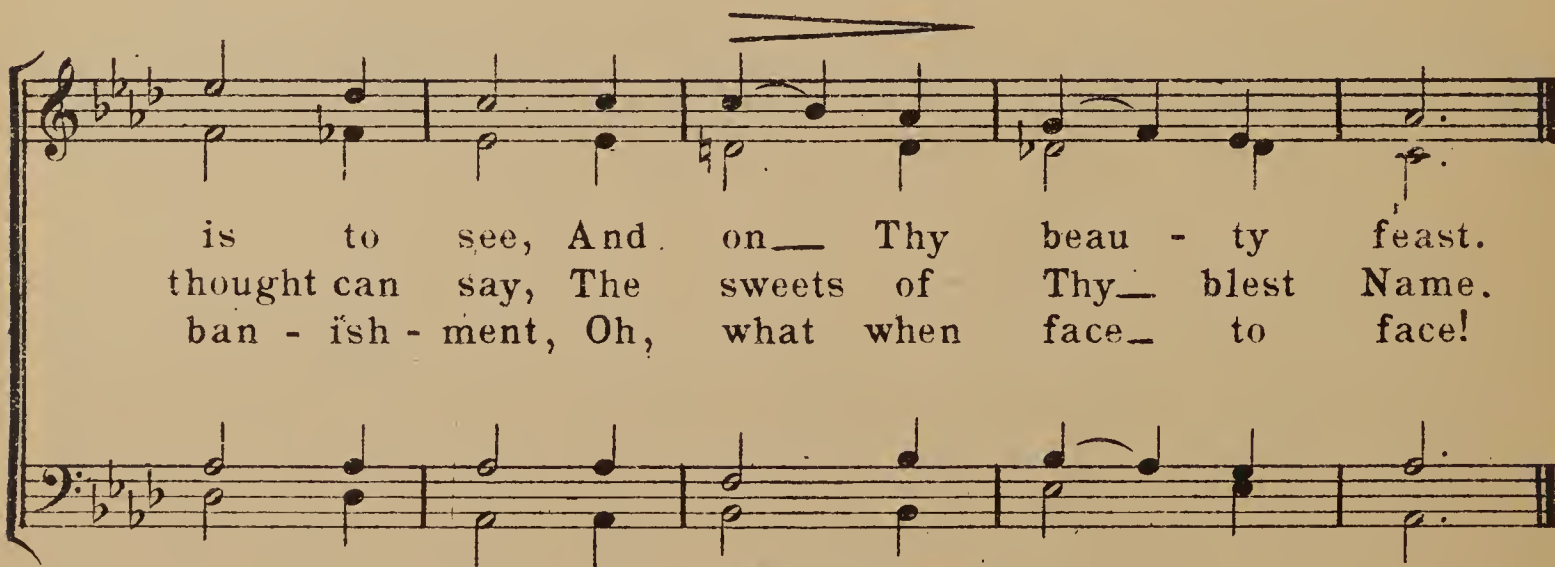
(First Tune)



1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With
 2. No sound, no har - mo - ny so gay, Can
 3. Je - sus, our hope, when we re - pent, Sweet



sweet-ness fills_ my breast; But sweet - er far it
 art_ of mus - ic frame; No words nor ev - en
 source of all_ our grace; Sole com - fort in our



is to see, And on_ Thy beau - ty feast.
 thought can say, The sweets of Thy_ blest Name.
 ban - ish - ment, Oh, what when face_ to face!

JESUS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

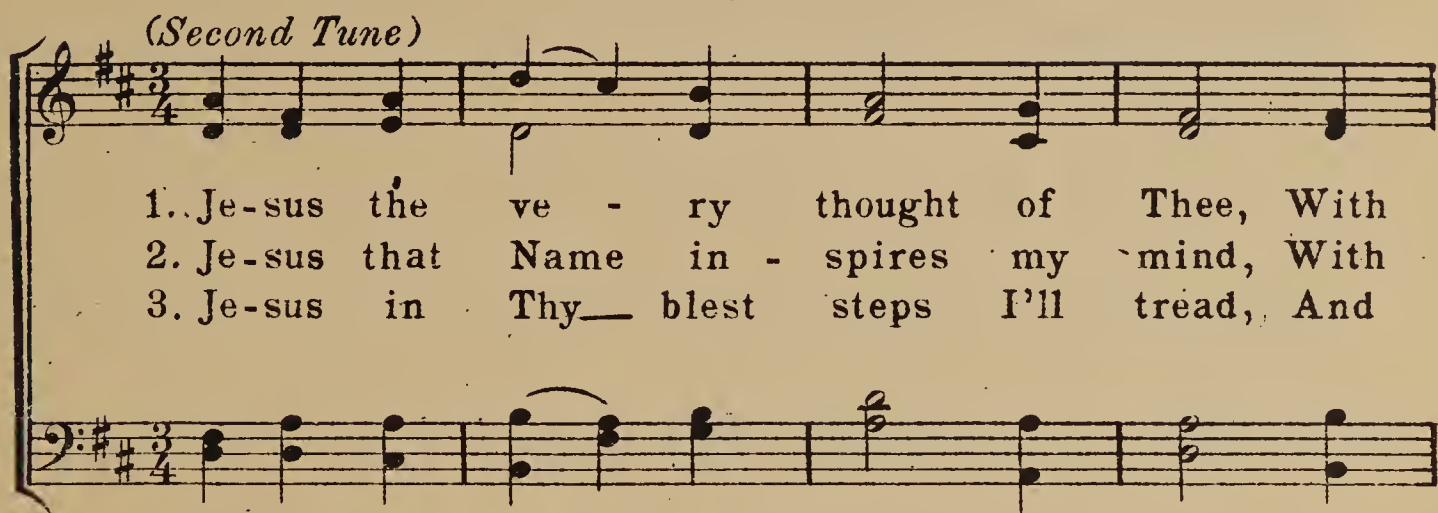
(JESU DULCIS MEMORIA)

34

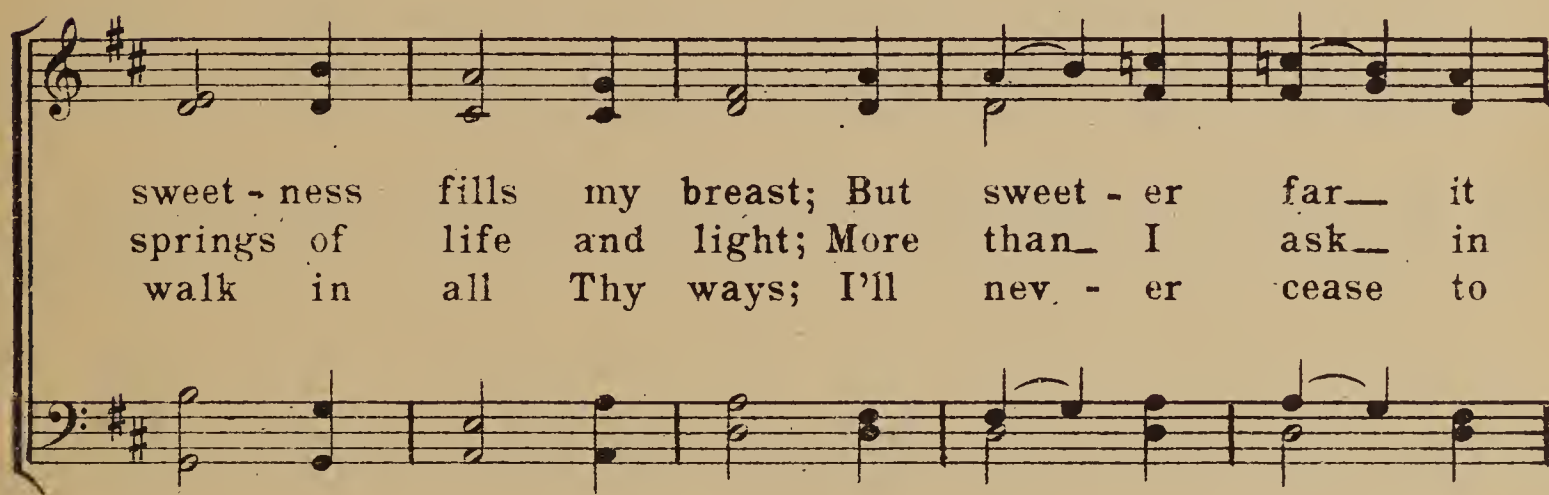
Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL

Traditional

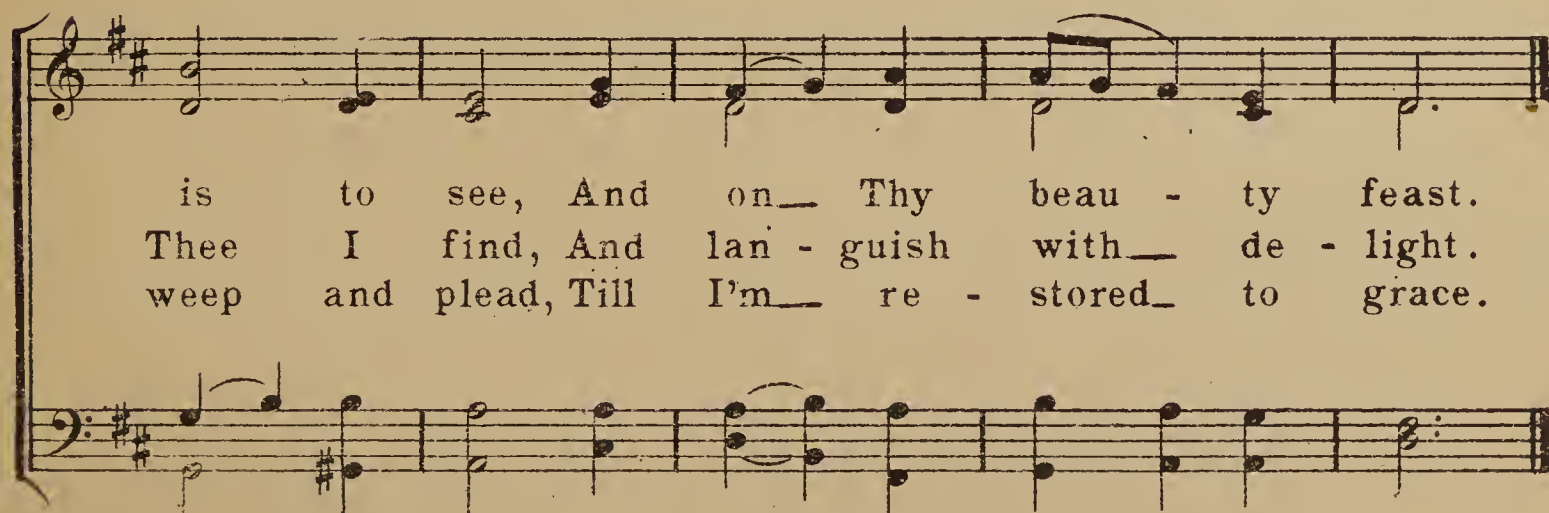
(Second Tune)



1. Je-sus the ve - ry thought of Thee, With
 2. Je-sus that Name in - spires my mind, With
 3. Je-sus in Thy— blest steps I'll tread, And



sweet - ness fills my breast; But sweet - er far— it
 springs of life and light; More than_ I ask_ in
 walk in all Thy ways; I'll nev - er cease to

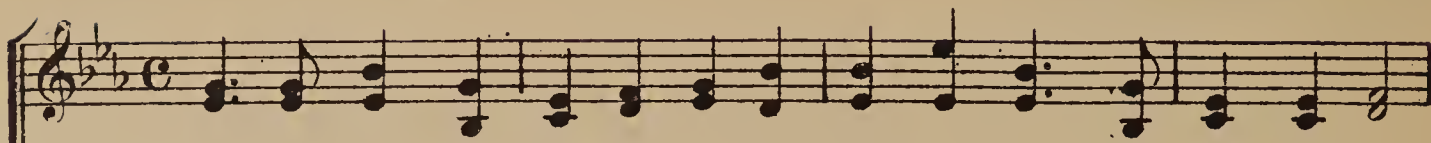


is to see, And on_ Thy beau - ty feast.
 Thee I find, And lan - guish with_ de - light.
 weep and plead, Till I'm_ re - stored_ to grace.

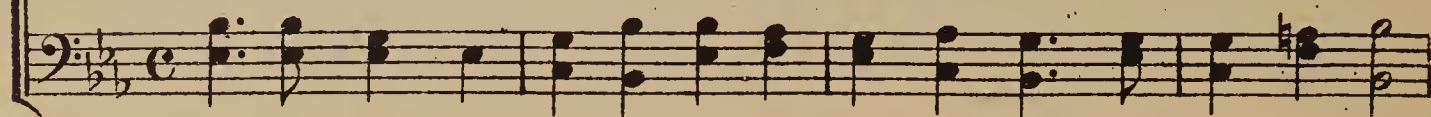
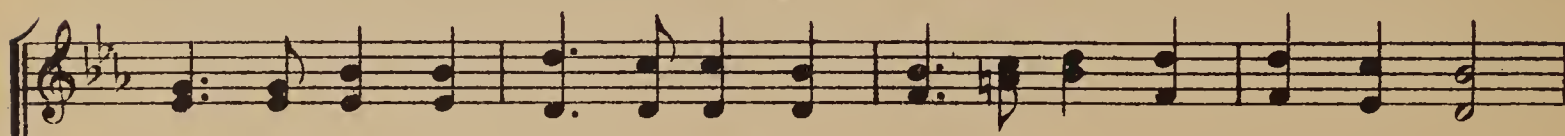
JESUS, KEEP ME CLOSE TO THEE

35



Sisters of Mercy



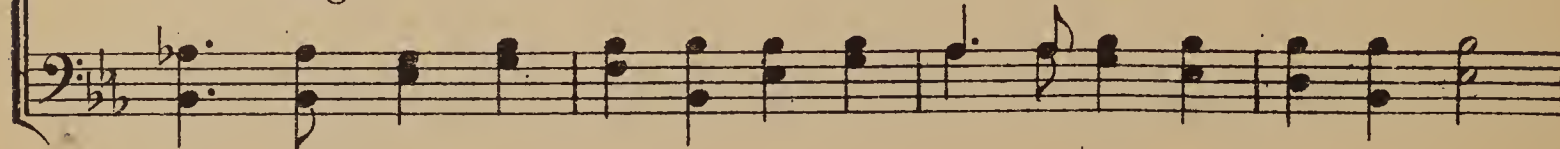
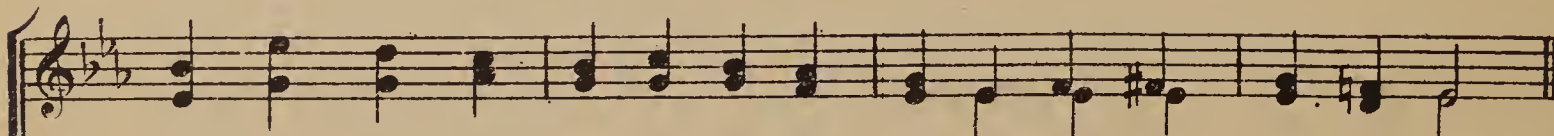
1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friends or life to me,
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me through this vale of sadness, Till Thine own dear Face I see;

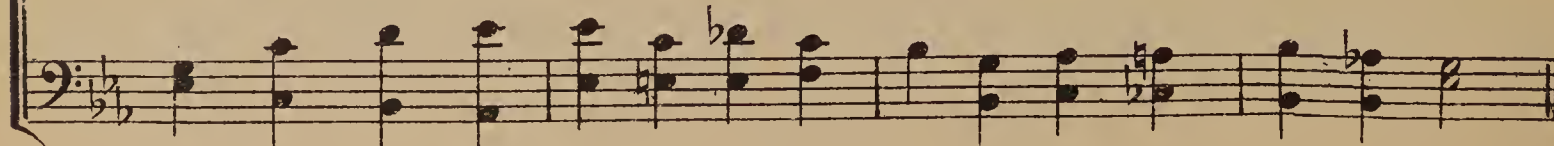
All a - long my wea - ry jour - ney Je - sus keep me close to Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer On - ly keep me close to Thee.
 Then the home of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter Lord with Thee.

All through life and at its clos - ing, Je - sus keep me close to Thee;

All through life and at its clos - ing, Je - sus keep me close to Thee.



36

HAIL, JESUS, HAIL!

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

MOIR BROWN

1. Hail, Je - sus, Hail! Who for my — sake Sweet
 2. To end - less a - ges let us — praise, The
 3. Ah! there is joy a — mid the — saints, And

Blood from Ma - ry's veins didst take, And shed it all for
 Pre - cious Blood, whose price could raise The world from wrath and
 hell's des - pair - ing cour - age faints When this sweet song we

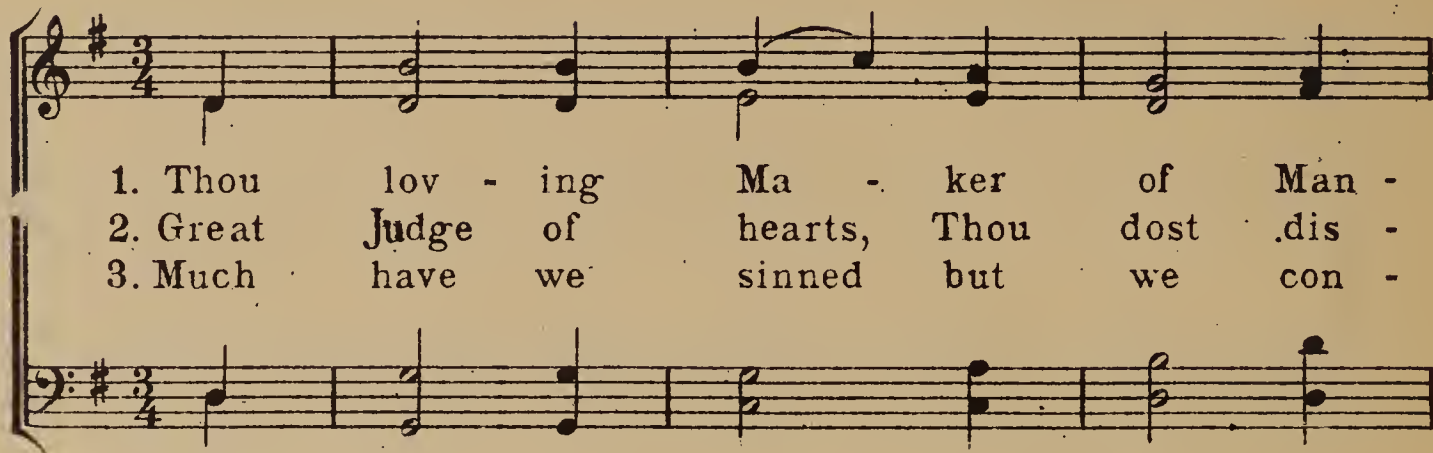
me; O, bless - ed be my Sa - viour's Blood, My
 sin; Whose streams our in - ward thirst, ap - pease, And
 raise. O, loud - er then and loud - er still, Earth

life, my light, my on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
 heal the sin - ner's worst dis - ease If he but bathed there - in.
 with one might - y cho - rus fill, The Pre - cious Blood to praise.

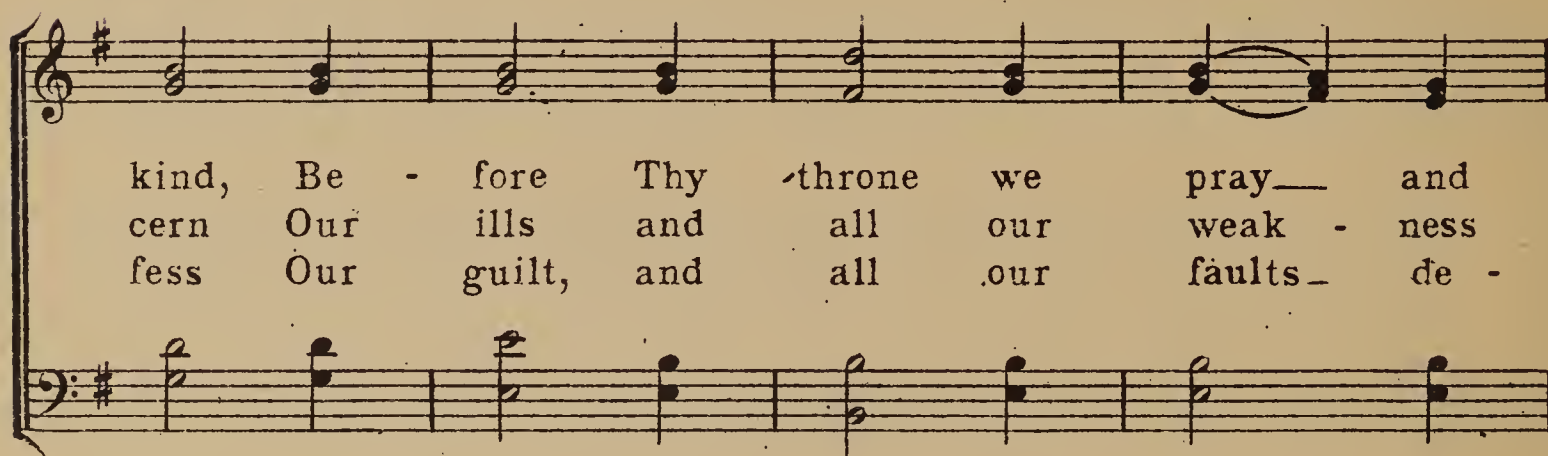
THOU LOVING MAKER OF MANKIND

37 Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL

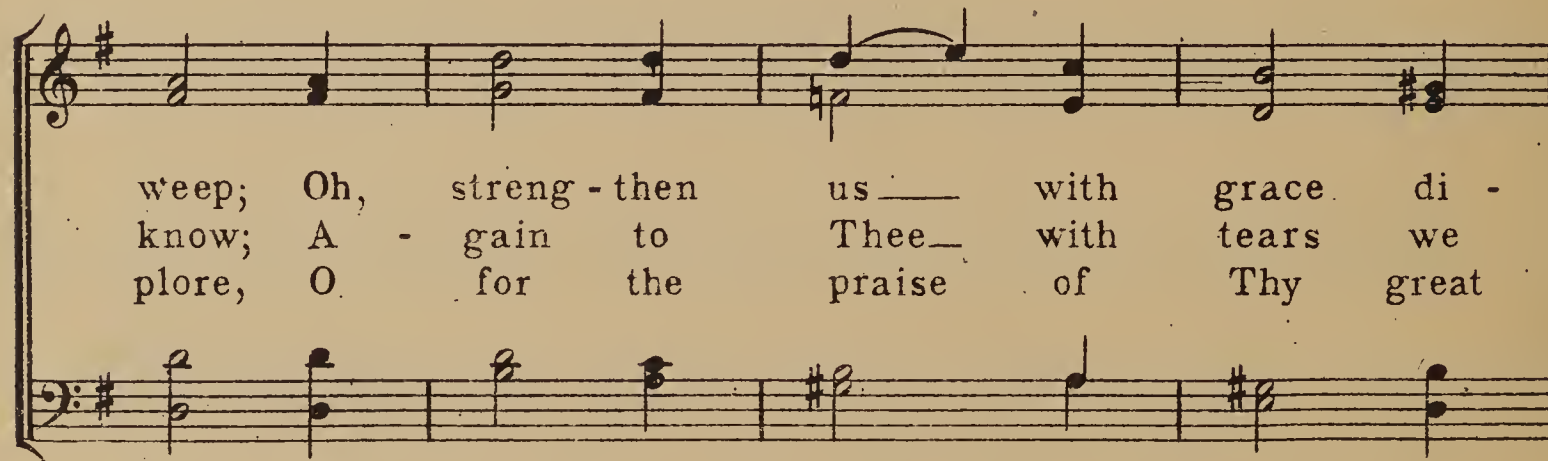
W. J. MARSH



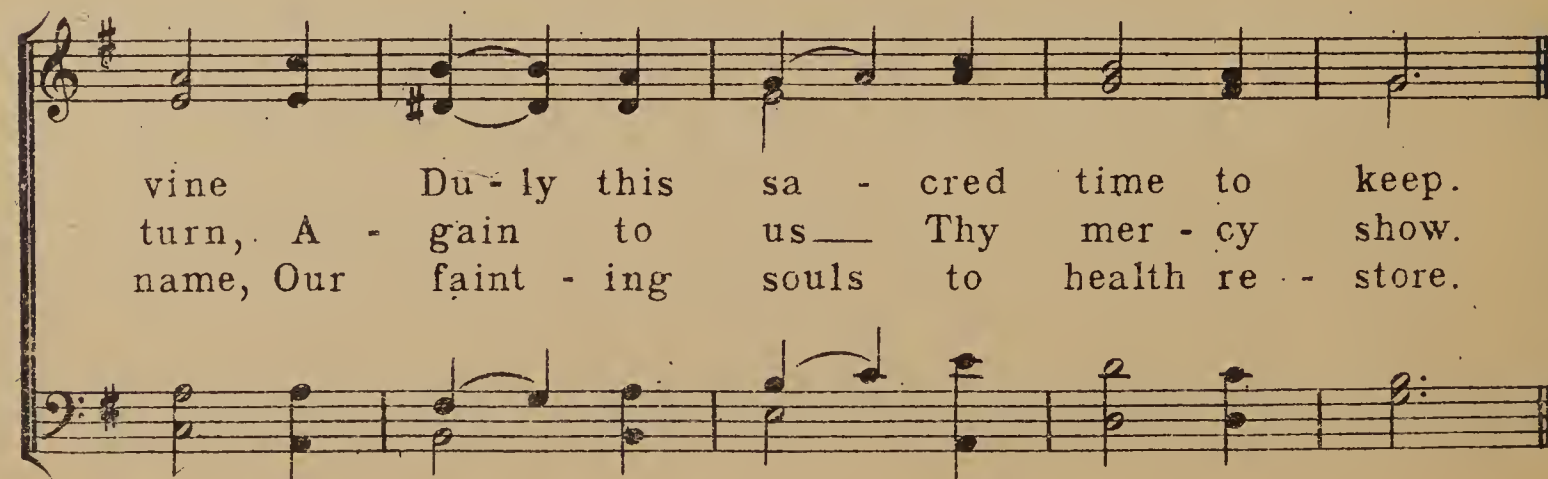
1. Thou lov - ing Ma - ker of Man -
 2. Great Judge of hearts, Thou dost dis -
 3. Much have we sinned but we con -



kind, Be - fore Thy throne we pray— and
 cern Our ills and all our weak - ness
 fess Our guilt, and all our faults— de -



weep; Oh, streng - then us— with grace di -
 know; A - gain to Thee— with tears we
 plore, O for the praise of Thy great



vine Du - ly this sa - cred time to keep.
 turn, A - gain to us— Thy mer - cy show.
 name, Our faint - ing souls to health re - store.

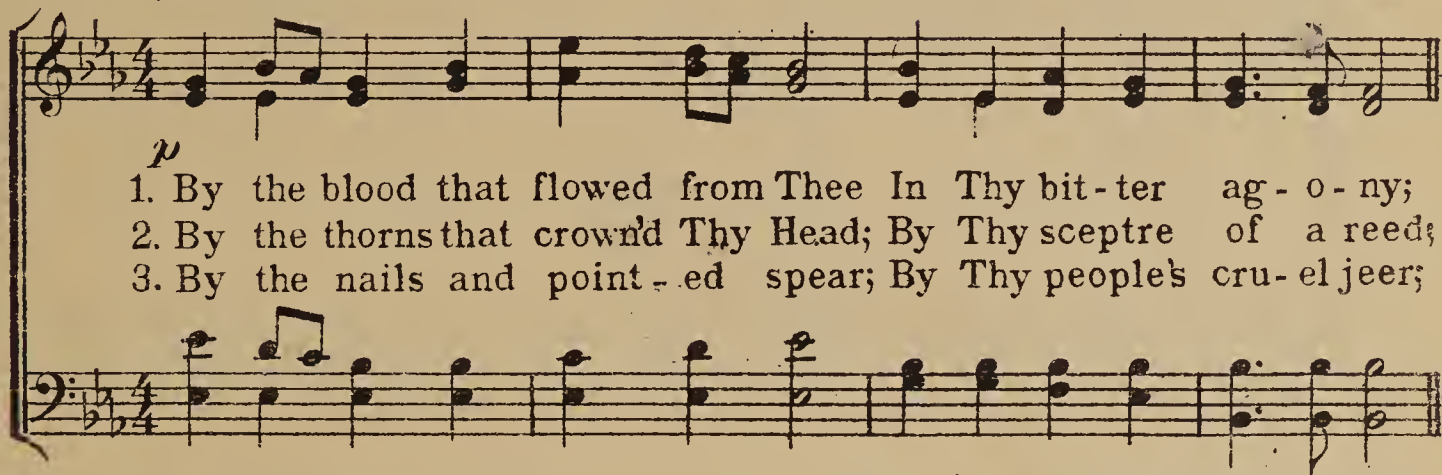
LENT

BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOWED

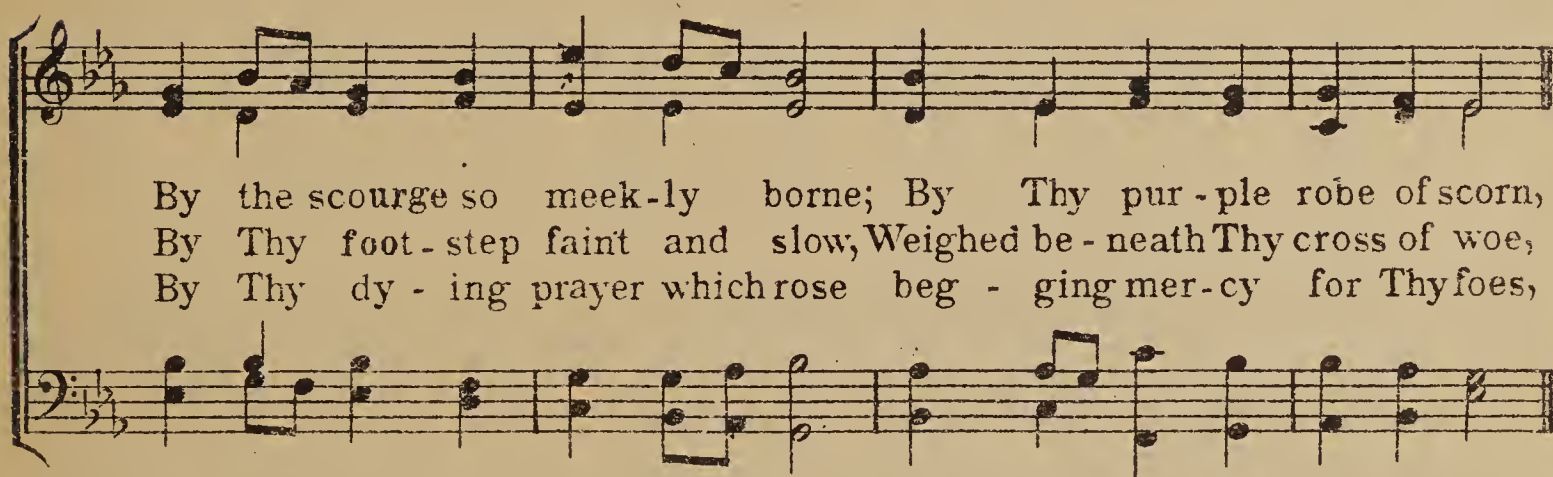
38

CECILIA MARY CADDELL
(1813-1877)

J. RICHARDSON

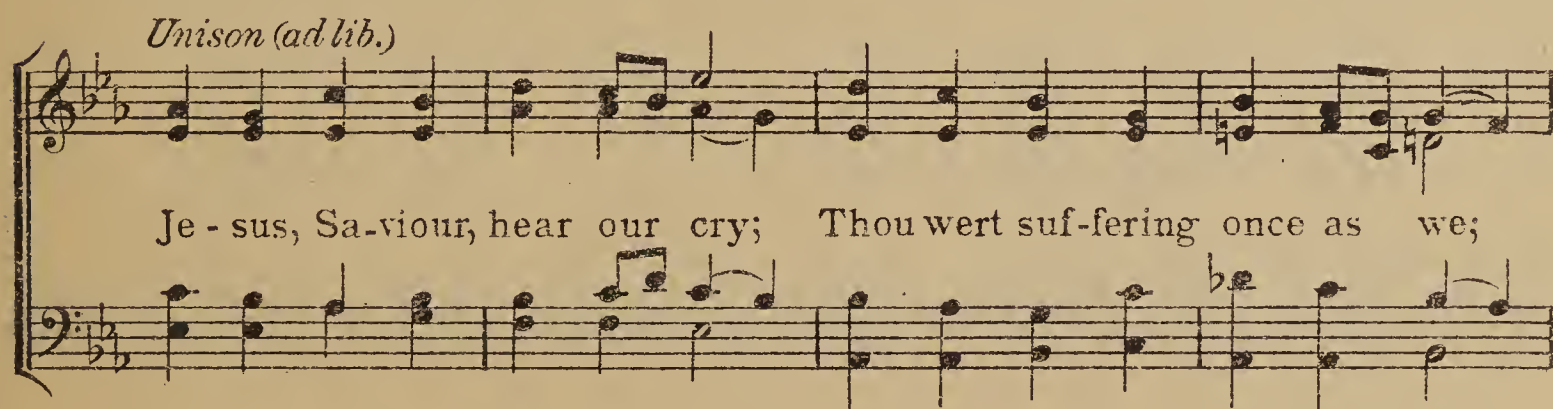


p
1. By the blood that flowed from Thee In Thy bit-ter ag-o-ny;
2. By the thorns that crown'd Thy Head; By Thy sceptre of a reed;
3. By the nails and point-ed spear; By Thy people's cru-el jeer;

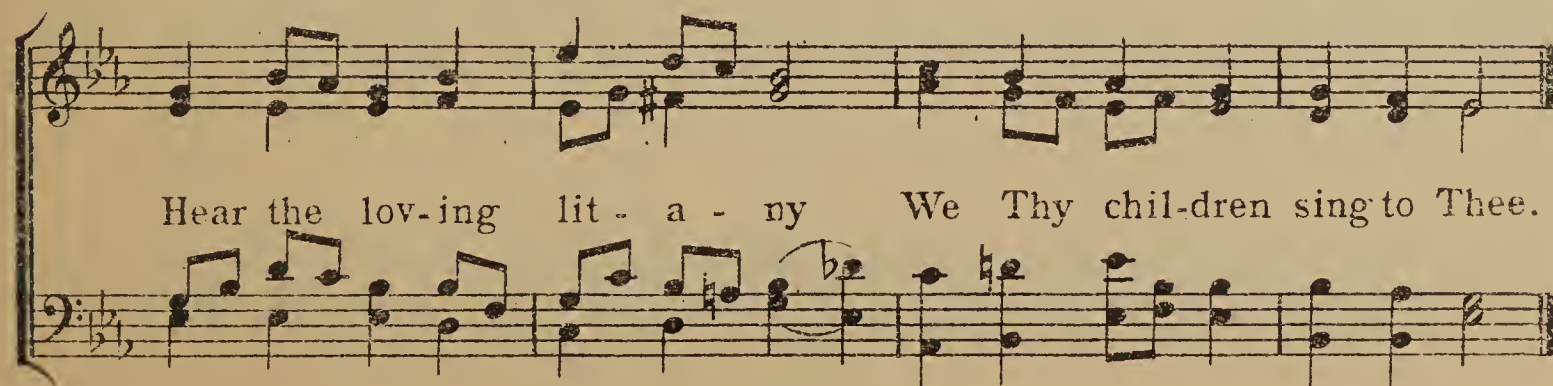


By the scourge so meek-ly borne; By Thy pur-ple robe of scorn,
By Thy foot-step faint and slow, Weighed be-neath Thy cross of woe,
By Thy dy-ing prayer which rose beg-ging mer-cy for Thy foes,

Unison (ad lib.)



Je-sus, Sa-viour, hear our cry; Thou wert suf-fering once as we;



Hear the lov-ing lit-a-ny We Thy chil-dren sing to Thee.

O COME AND MOURN

39

Rev. F. W. FABER

Rev. T. A. BURGE, O. S. B.

(First tune)

1. O come and mourn with me a - while, See,
 2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While
 3. Come, take thy stand be neath the Cross, And
 4. O love of God! O sin of man! In

Ma - ry calls us to her side; O
 sol - diers scoff and Jews de - ride? Ah
 let the blood from out that Side Fall
 this dread act your strength is tried And

come and let us mourn with her.
 look how pa - tient - ly He hangs:
 gen - tly on thee drop by drop;
 vic - to - ry re - mains with love,

Je - sus, our love, is cru - ci - fied!
 4 For He, our love, is cru - ci - fied!

O COME AND MOURN

40

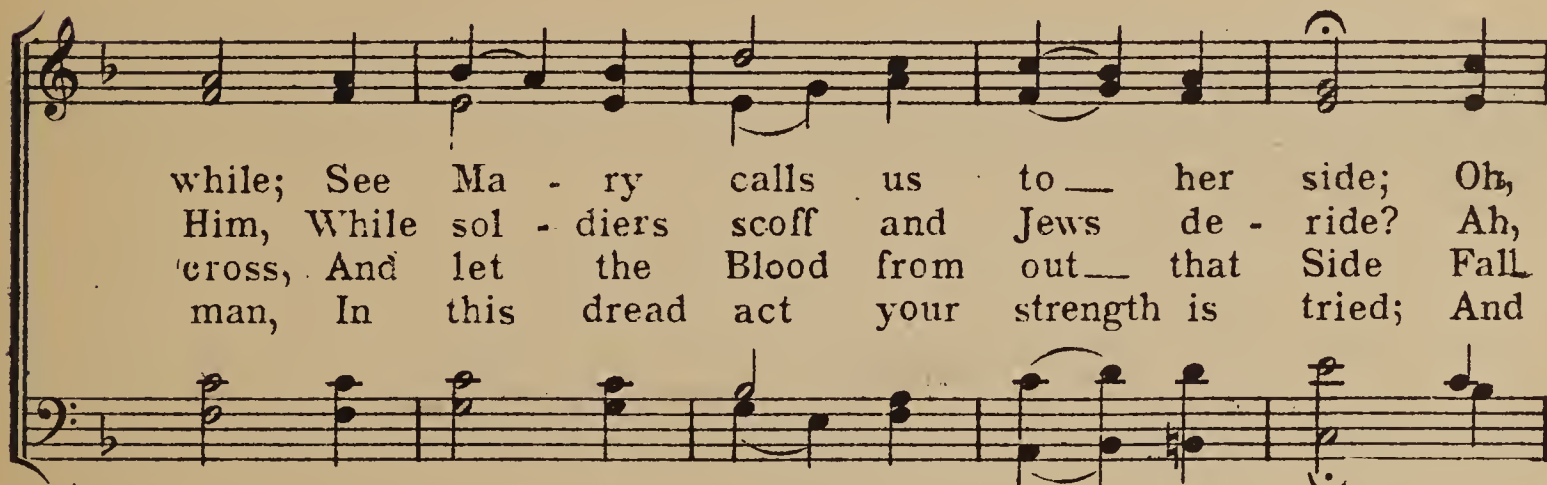
Rev. F.W. FABER

Rt. Rev. Mgr. CROOKALL

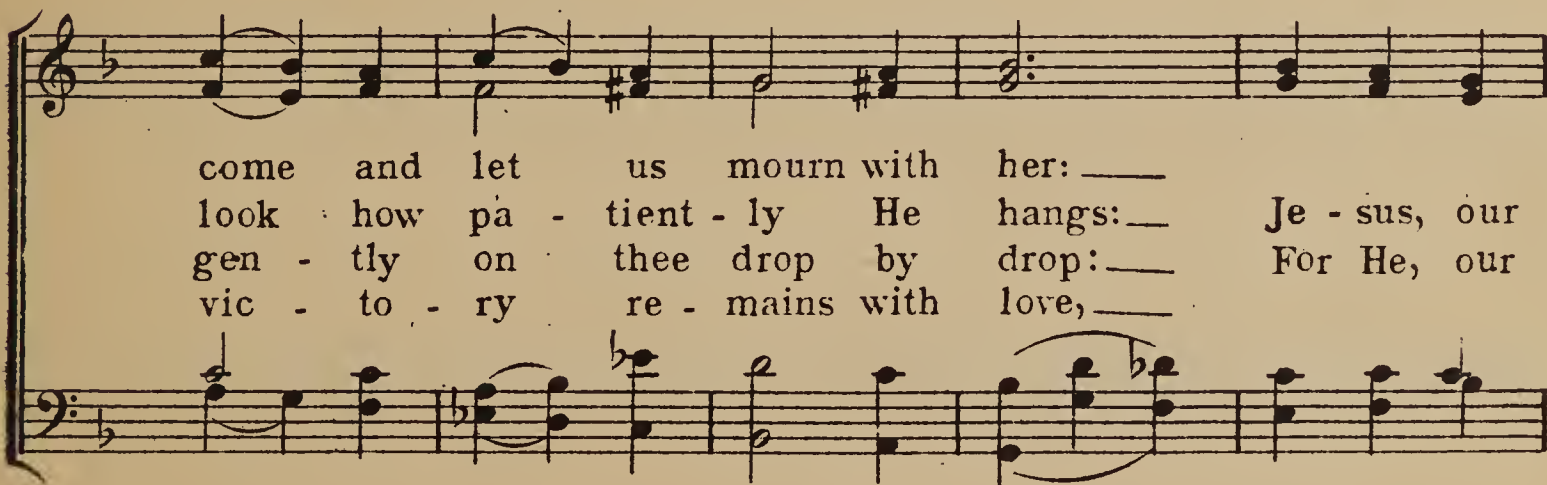
(Second tune)



1. Oh, come and mourn with me a -
 2. Have we no tears to shed for
 3. Come take thy stand be - neath the
 4. O love of God, — O' sin — of



while; See Ma - ry calls us to — her side; Oh,
 Him, While sol - diers scoff and Jews de - ride? Ah,
 'cross, And let the Blood from out — that Side Fall
 man, In this dread act your strength is tried; And



come and let us mourn with her: —
 look how pa - tient - ly He hangs: — Je - sus, our
 gen - tly on thee drop by drop: — For He, our
 vic - to - ry re - mains with love, —

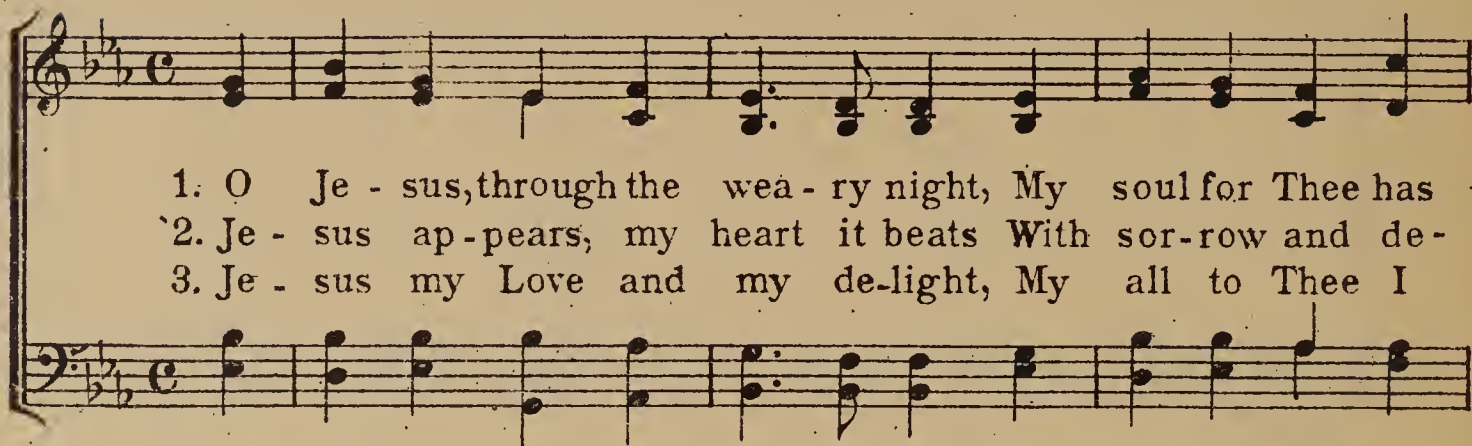


Love, — Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.
 Love, — for He, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

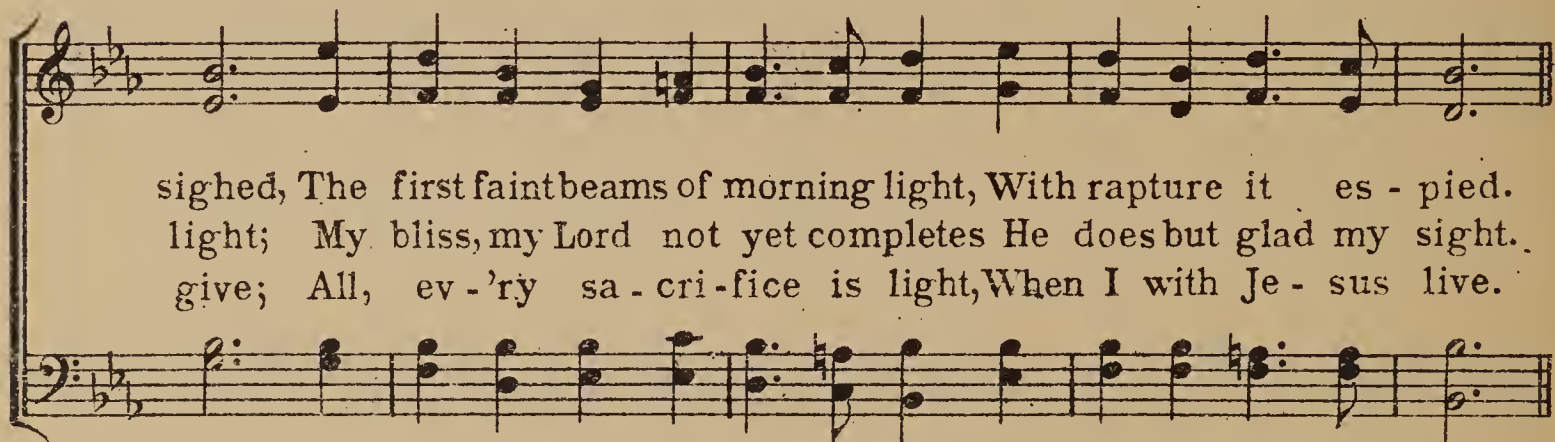
O JESUS, THROUGH THE WEARY NIGHT

41

MOIR BROWN

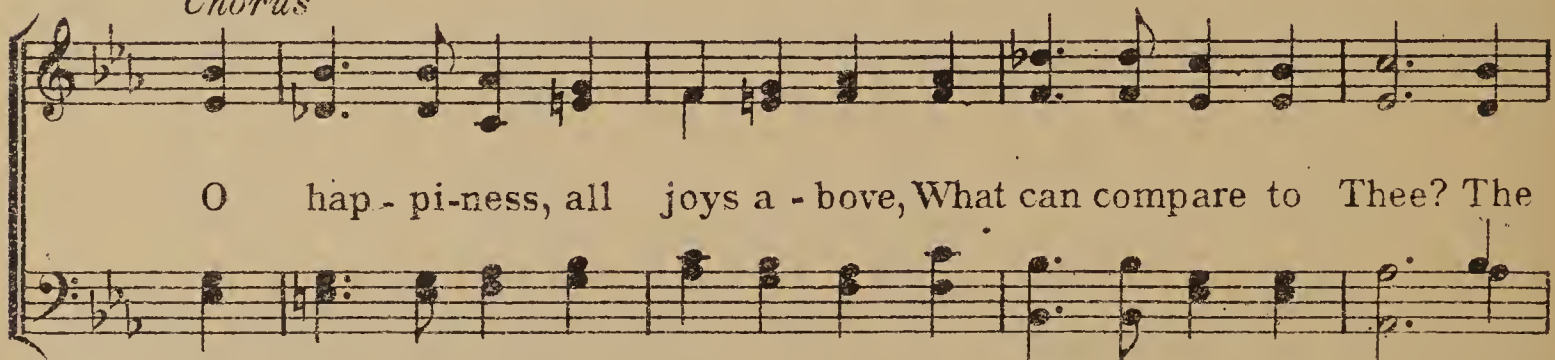


1. O Je - sus, through the wea - ry night, My soul for Thee has
 2. Je - sus ap - pears, my heart it beats With sor - row and de -
 3. Je - sus my Love and my de - light, My all to Thee I

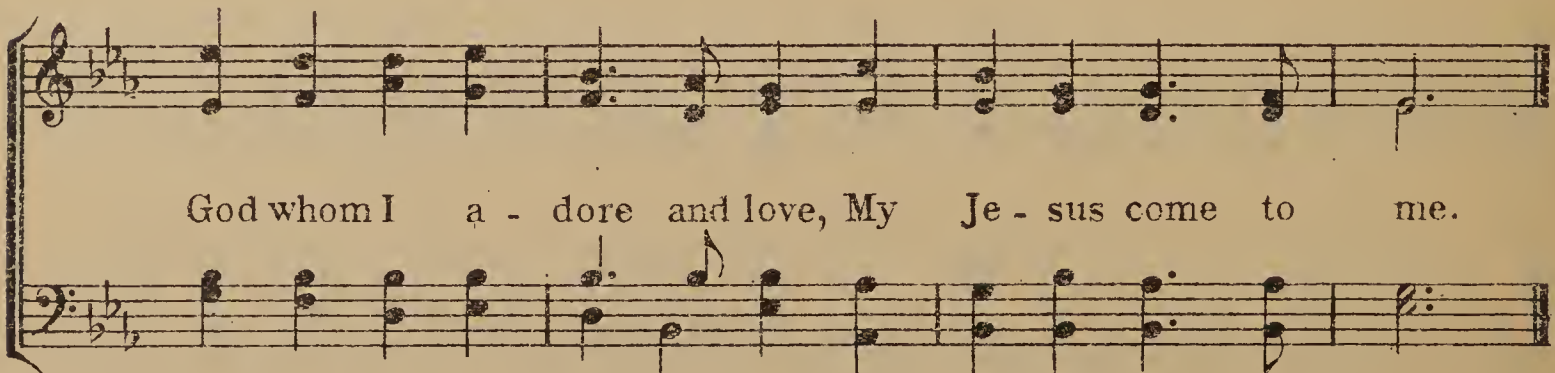


sighed, The first faint beams of morning light, With rapture it es - pied.
 light; My bliss, my Lord not yet completes He does but glad my sight.
 give; All, ev - 'ry sa - cri - fice is light, When I with Je - sus live.

Chorus



O hap - pi - ness, all joys a - bove, What can compare to Thee? The

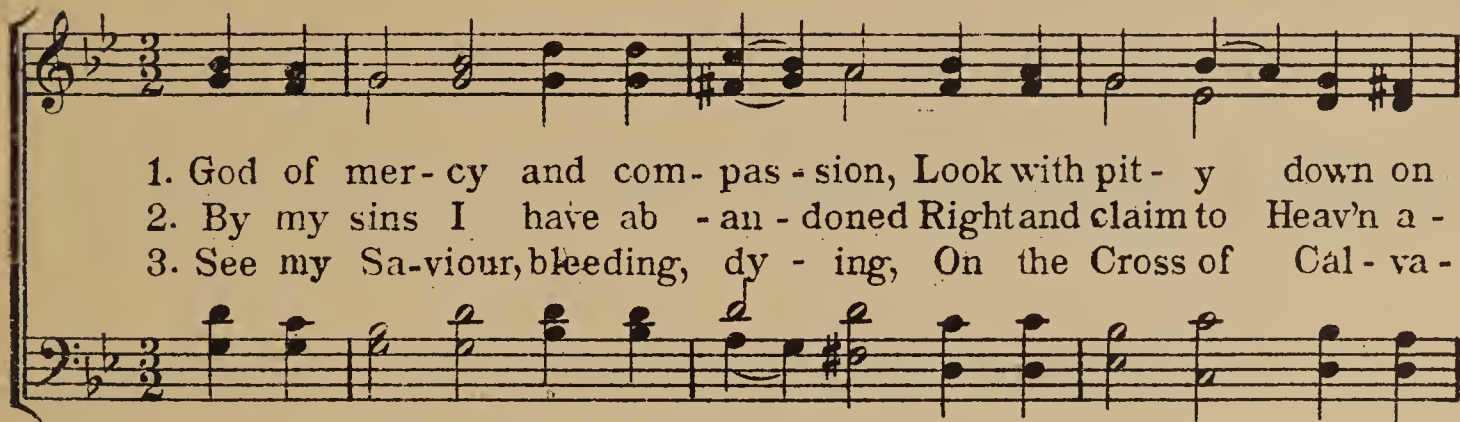


God whom I a - dore and love, My Je - sus come to me.

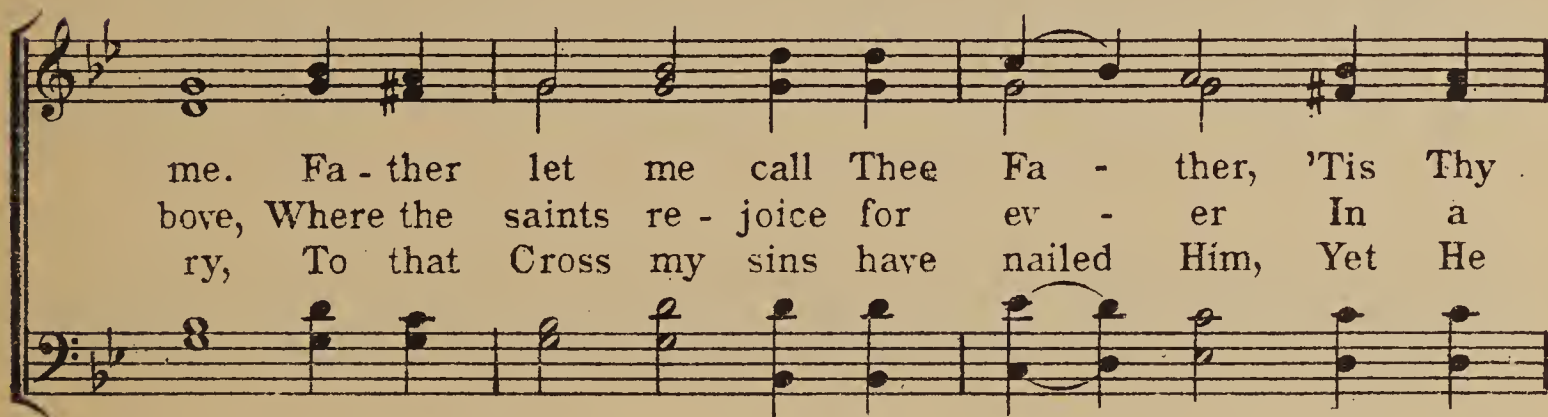
GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION

Rev. E. VAUGHN C. S. S. R. (1827-1908)

Traditional

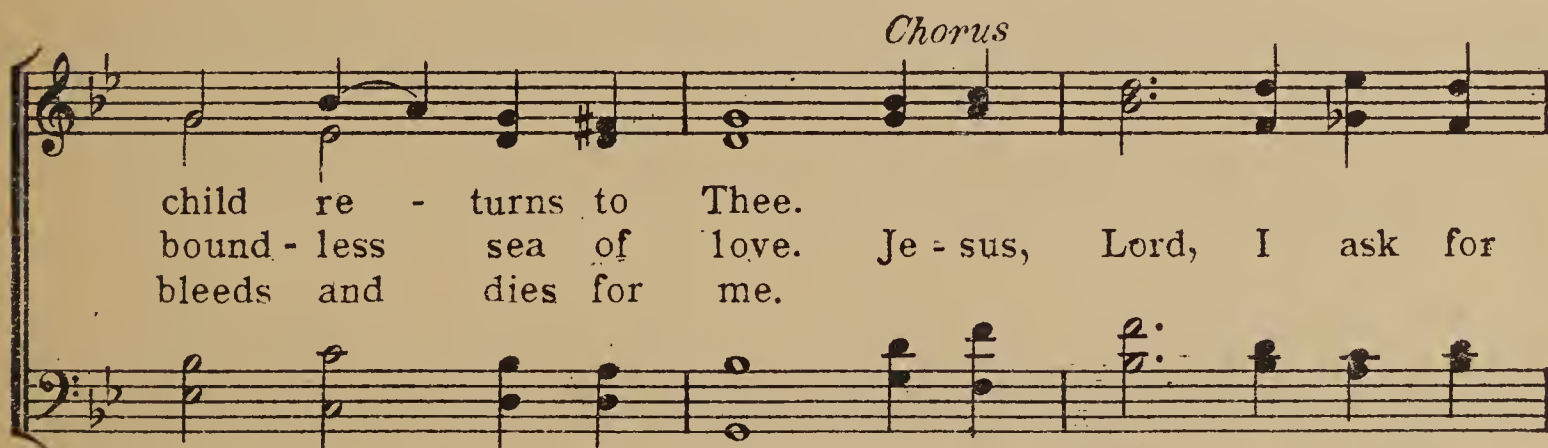


1. God of mer-cy and com-pas-sion, Look with pit-y down on
 2. By my sins I have ab-an-doned Right and claim to Heav'n a-
 3. See my Sa-viour, bleeding, dy-ing, On the Cross of Cal-va-

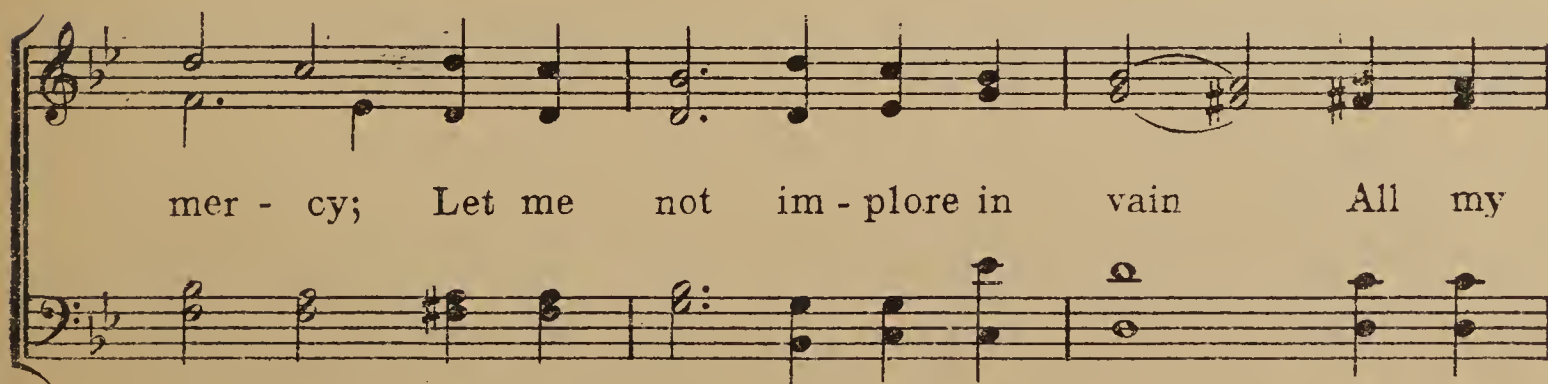


me. Fa-ther let me call Thee Fa-ther, 'Tis Thy
 bove, Where the saints re-joice for ev-er In a
 ry, To that Cross my sins have nailed Him, Yet He

Chorus

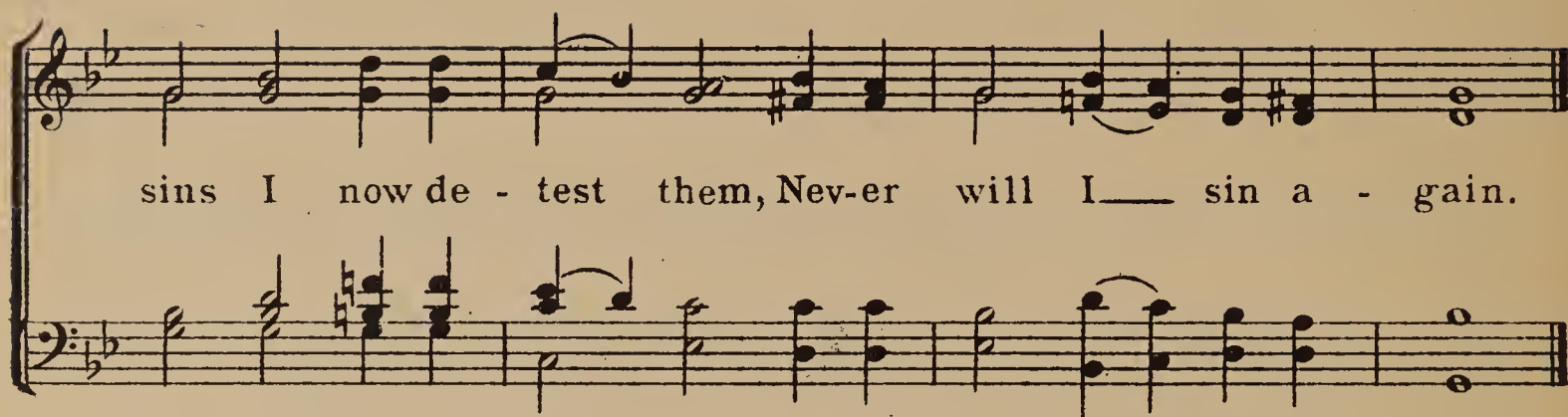


child re- turns to Thee.
 bound-less sea of love. Je-sus, Lord, I ask for
 bleeds and dies for me.



mer-cy; Let me not im-plore in vain All my

BLESSED SACRAMENT

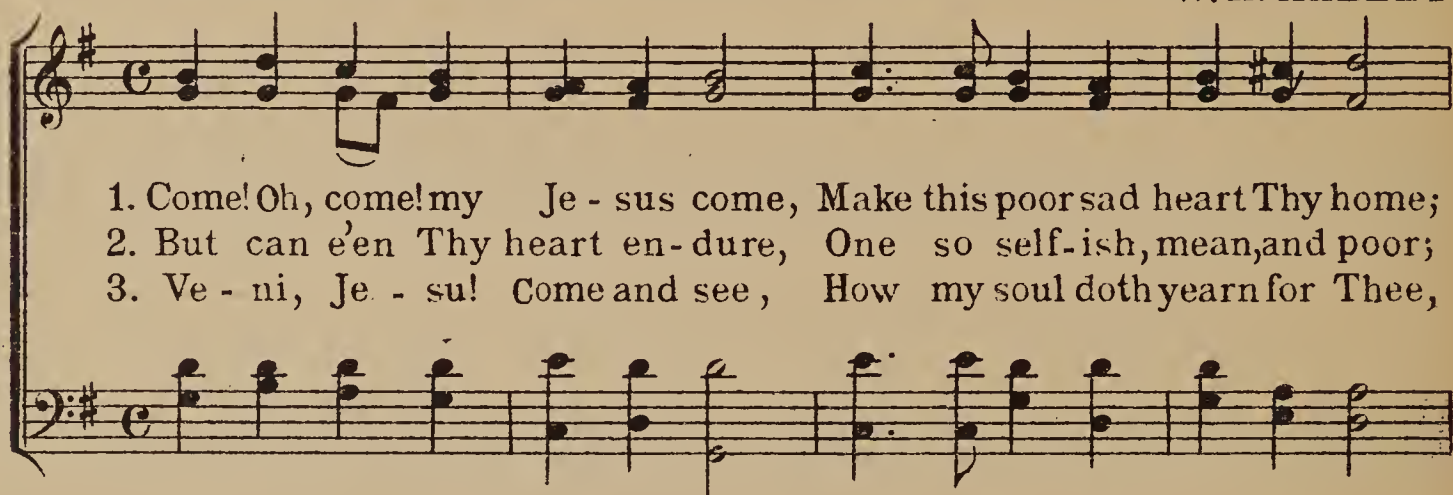


sins I now de - test them, Nev-er will I — sin a - gain.

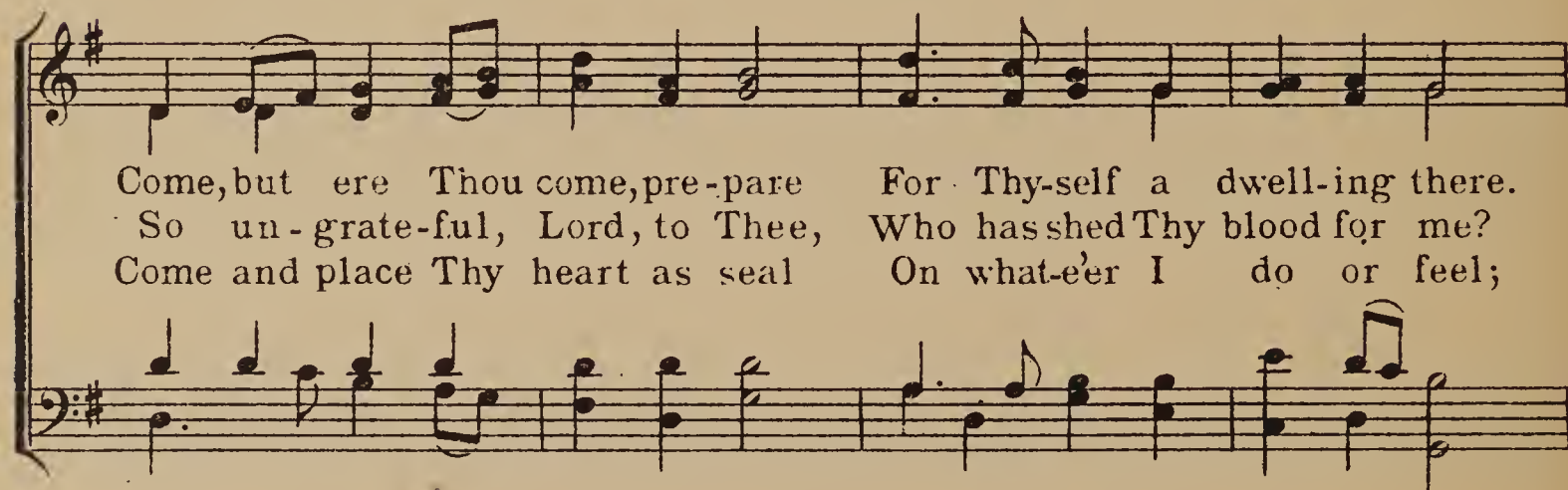
43

COME! OH, COME! MY JESUS, COME

W. H. KELLEY



1. Come! Oh, come! my Je - sus come, Make this poor sad heart Thy home;
2. But can e'en Thy heart en-dure, One so self-ish, mean, and poor;
3. Ve - ni, Je - su! Come and see, How my soul doth yearn for Thee,



Come, but ere Thou come, pre-pare For Thy-self a dwell-ing there.
So un-grate-ful, Lord, to Thee, Who has shed Thy blood for me?
Come and place Thy heart as seal On what-e'er I do or feel;



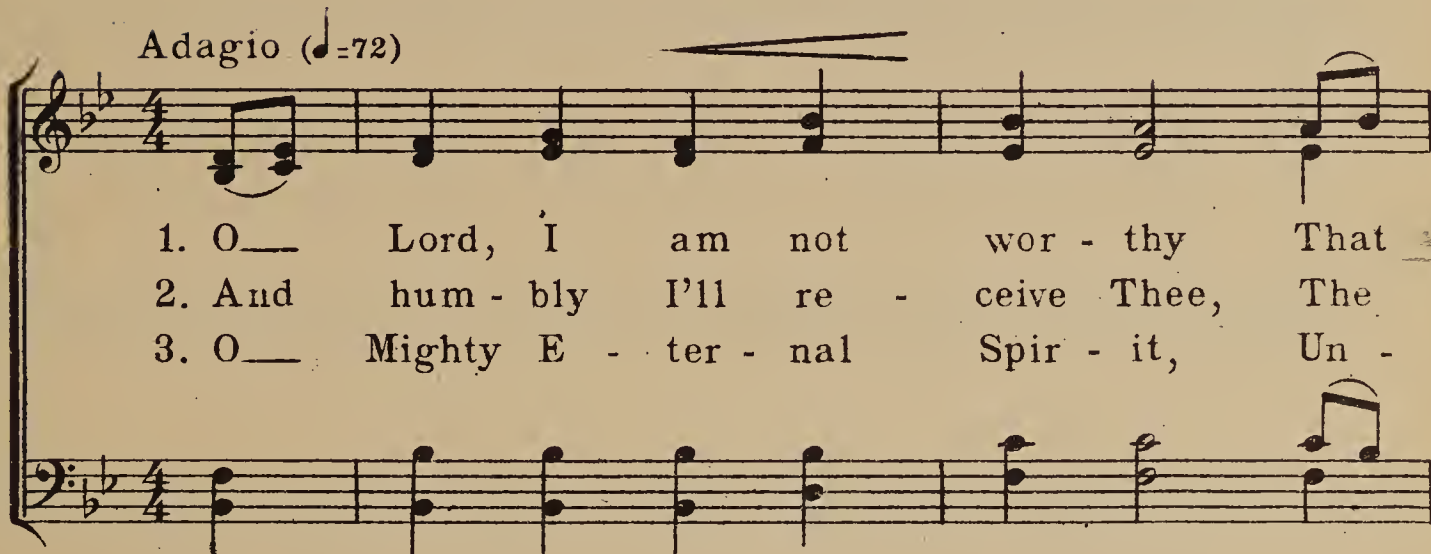
Come, no long-er. Lord, de - lay, Ve - ni, Je - su Do - mi - ne!
How can I dare thus to say, Ve - ni, Je - su Do - mi - ne!
Come to me and with me stay, Ma - ne me-cum Do - mi - ne!

O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY
BEFORE COMMUNION

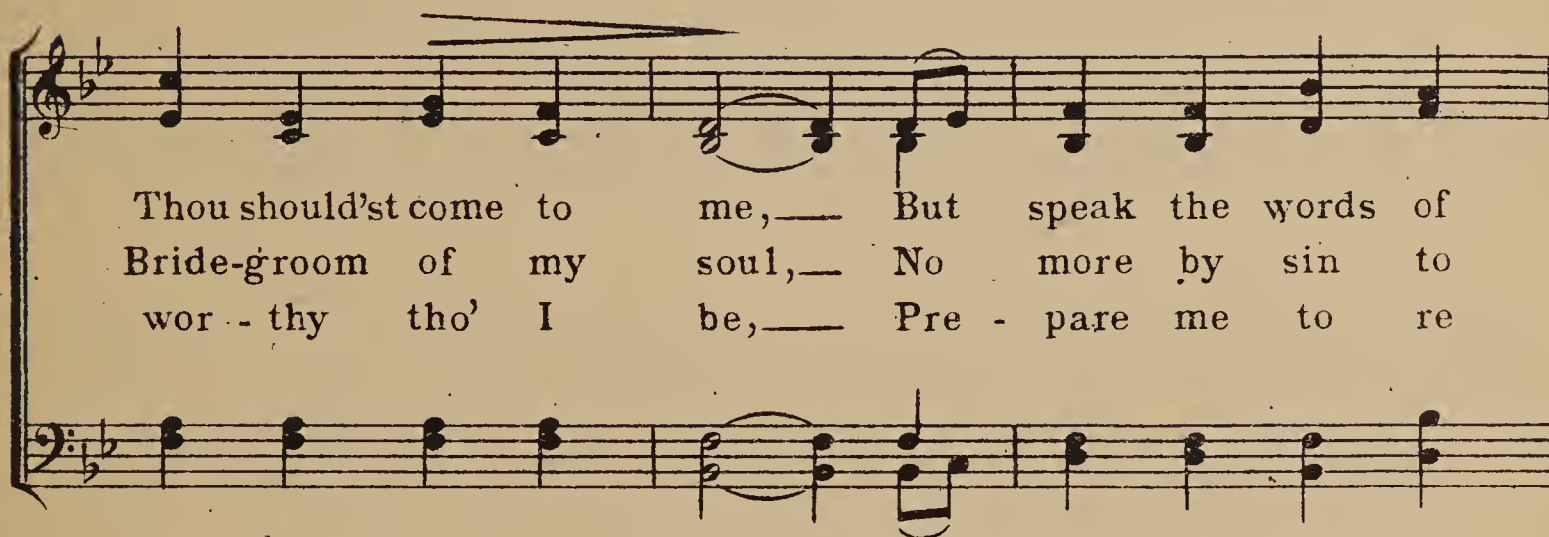
44

BURNS

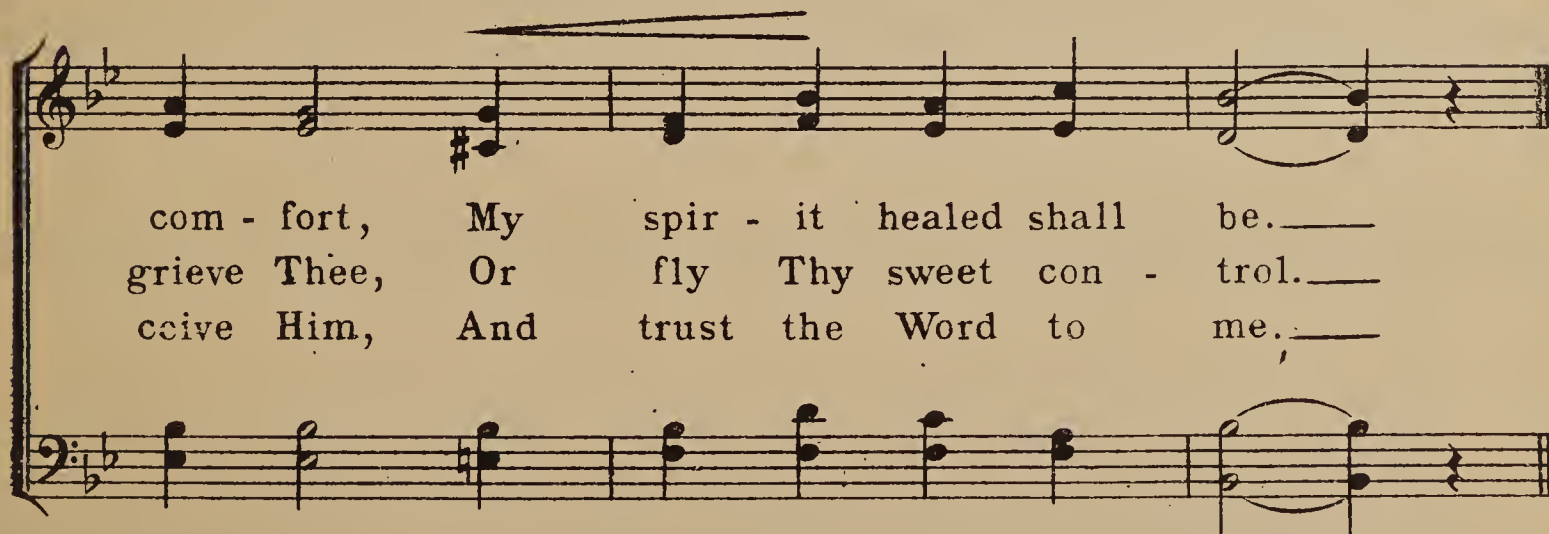
Adagio (♩=72)



1. O— Lord, I am not wor - thy That
2. And hum - bly I'll re - ceive Thee, The
3. O— Mighty E - ter - nal Spir - it, Un -



Thou should'st come to me,— But speak the words of
Bride-groom of my soul,— No more by sin to
wor - thy tho' I be,— Pre - pare me to re



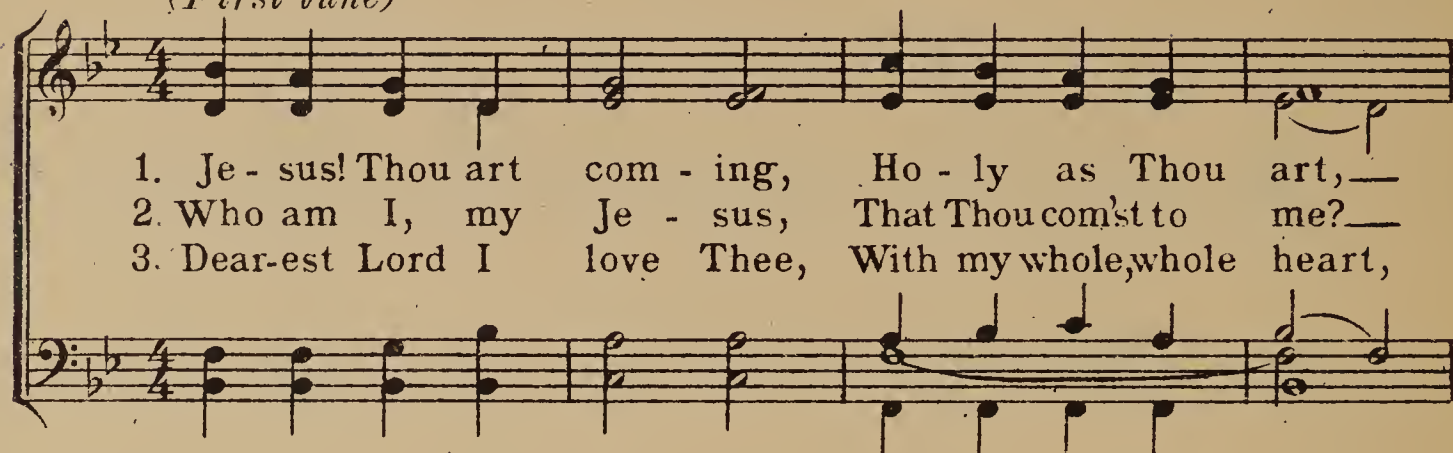
com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.—
grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet con - trol.—
ceive Him, And trust the Word to me.—

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

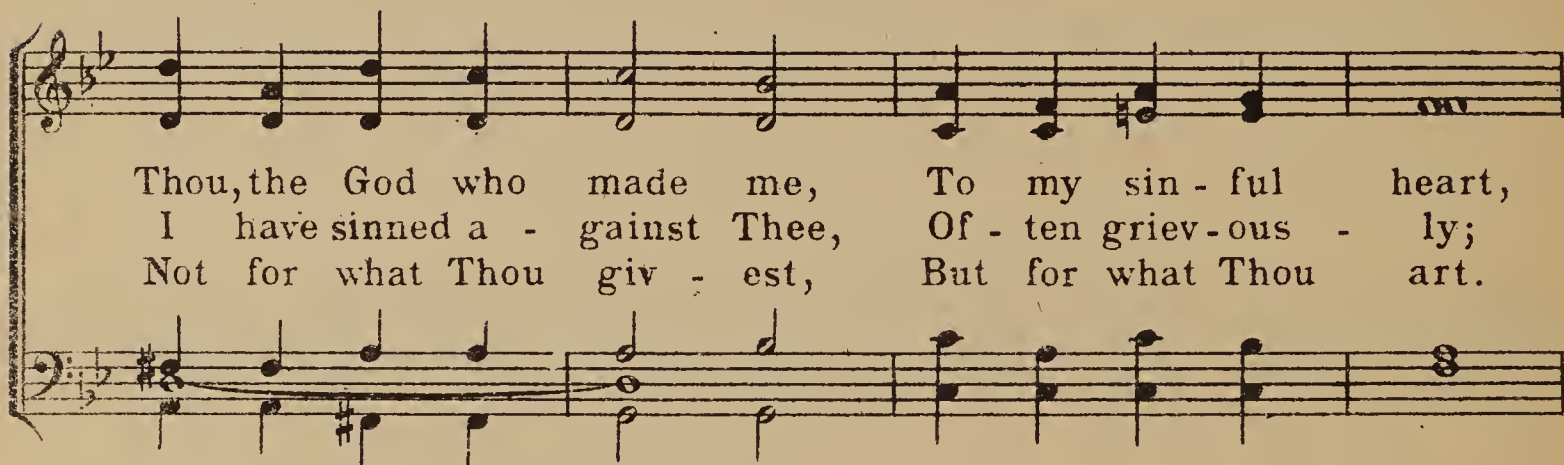
BEFORE COMMUNION

45 Sr. MARY XAVIER
(First tune)

LESLIE BAINBRIDGE



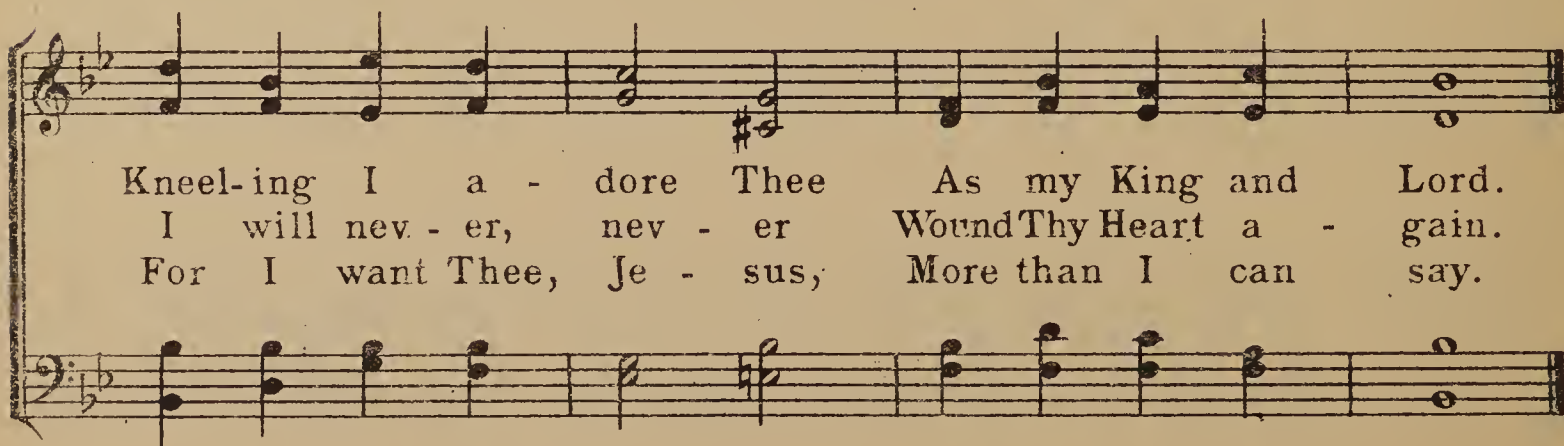
1. Je - sus! Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art, —
 2. Who am I, my Je - sus, That Thou com'st to me? —
 3. Dear - est Lord I love Thee, With my whole, whole heart,



Thou, the God who made me, To my sin - ful heart,
 I have sinned a - gainst Thee, Of - ten griev - ous - ly;
 Not for what Thou giv - est, But for what Thou art.



Je - sus! I be - lieve it, On Thy on - ly word;
 I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain,
 Come, oh come, Sweet Sa - viour, Come to me and stay,



Kneel - ing I a - dore Thee As my King and Lord.
 I will nev - er, nev - er Wound Thy Heart a - gain.
 For I want Thee, Je - sus, More than I can say.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

Sr. MARY XAVIER

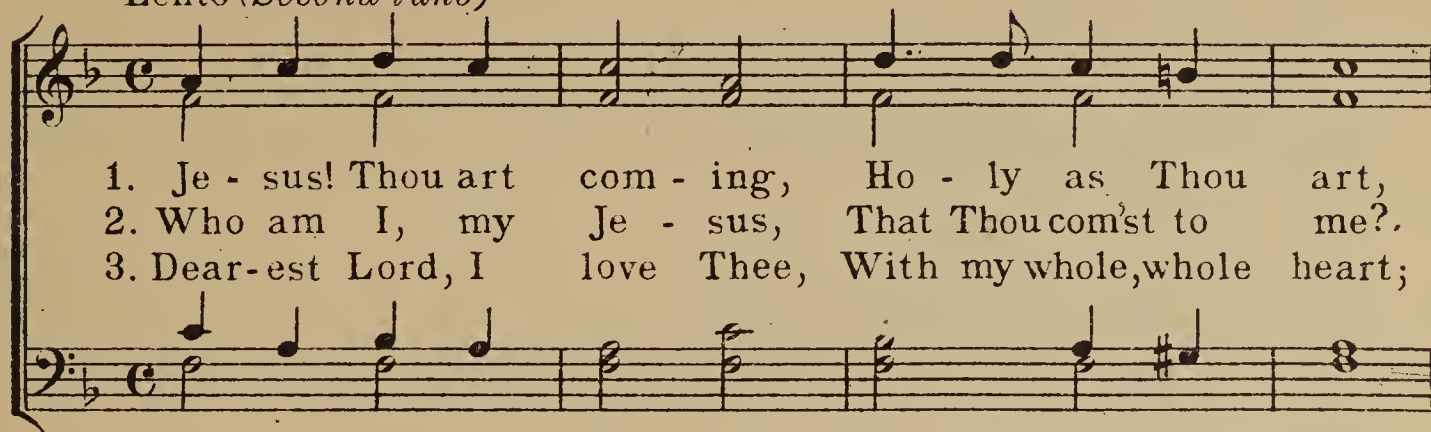
BEFORE COMMUNION

46

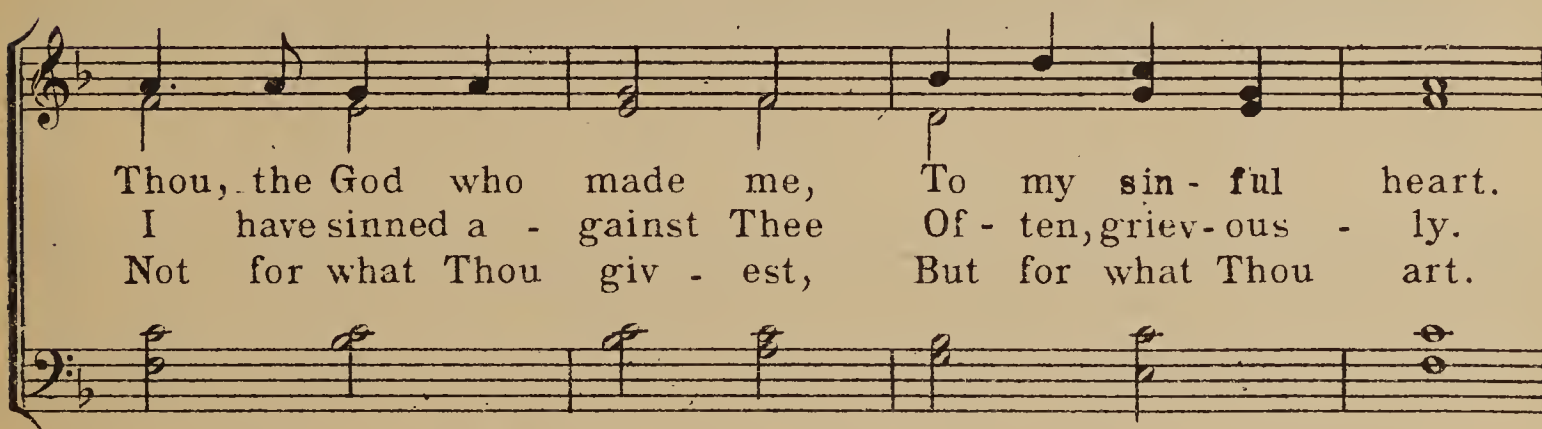
Adoration and Faith

I. FITZPATRICK S.J.

Lento (*Second tune*)



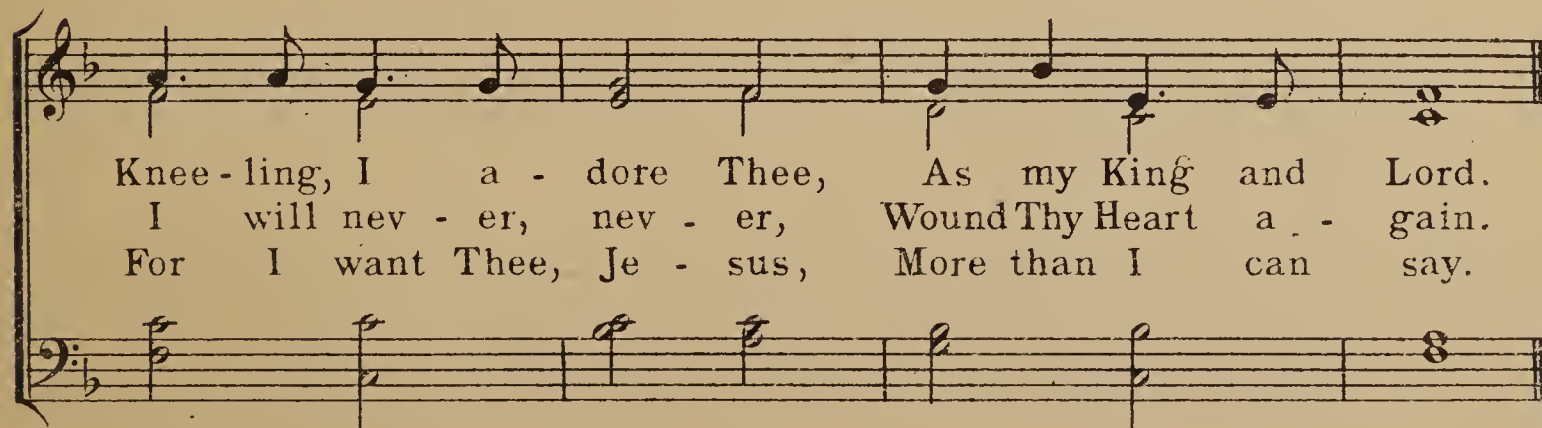
1. Je - sus! Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,
 2. Who am I, my Je - sus, That Thou com'st to me?
 3. Dear - est Lord, I love Thee, With my whole, whole heart;



Thou, the God who made me, To my sin - ful heart.
 I have sinned a - gainst Thee Of - ten, griev - ous - ly.
 Not for what Thou giv - est, But for what Thou art.



Je - sus, I be - lieve it On Thy on - ly word,
 I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain,
 Come, oh come, sweet Sa - viour, Come to me, and stay;

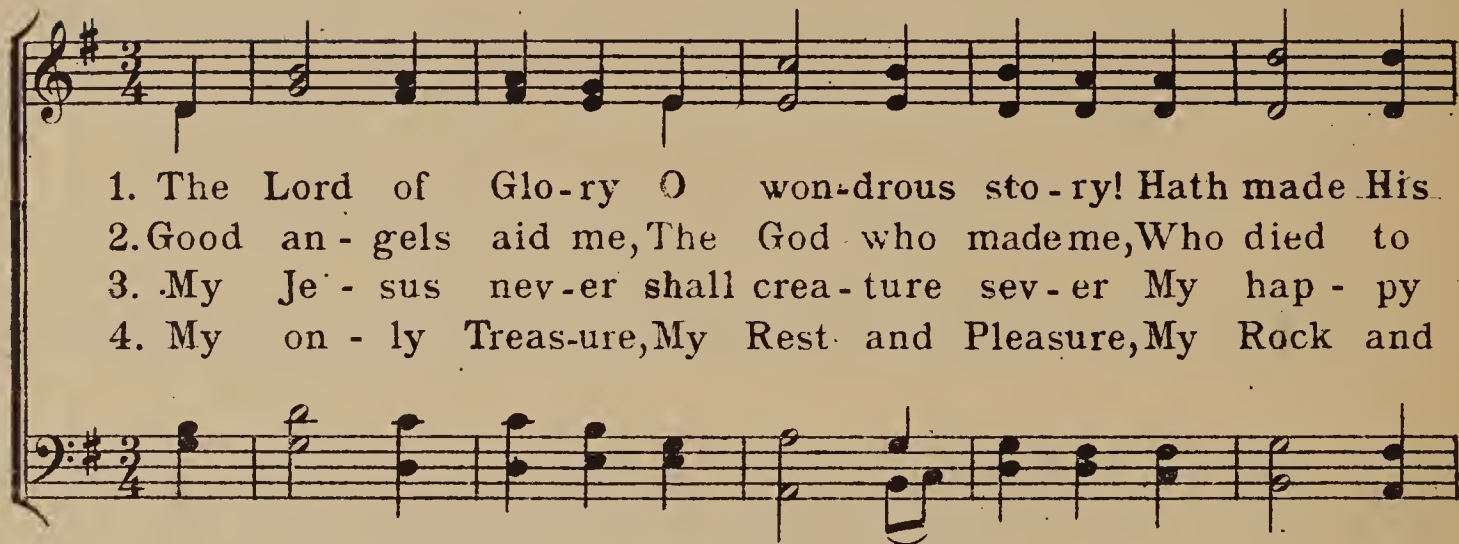


Knee - ling, I a - dore Thee, As my King and Lord.
 I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound Thy Heart a - gain.
 For I want Thee, Je - sus, More than I can say.

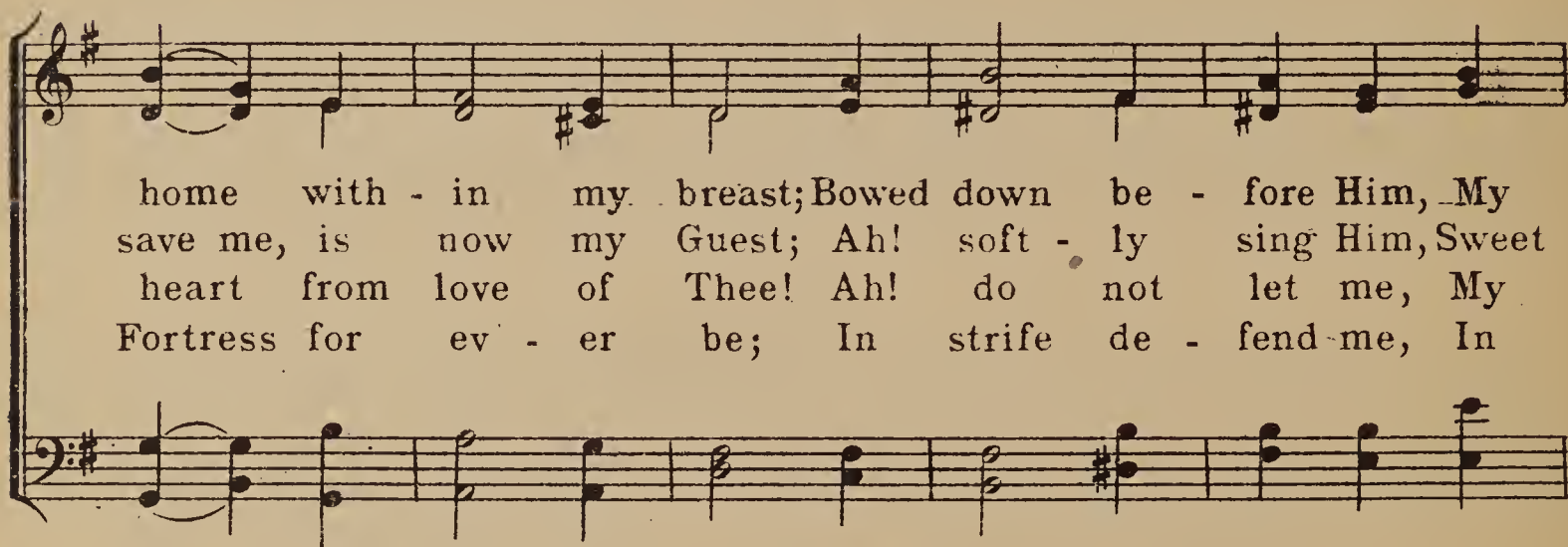
THE LORD OF GLORY

47

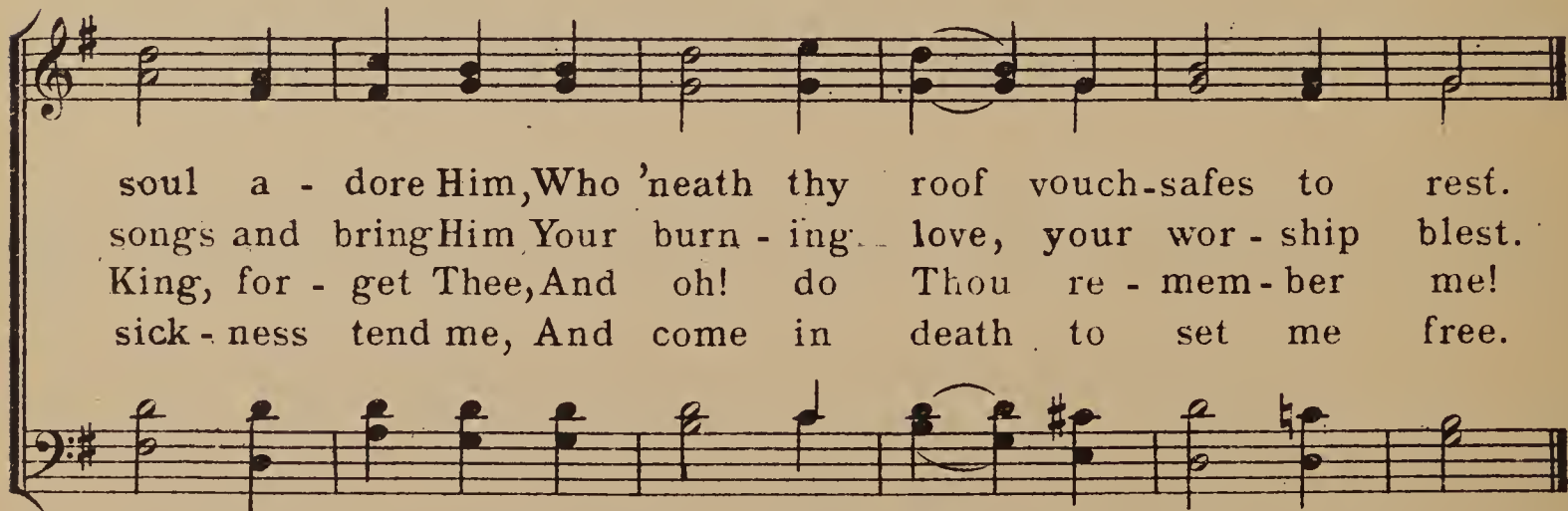
FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



1. The Lord of Glo-ry O won-drous sto-ry! Hath made His
 2. Good an - gels aid me, The God who mademe, Who died to
 3. My Je - sus nev - er shall crea - ture sev - er My hap - py
 4. My on - ly Treas - ure, My Rest and Pleasure, My Rock and



home with - in my breast; Bowed down be - fore Him, My
 save me, is now my Guest; Ah! soft - ly sing Him, Sweet
 heart from love of Thee! Ah! do not let me, My
 Fortress for ev - er be; In strife de - fend me, In



soul a - dore Him, Who 'neath thy roof vouch-safes to rest.
 songs and bring Him Your burn - ing love, your wor - ship blest.
 King, for - get Thee, And oh! do Thou re - mem - ber me!
 sick - ness tend me, And come in death to set me free.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

48 Rev. Fr. X. FABER
(First tune)

R. EDGAR

1. Je - sus, gentlest Sa - viour, God of might and power,
 2. Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait,
 3. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
 4. Je - sus, gentlest Sa - viour, Thou art in us now;

Thou Thy-self art dwell - ing In us at this hour.
 For Thine end - less glo - ry And the roy - al state.
 And the God of won - ders Loves that low - ly spot.
 Fill us full of good - ness Till our hearts o'er - flow.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

49 Rev. Fr. W. FABER
(Second tune)

Père LAMBILLOTTE, S.J.

1. *mf* Je - sus, gen - tlest Sa - viour, God of might and power,
 2. Out be - yond the shin - ing Of the fur - thest star,
 3. *mf* As men to their gar - dens Go to seek sweet flowers,

Thou Thy-self art dwell - ing In us at this hour.
 Thou art ev - er stretch - ing In - fi - nite - ly far.
 In our hearts dear Je - sus Seeks them at all hours.

BLESSED SACRAMENT



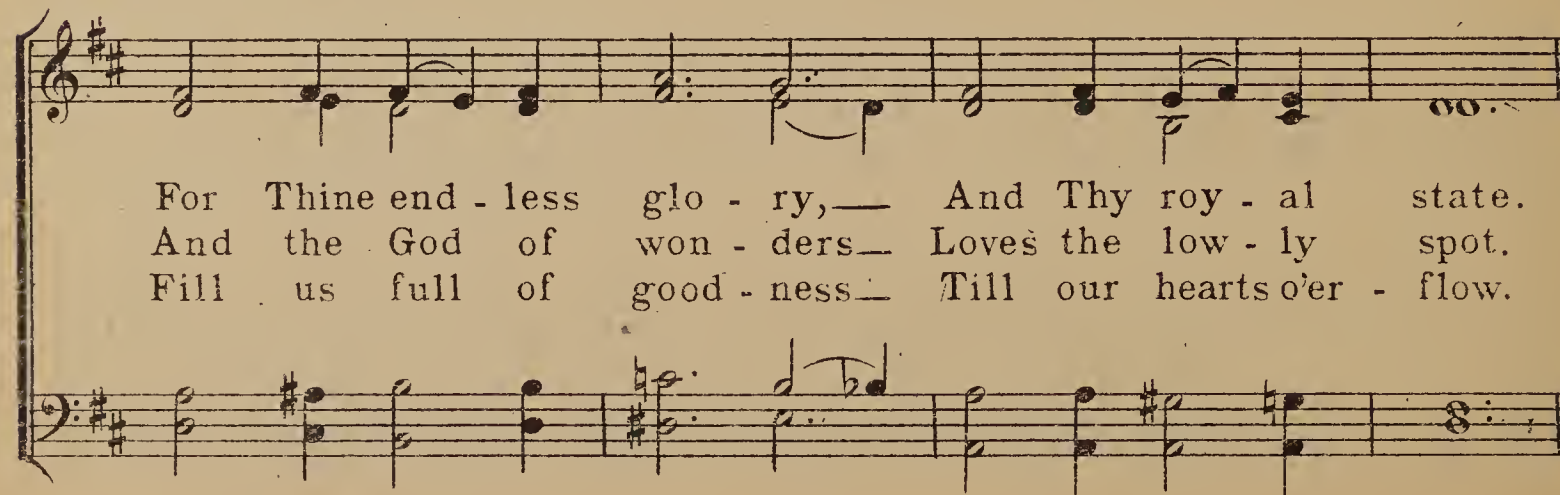
Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait—
 Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,—
 Je - sus, gen - tlest Sa - viour, Thou art in us now;—



For Thine end - less glo - ry,— And Thy roy - al state.—
 And the God of won - ders— Loves the low - ly spot.—
 Fill us full of good - ness— Till our hearts o'er - flow.—



Na - ture can - not hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait—
 Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,—
 Je - sus, gen - tlest Sa - viour, Thou art in us now;—



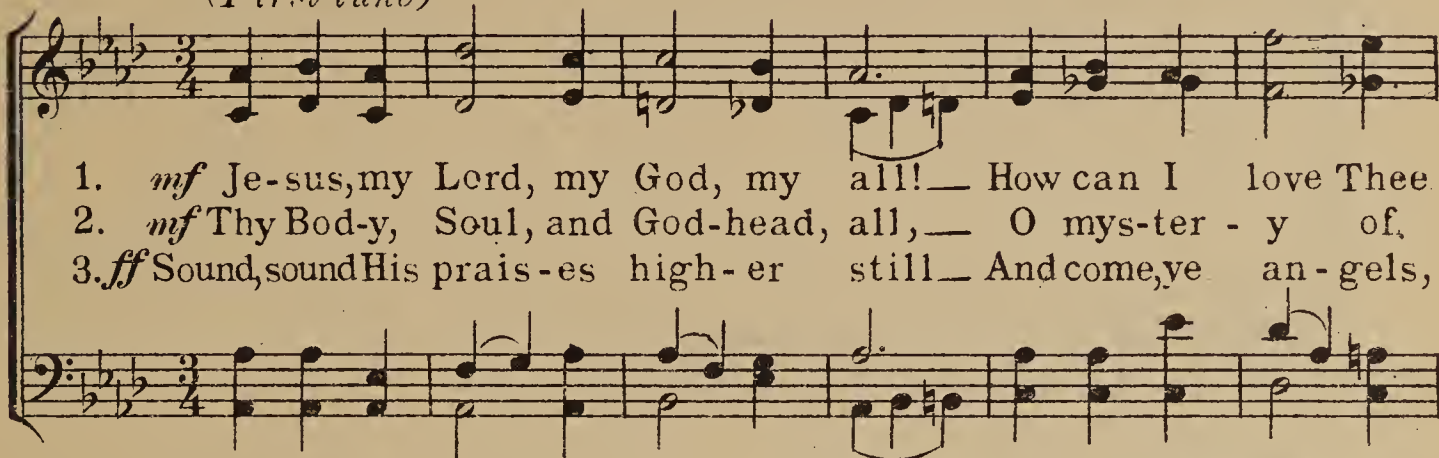
For Thine end - less glo - ry,— And Thy roy - al state.
 And the God of won - ders— Loves the low - ly spot.
 Fill us full of good - ness— Till our hearts o'er - flow.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION

50 A Rev. Fr. W. FABER
(First tune)

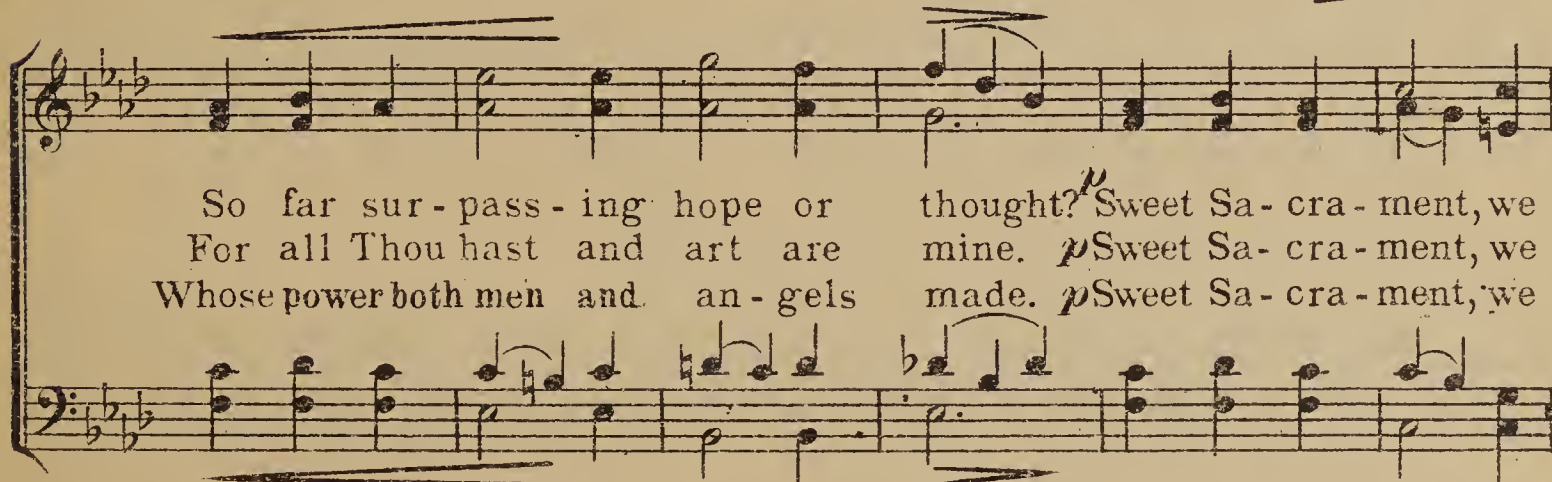
A. EDMONDS TOZER



1. *mf* Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my all!— How can I love Thee
2. *mf* Thy Bod-y, Soul, and God-head, all,— O mys-ter - y of,
3. *ff* Sound, sound His prais-es high-er still— And come, ye an-gels,



as I ought?— And how re - vere this won-drous gift,—
love di - vine!— I can-not com-pass all I have,—
to our aid;— 'Tis God! 'tis God! the ver - y God—



So far sur-pass-ing hope or thought? *p* Sweet Sa-cra-ment, we
For all Thou hast and art are mine. *p* Sweet Sa-cra-ment, we
Whose power both men and an-gels made. *p* Sweet Sa-cra-ment, we



Thee a - dore, O make us love Thee more and more.
Thee a - dore, O make us love Thee more and more.
Thee a - dore, O make us love Thee more and more.

50B

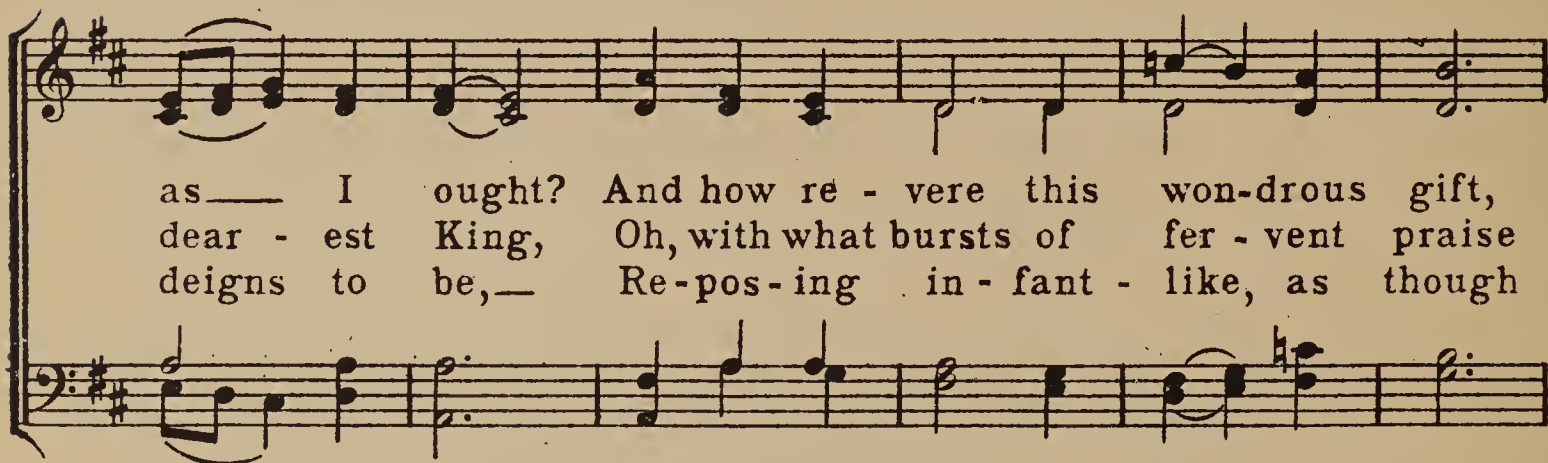
JESU! MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

G. HERBERT

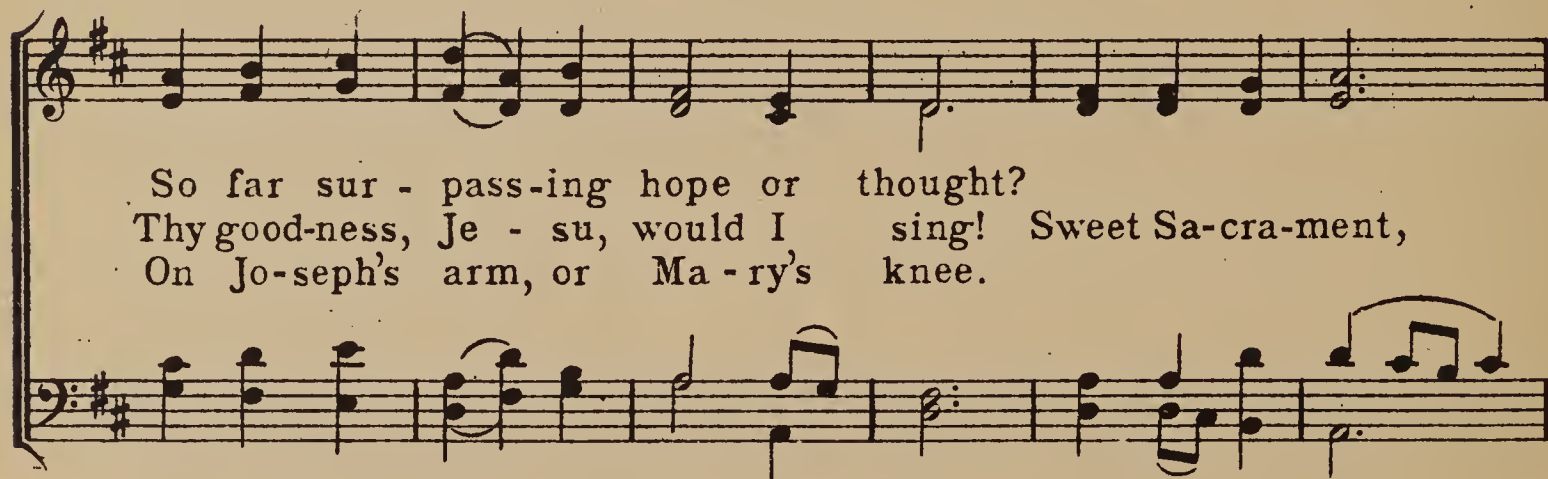
(Second tune)



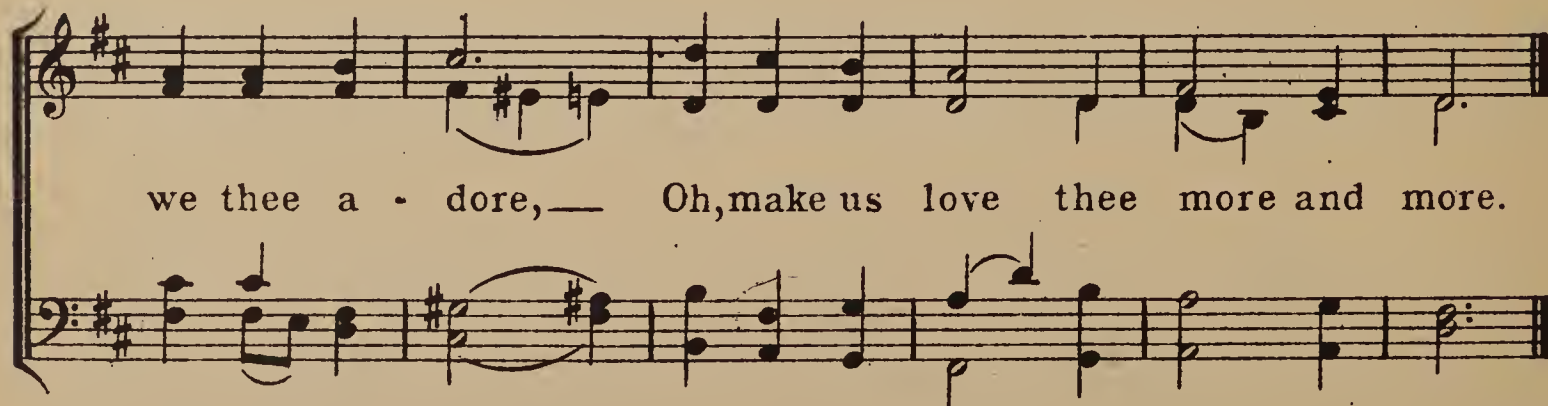
1. Je-su! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I love thee
 2. Had I but Ma-ry's sin-less heart To love thee with, my
 3. Ah, see! with-in a crea-ture's hand The vast Cre - a - tor



as — I ought? And how re - vere this won-drous gift,
 dear - est King, Oh, with what bursts of fer - vent praise
 deigns to be, — Re-pos-ing in - fant - like, as though



So far sur - pass-ing hope or thought?
 Thy good-ness, Je - su, would I sing! Sweet Sa-cra-ment,
 On Jo-seph's arm, or Ma - ry's knee.



we thee a - dore, — Oh, make us love thee more and more.

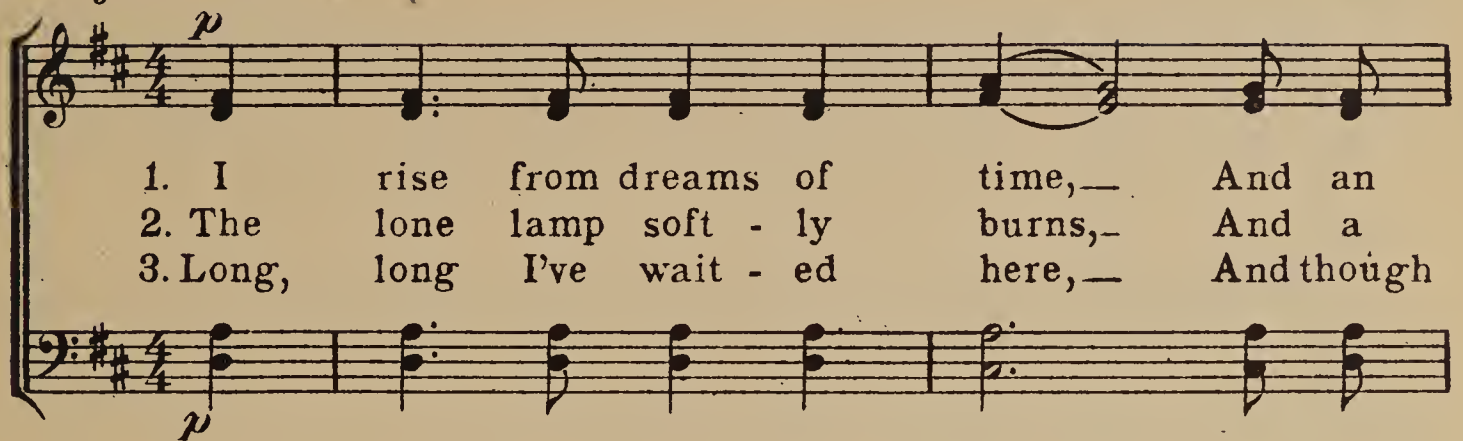
51

I RISE FROM DREAMS

Revised by W. J. Marsh

E. V. MEHUL

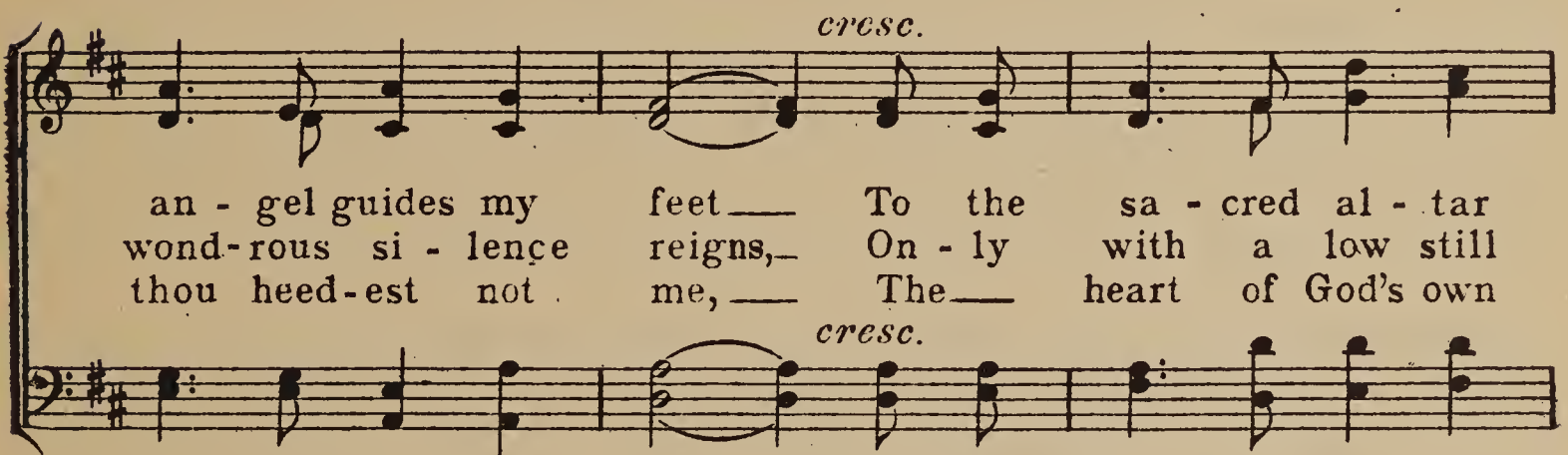
p



1. I rise from dreams of time,— And an
 2. The lone lamp soft - ly burns,— And a
 3. Long, long I've wait - ed here,— And though

p

cresc.



an - gel guides my feet — To the sa - cred al - tar
 wond - rous si - lence reigns,— On - ly with a low still
 thou heed - est not me, — The heart of God's own

cresc.

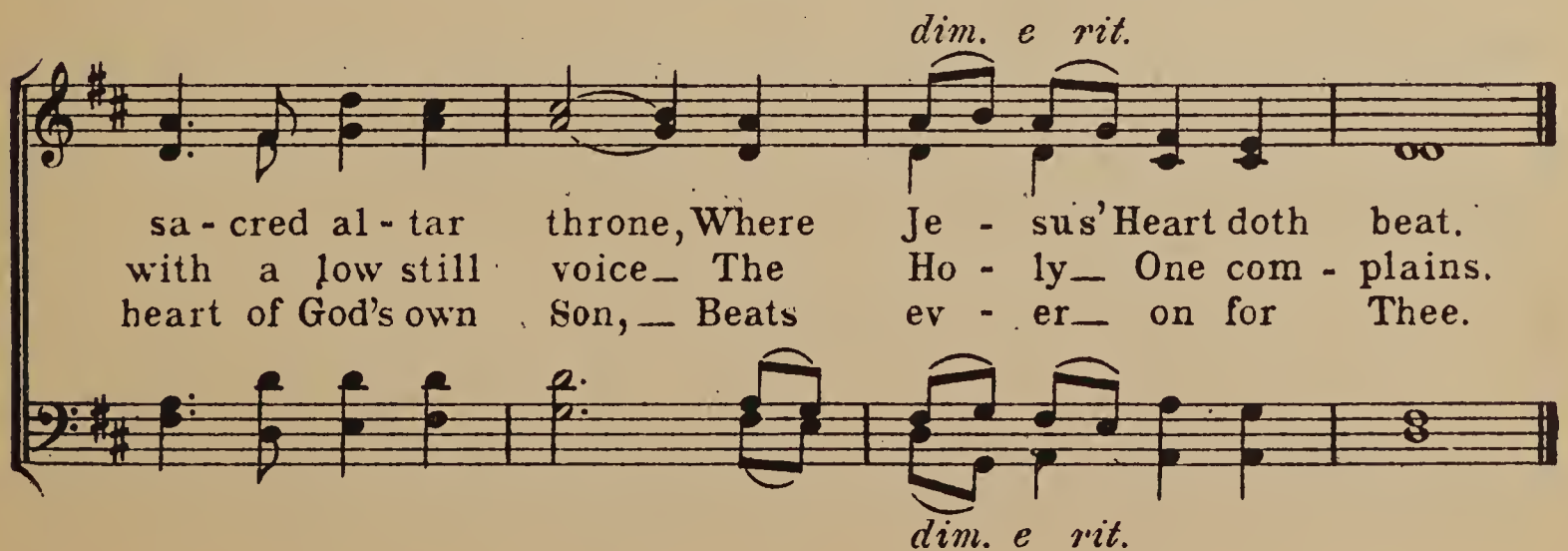
dim. *cresc.*



throne, Where Je - sus' Heart doth beat,— To the
 voice— The— Ho - ly One com - plains, On - ly
 Son,— Beats ev - er on for Thee,— The—

dim. *cresc.*

dim. e rit.



sa - cred al - tar throne, Where Je - sus' Heart doth beat.
 with a low still voice— The Ho - ly— One com - plains.
 heart of God's own Son,— Beats ev - er— on for Thee.

dim. e rit.

52

SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE

REV. F. STANFIELD (1836-1878)

REV. F. STANFIELD

1. Sweet Sa - cra - ment di - vine! Hid in Thine earth - ly
 2. Sweet Sa - cra - ment of peace! Dear home of ev - 'ry
 3. Sweet Sa - cra - ment of rest! Ark from the o - cean's

home, — Lo! round Thy low - ly shrine, With
 heart, — Where rest - less yearn - ings cease, And
 roar, — With - in Thy shelt - er blest, Soon

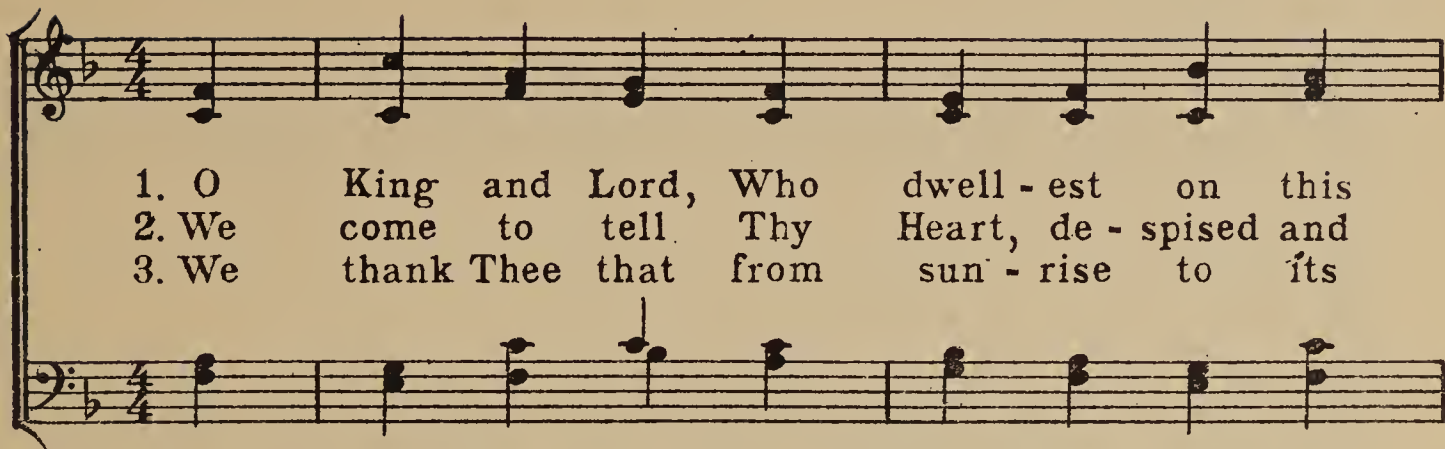
sup - pliant hearts we come; Je - sus, to Thee our
 sor - rows all de - part; Here in Thine ear, all
 may we reach the shore. Save us, for still the

voice we raise, In songs of love and heart - felt praise, Sweet
 trust - ful - ly, We tell our tale of mis - er - y, Sweet
 tem - pest raves, Save, lest we sink be - neath the waves, Sweet

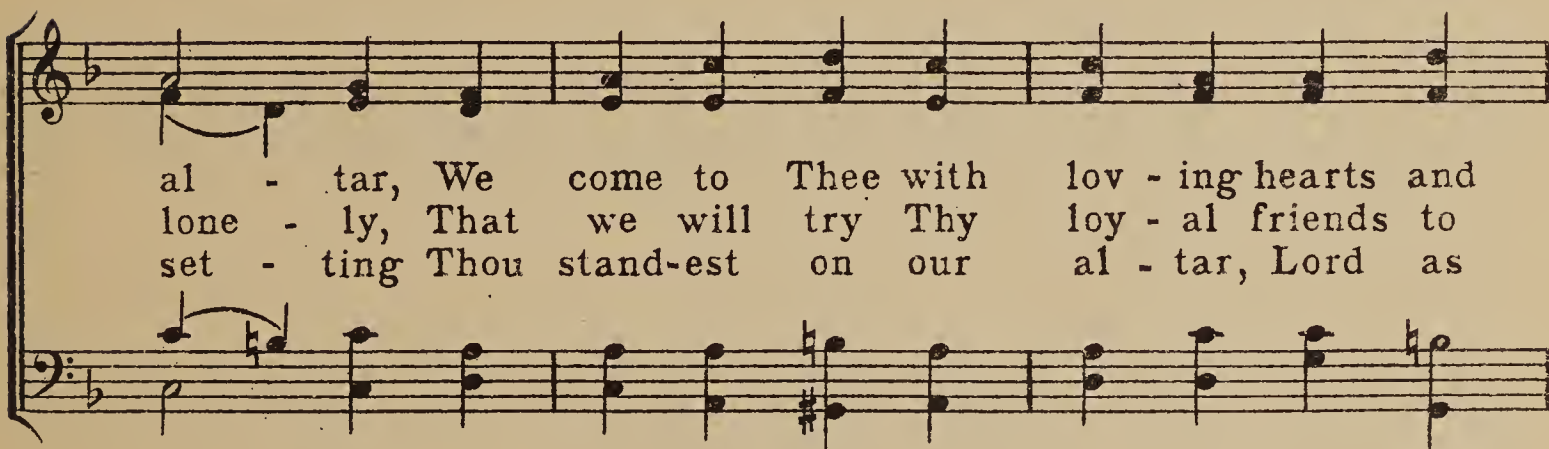
Sa - cra - ment di - vine! Sweet Sa - cra - ment di - vine!
 Sa - cra - ment of peace! Sweet Sa - cra - ment of peace!
 Sa - cra - ment of rest! Sweet Sa - cra - ment of rest!

O KING AND LORD

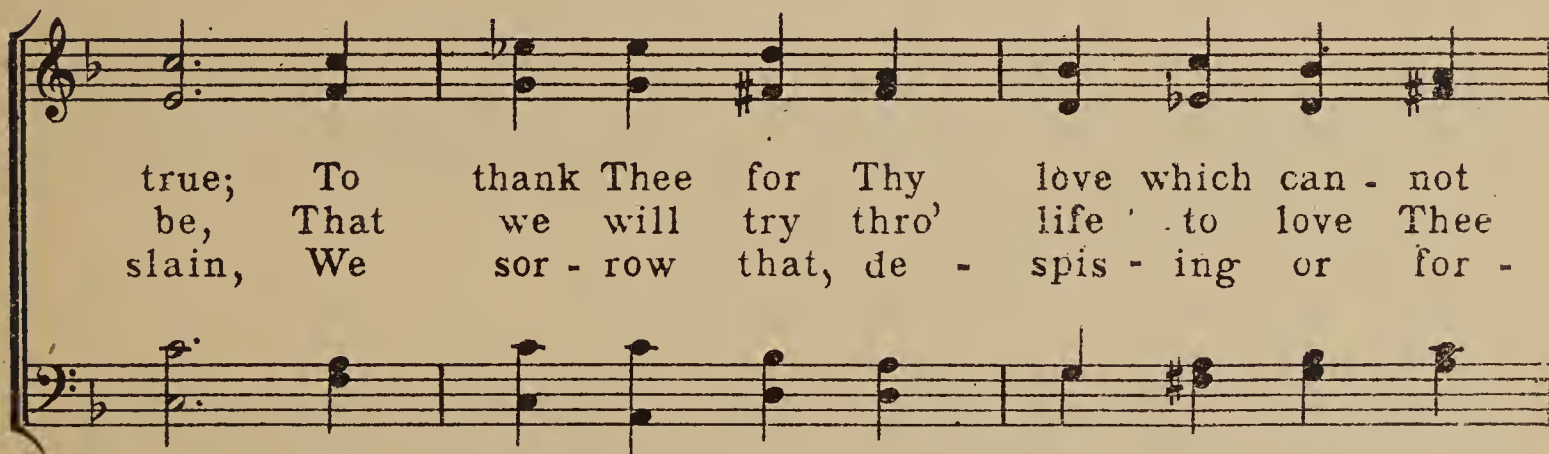
A. E. TOZER



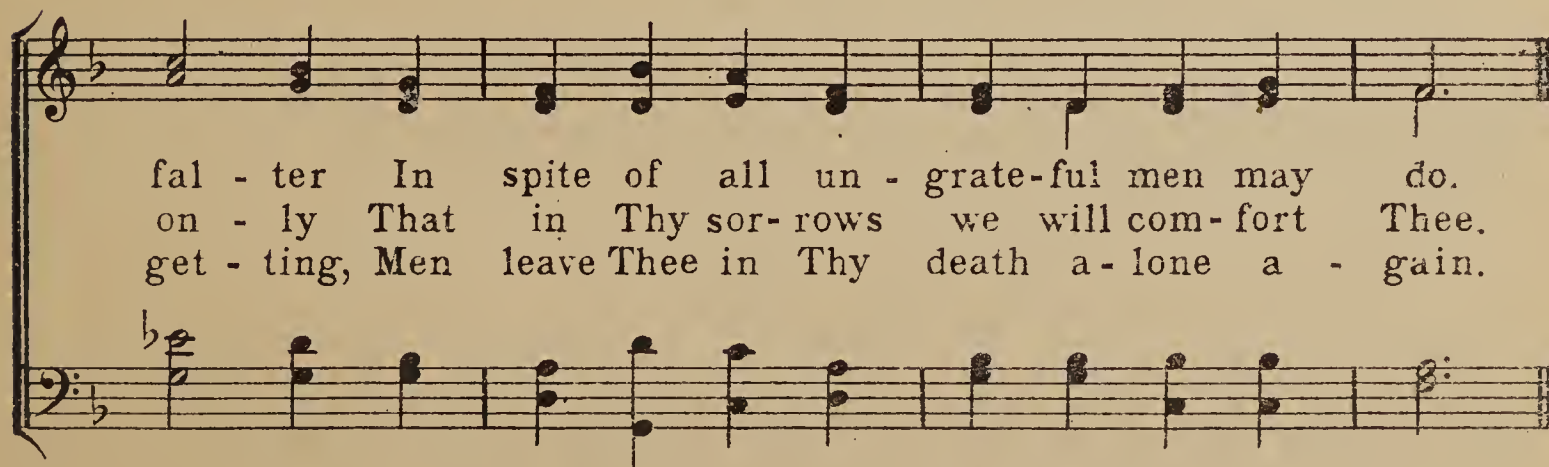
1. O King and Lord, Who dwell - est on this
 2. We come to tell Thy Heart, de - spised and
 3. We thank Thee that from sun - rise to its



al - tar, We come to Thee with lov - ing hearts and
 lone - ly, That we will try Thy loy - al friends to
 set - ting Thou stand - est on our al - tar, Lord as



true; To thank Thee for Thy love which can - not
 be, That we will try thro' life to love Thee
 slain, We sor - row that, de - spis - ing or for -



fal - ter In spite of all un - grate - ful men may do.
 on - ly That in Thy sor - rows we will com - fort Thee.
 get - ting, Men leave Thee in Thy death a - lone a - gain.

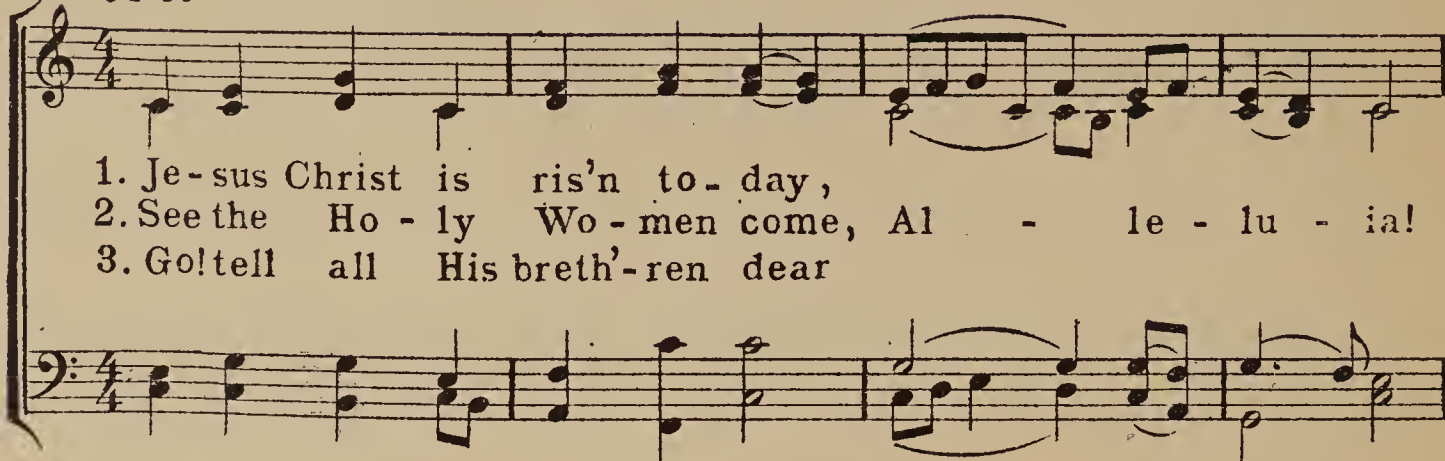
54

JESUS CHRIST IS RIS'N TODAY

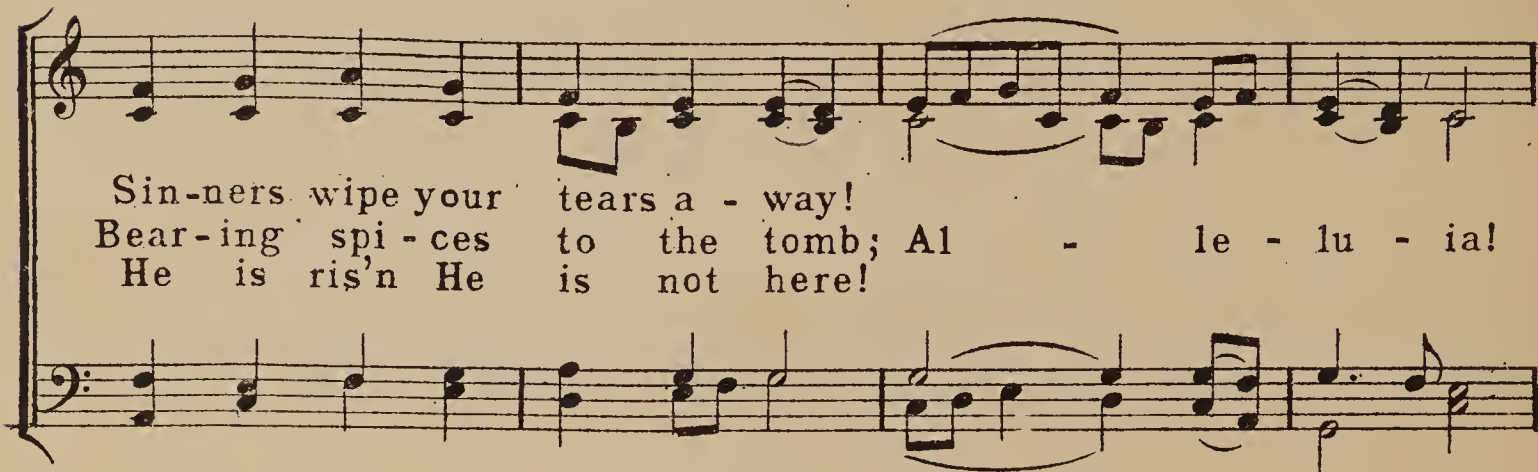
Trans. Rev. J O'CONNOR

18th Century melody

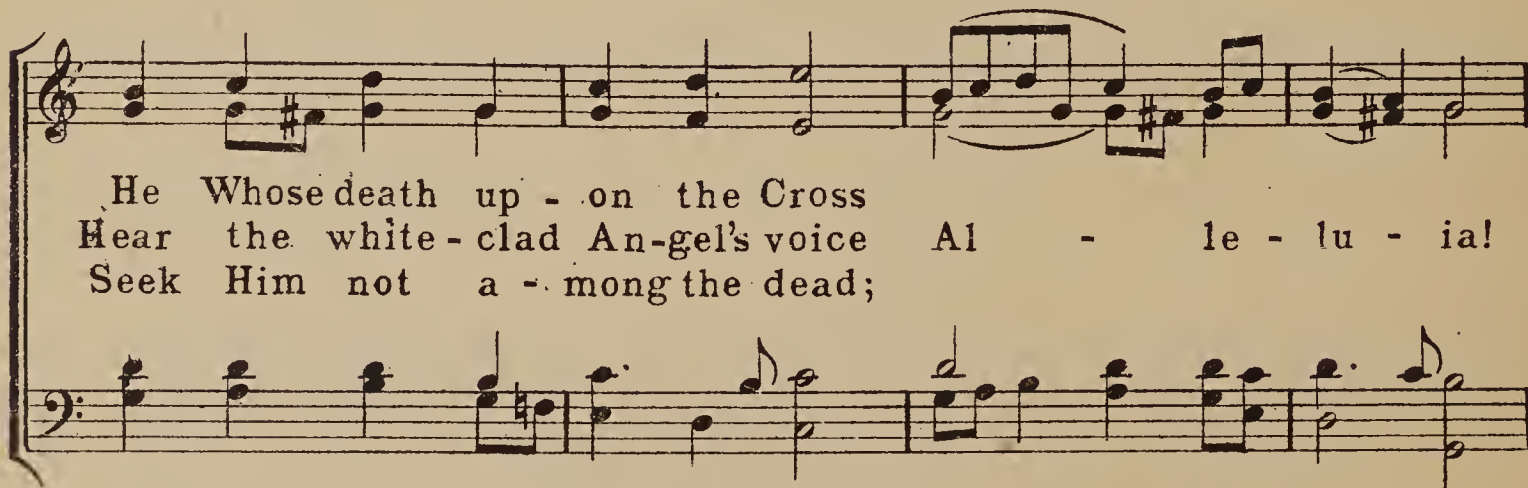
♩ = 80



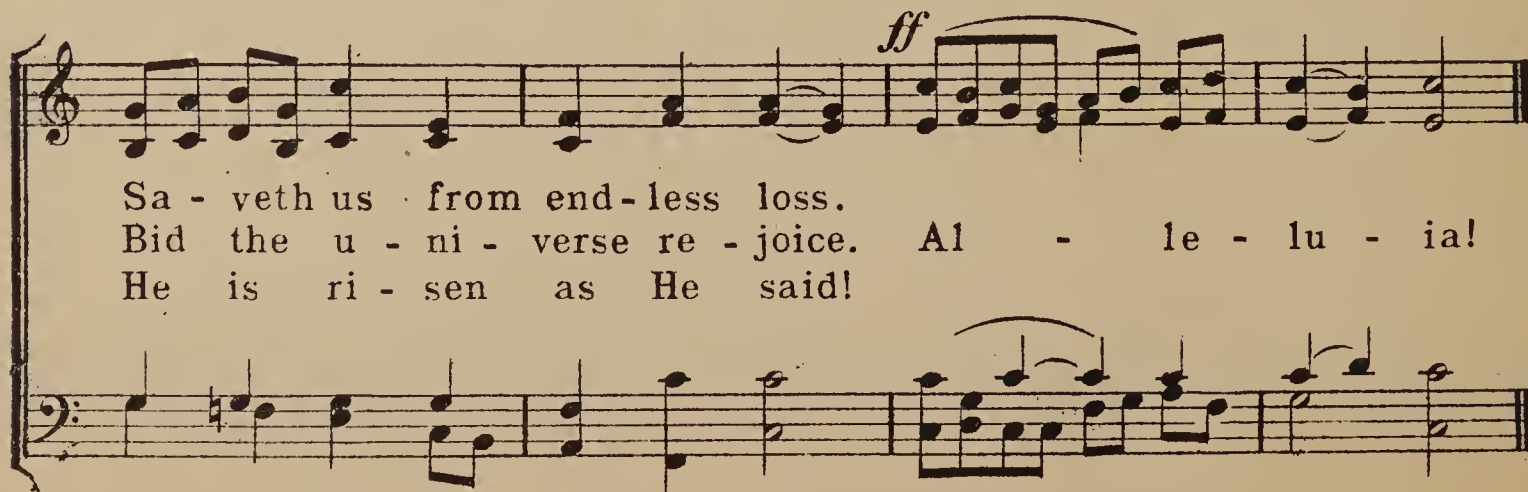
1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day,
 2. See the Ho - ly Wo - men come, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Go! tell all His breth'-ren dear



Sin - ners wipe your tears a - way!
 Bear - ing spi - ces to the tomb; Al - le - lu - ia!
 He is ris'n He is not here!



He Whose death up - on the Cross
 Hear the white - clad An - gel's voice Al - le - lu - ia!
 Seek Him not a - mong the dead;



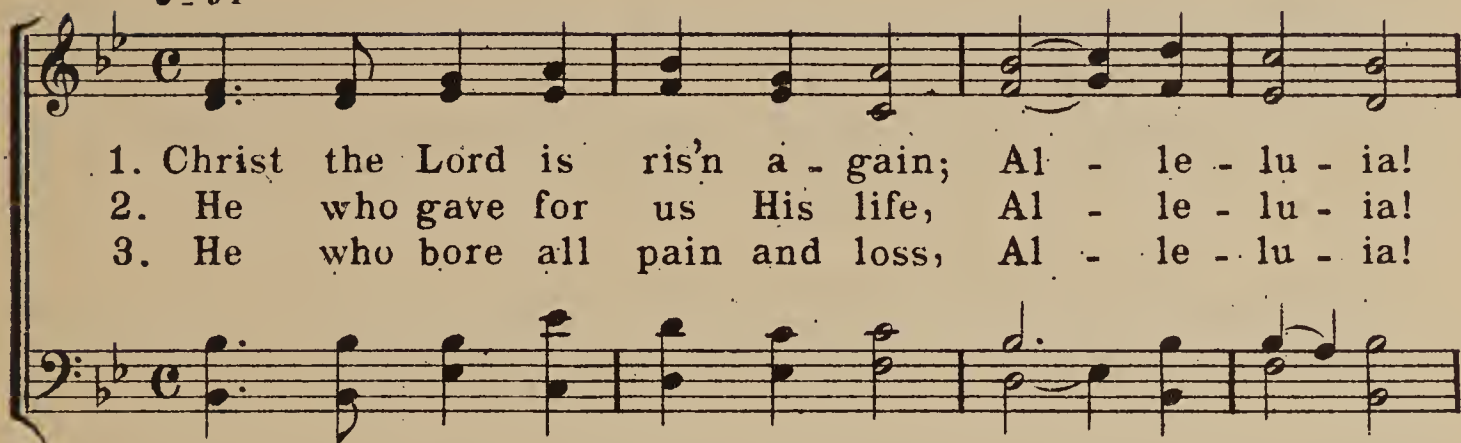
Sa - veth us from end - less loss.
 Bid the u - ni - verse re - joice. Al - le - lu - ia!
 He is ri - sen as He said!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN

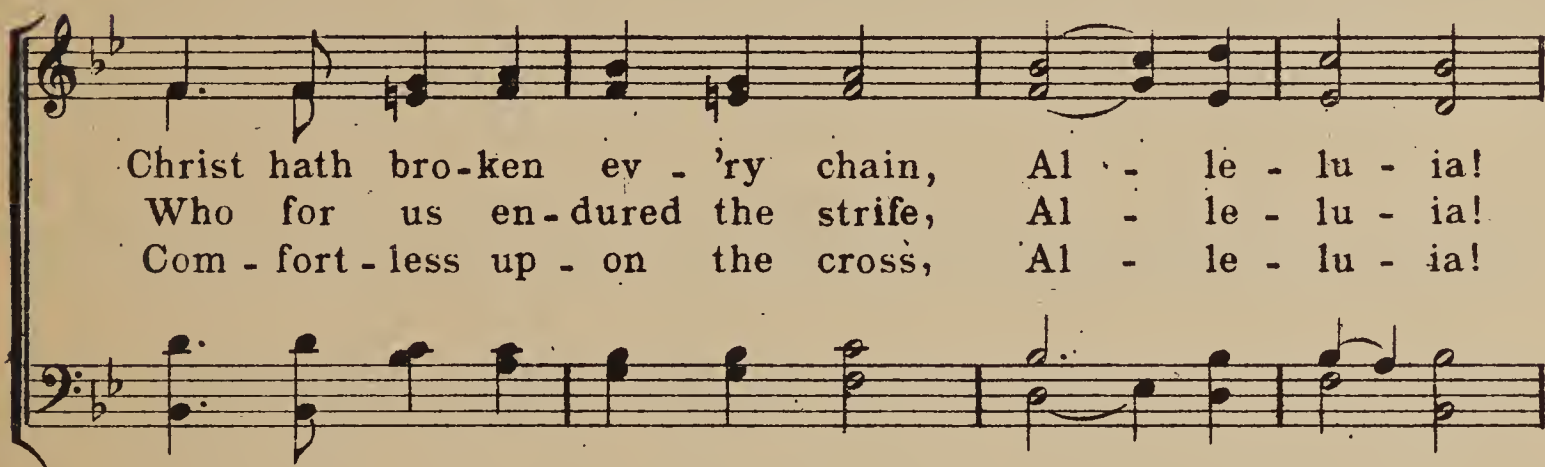
55

E. J. HOPKINS

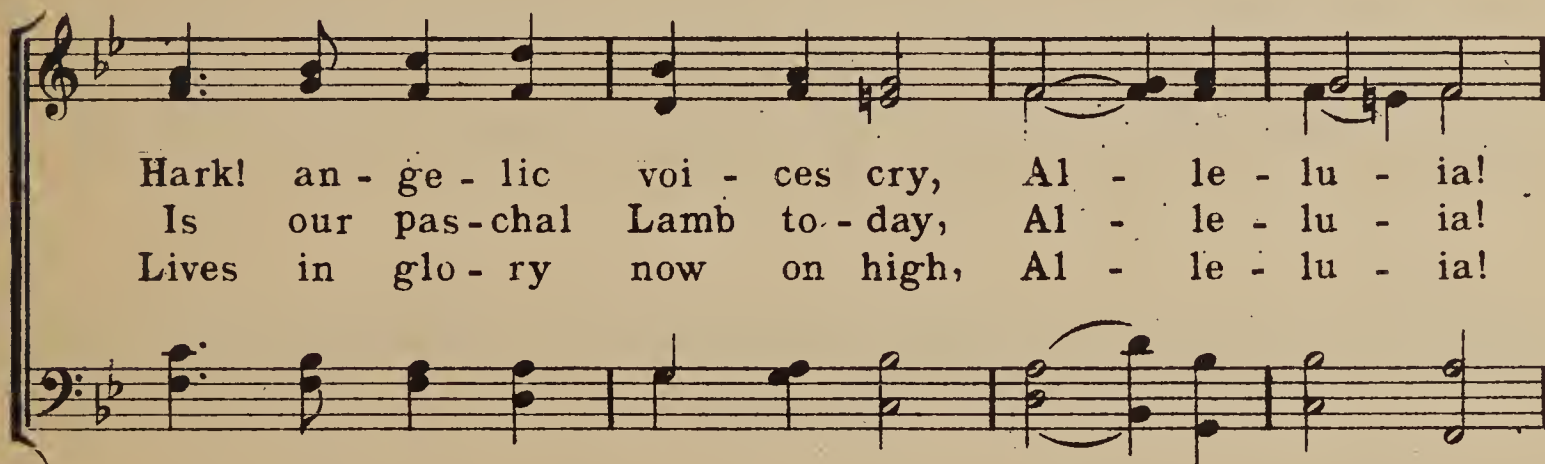
♩ = 94



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. He who gave for us His life, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. He who bore all pain and loss, Al - le - lu - ia!



Christ hath bro - ken ev - 'ry chain, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Who for us en - dured the strife, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Com - fort - less up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia!



Hark! an - ge - lic voi - ces cry, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Is our pas - chal Lamb to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Lives in glo - ry now on high, Al - le - lu - ia!



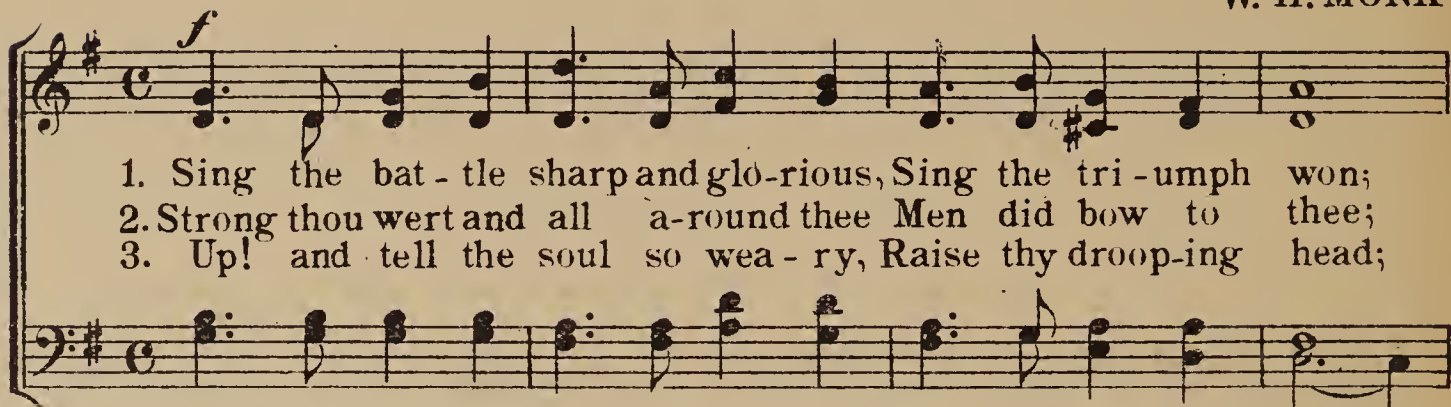
Sing - ing ev - er more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!
 We too sing for joy to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Pleads for us and hears our cry, Al - le - lu - ia!

SING THE BATTLE SHARP AND GLORIOUS

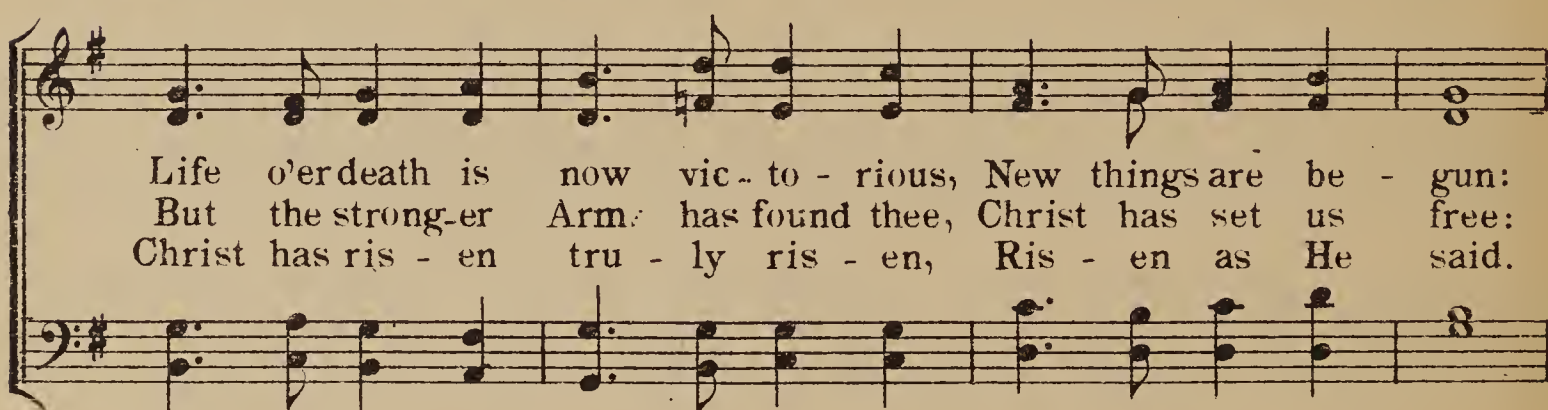
56

W. H. MONK

f

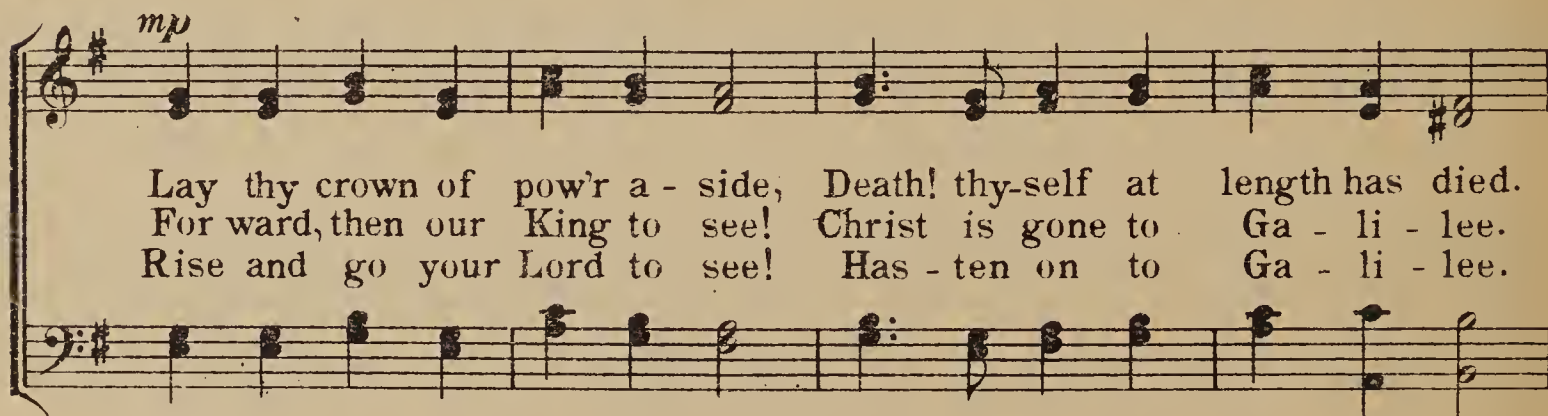


1. Sing the bat - tle sharp and glo - rious, Sing the tri - umph won;
 2. Strong thou wert and all a - round thee Men did bow to thee;
 3. Up! and tell the soul so wea - ry, Raise thy droop - ing head;



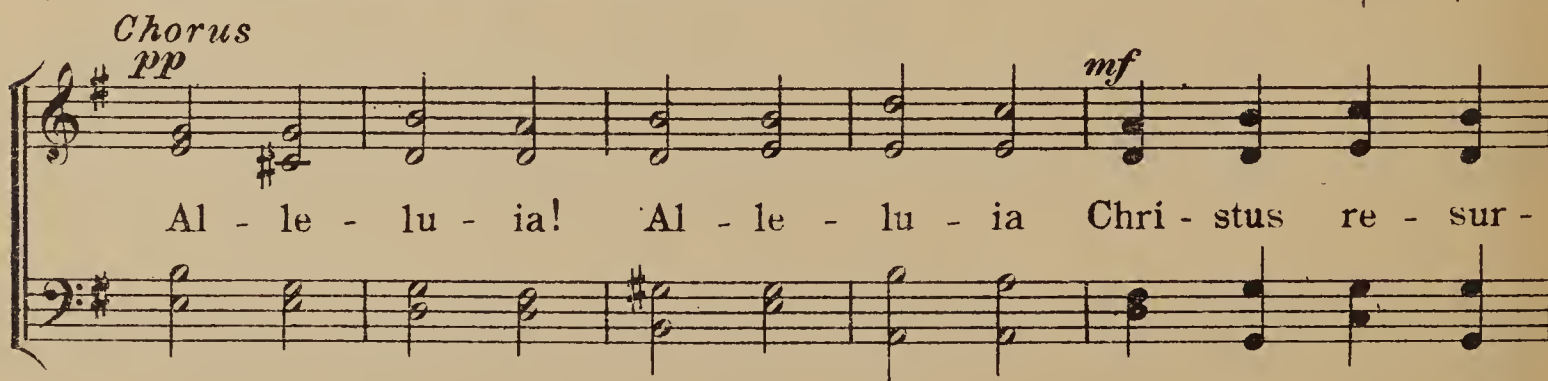
Life o'er death is now vic - to - rious, New things are be - gun:
 But the strong - er Arm: has found thee, Christ has set us free:
 Christ has ris - en tru - ly ris - en, Ris - en as He said.

mp



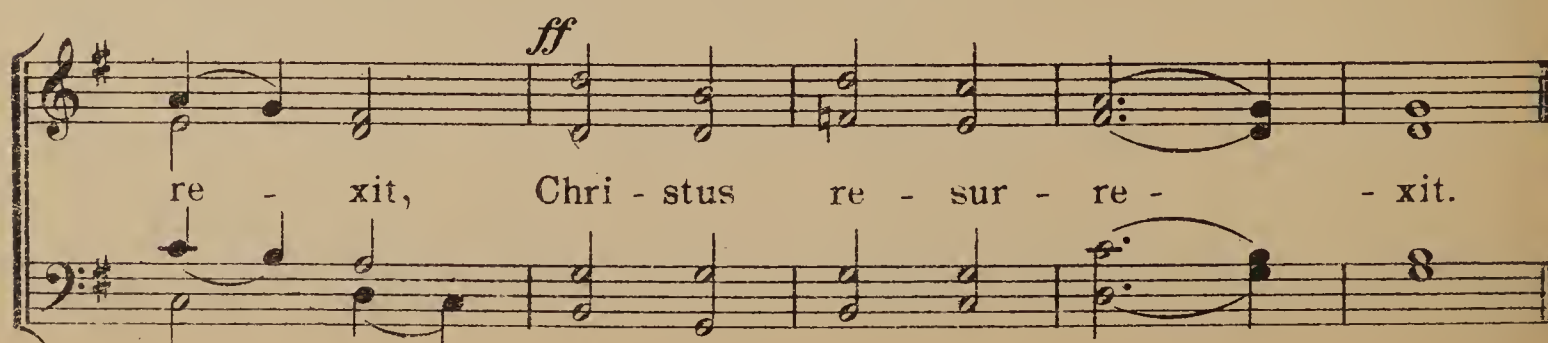
Lay thy crown of pow'r a - side, Death! thy-self at length has died.
 For ward, then our King to see! Christ is gone to Ga - li - lee.
 Rise and go your Lord to see! Has - ten on to Ga - li - lee.

Chorus
pp *mf*



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia Chri - stus re - sur -

ff



re - xit, Chri - stus re - sur - re - xit.

COME, HOLY GHOST CREATOR (VENI CREATOR)

57

Translated by DRYDEN

F. N. BIRTCHNELL

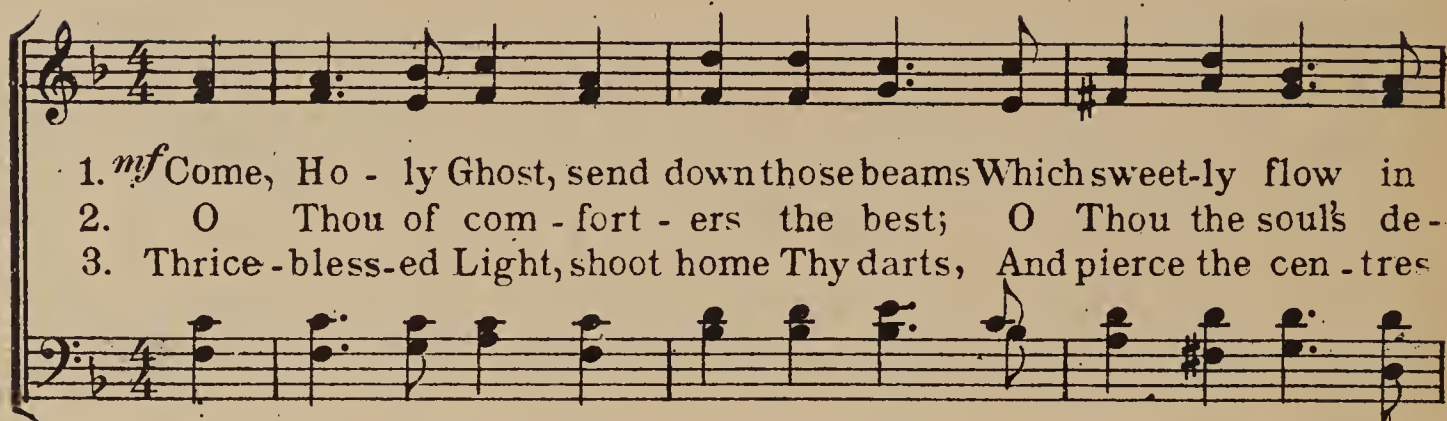
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost Cre - a - tor come, From
 2. O, guide our minds with Thy blest light, With
 3. Through Thee may we the Fa - ther know, Thro
 4. All glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, With

Thy bright heaven - ly throne; Come, take pos - ses - sion
 love our hearts in - flame; And with Thy strength which
 Thee the Eter - nal Son, And Thee, the spi - rit
 His co - e - qual Son, The same to Thee great

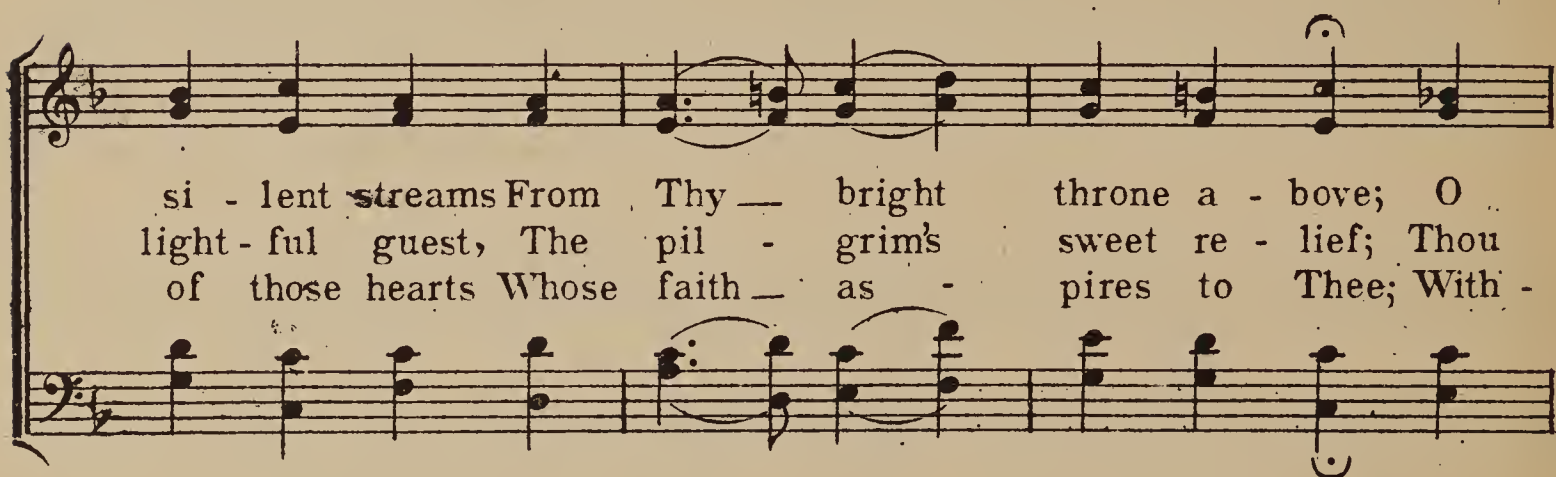
of our souls, and make them all Thine own.
 ne'er de - cays, Con - firm our mor - tal frame.
 of them both, Thrice bless - ed Three in One.
 Pa - ra - clete, While end - less a - ges run.

COME, HOLY GHOST

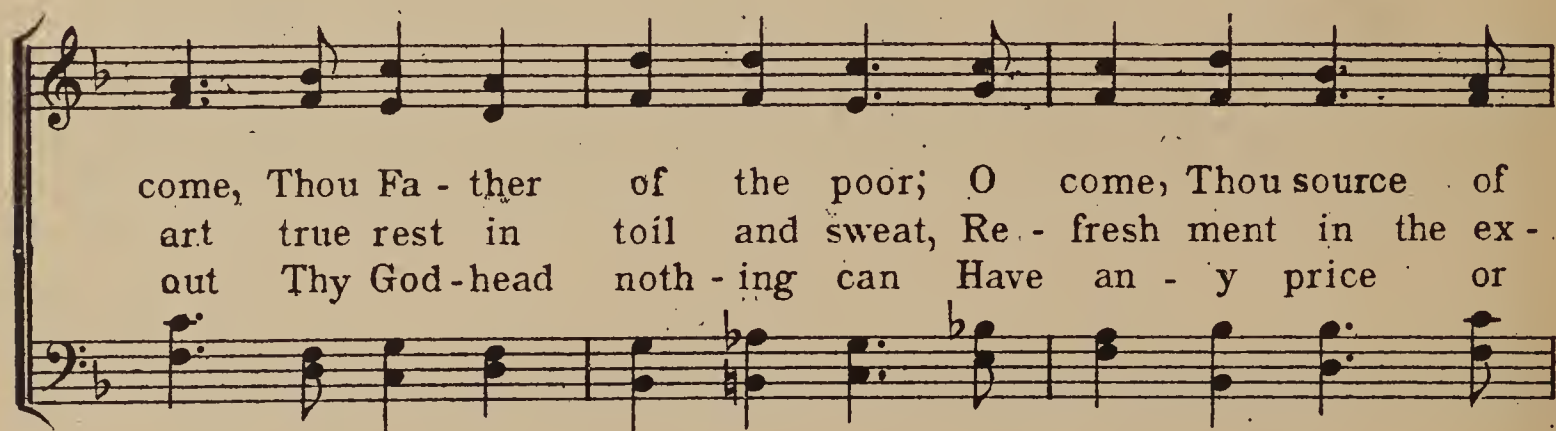
Fr. MAHER, S. J.



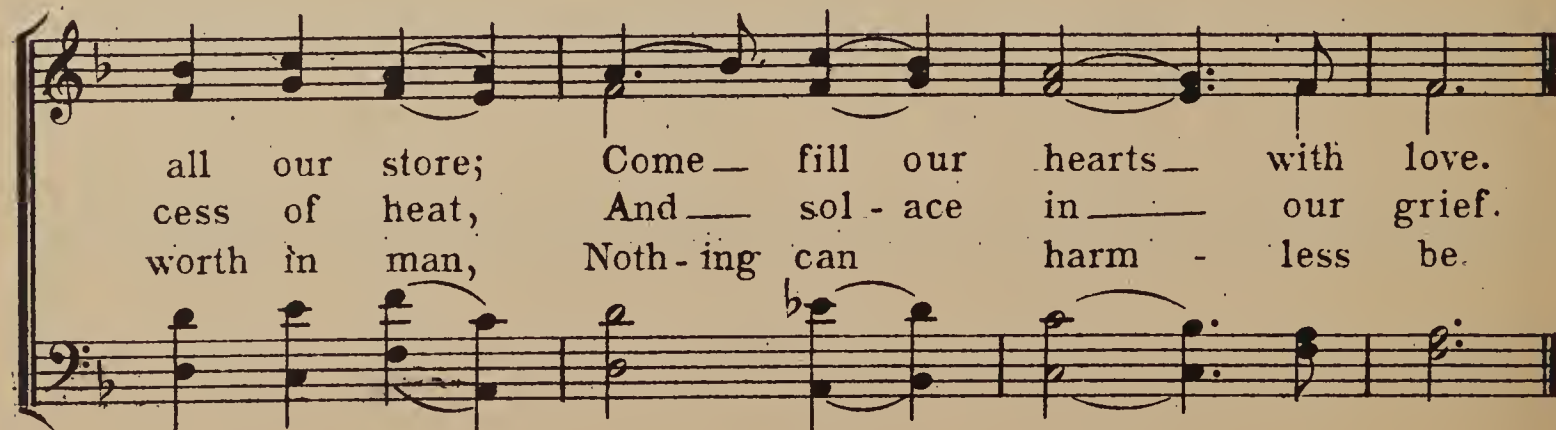
1. *mf* Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which sweet-ly flow in
 2. O Thou of com - fort - ers the best; O Thou the soul's de -
 3. Thrice - bless - ed Light, shoot home Thy darts, And pierce the cen - tres



si - lent streams From Thy — bright throne a - bove; O
 light - ful guest, The pil - grim's sweet re - lief; Thou
 of those hearts Whose faith — as - pires to Thee; With -



come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; O come, Thou source of
 art true rest in toil and sweat, Re - fresh ment in the ex -
 out Thy God-head noth - ing can Have an - y price or



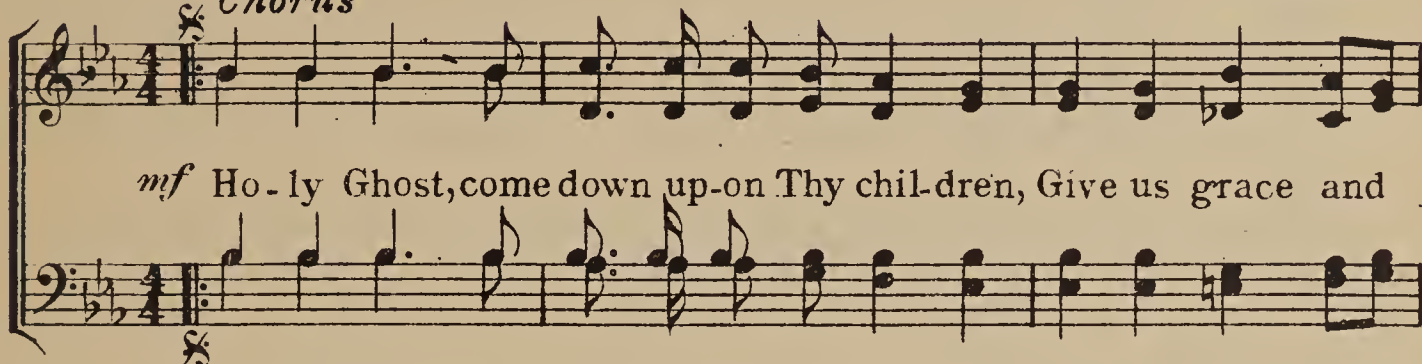
all our store; Come — fill our hearts — with love.
 cess of heat, And — sol - ace in — our grief.
 worth in man, Noth - ing can harm - less be.

HOLY GHOST COME DOWN

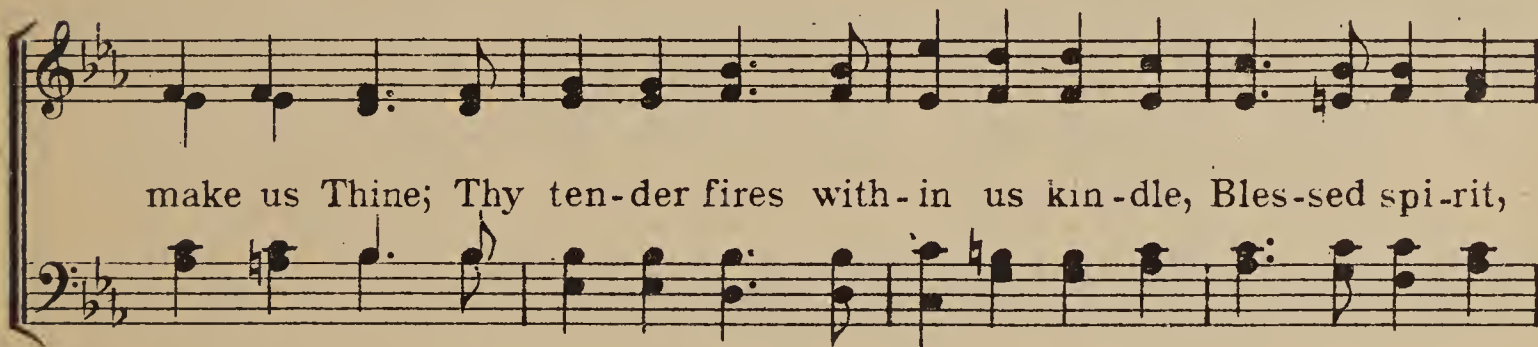
59

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

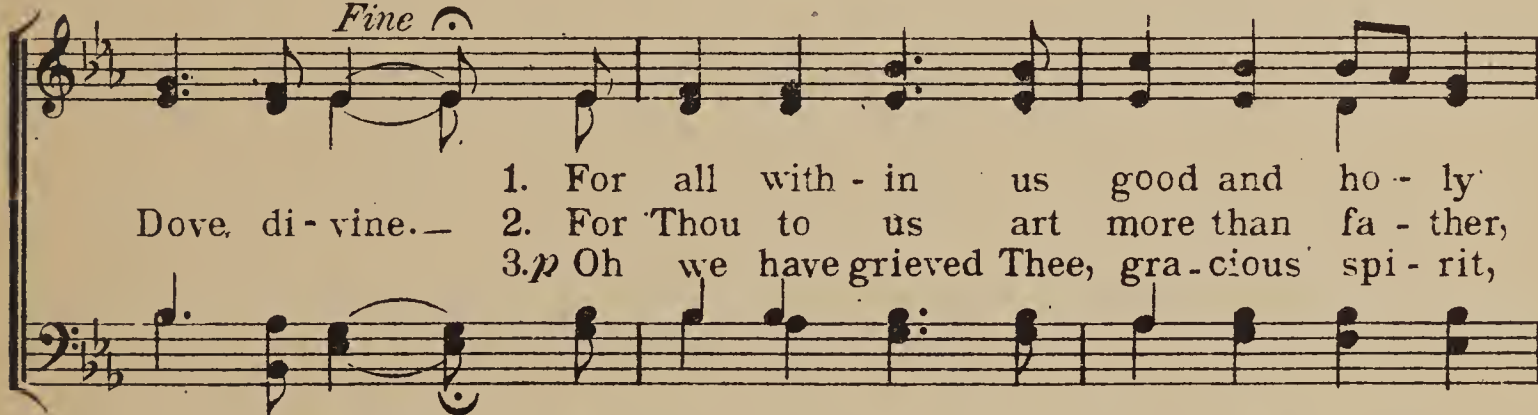
W. SCHULTHES

Chorus


mf Ho - ly Ghost, come down up-on Thy chil-dren, Give us grace and

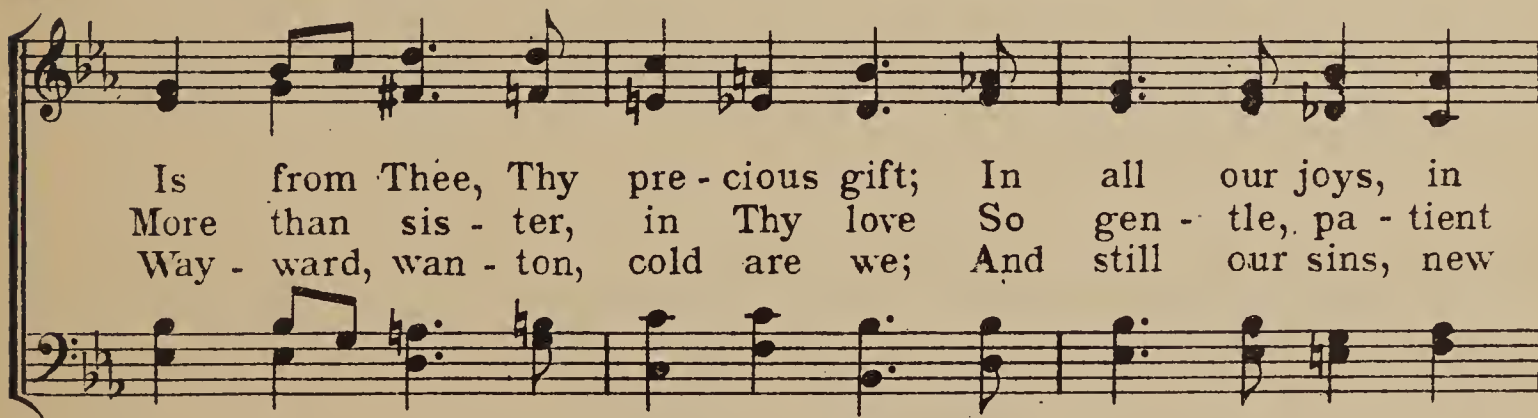


make us Thine; Thy ten-der fires with-in us kin-dle, Bles-sed spi-rit,

Fine


Dove, di-vine.—

1. For all with-in us good and ho-ly
2. For Thou to us art more than fa-ther,
3. *p* Oh we have grieved Thee, gra-cious spi-rit,



Is from Thee, Thy pre-cious gift; In all our joys, in
More than sis-ter, in Thy love So gen-tle, pa-tient
Way-ward, wan-ton, cold are we; And still our sins, new



all our sor-rows Wist-ful hearts to Thee we lift.
and for-bear-ing, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heaven-ly Dove!
ev-'ry morn-ing, Nev-er yet have wear-ied Thee.

60a

MAIDEN MOTHER, MEEK AND MILD

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL

First tune

1. Maid - en Moth - er, meek and mild, —
 2. When mine eyes are closed in sleep, —
 3. And oh, teach me through the day, —

Guard; O guard thy lit - tle child; All my life, O
 Through the night my slum - bers keep; Make my lat - est
 Oft to raise my heart and say, Maid - en Moth - er,

let it be, My best joy to think of thee.
 thought to be, How to love thy Son and thee.
 meek and mild, Guard, oh, guard thy lit - tle child.

San - cta Ma - ri - a, o - ra pro - no - bis.

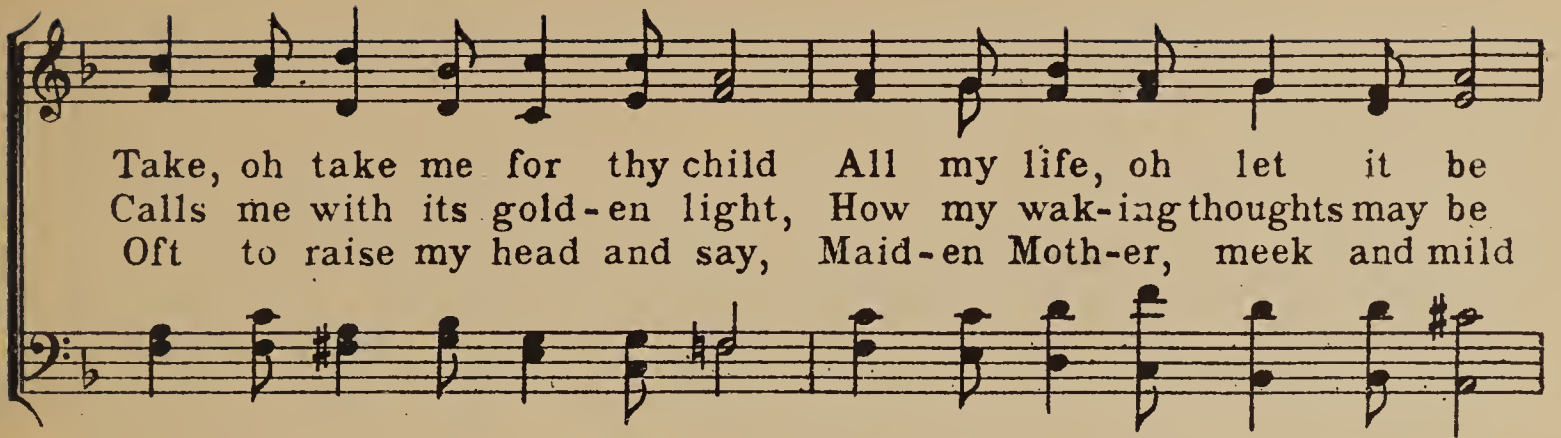
60b

MAIDEN MOTHER

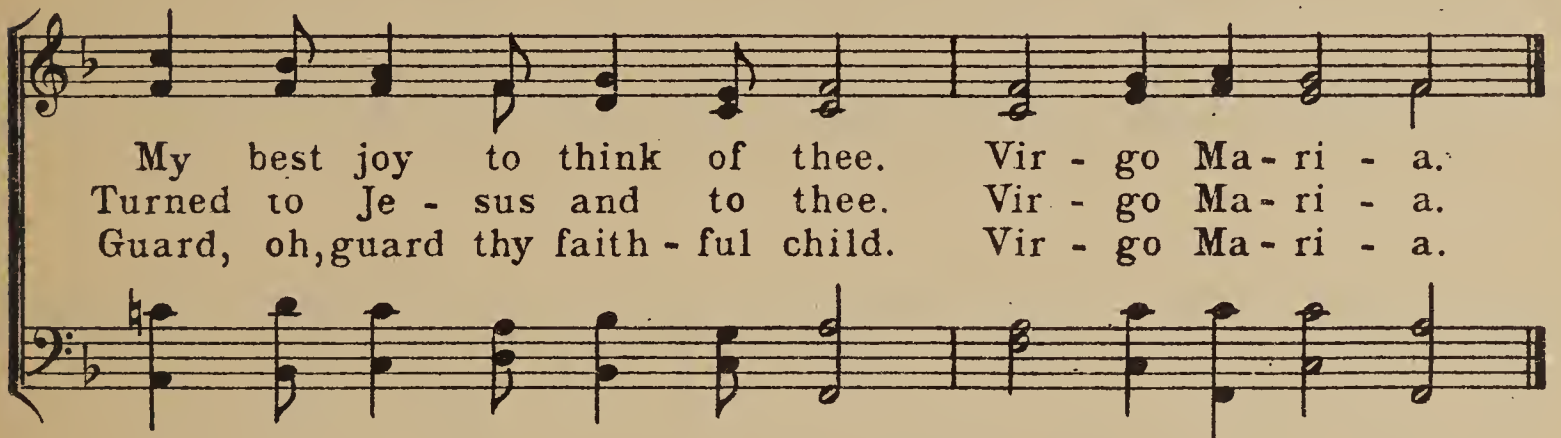
Roman Hymnal

Second tune

1. Maid - en, Moth - er, meek and mild
 2. Teach me when the sun - beam bright
 3. And oh, teach me through the day -

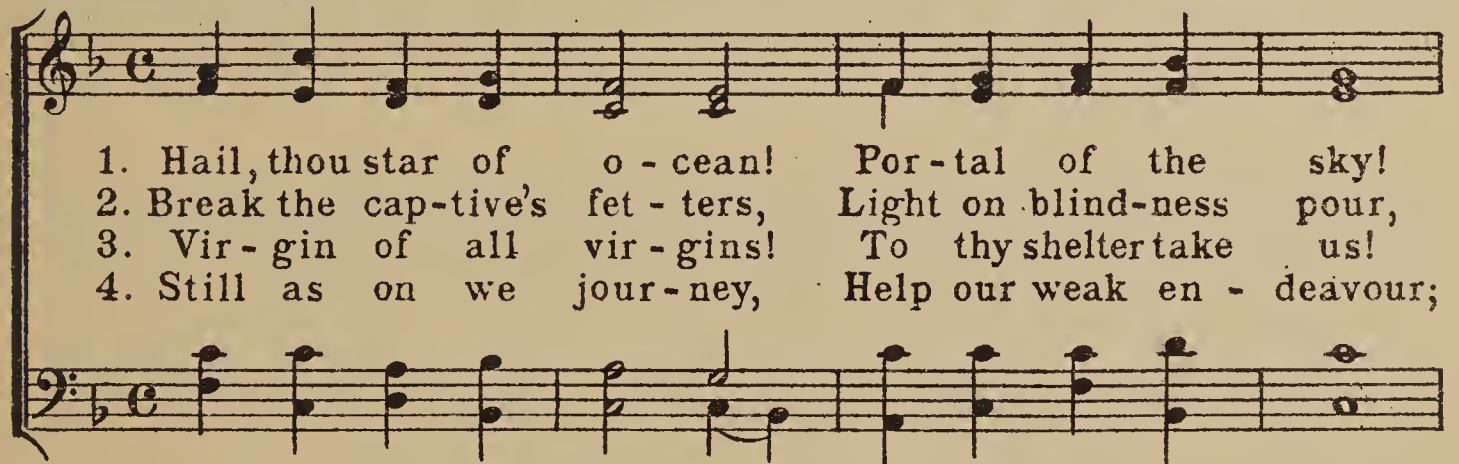


Take, oh take me for thy child All my life, oh let it be
Calls me with its gold-en light, How my wak-ing thoughts may be
Oft to raise my head and say, Maid-en Moth-er, meek and mild

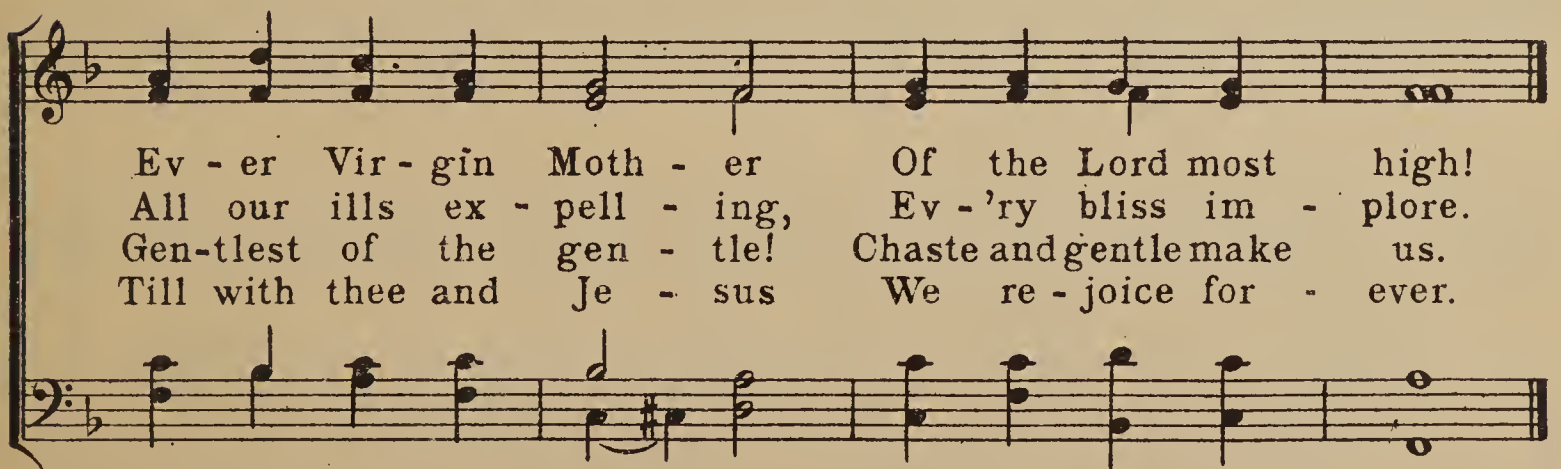


My best joy to think of thee. Vir - go Ma - ri - a.
Turned to Je - sus and to thee. Vir - go Ma - ri - a.
Guard, oh, guard thy faith - ful child. Vir - go Ma - ri - a.

61 **HAIL, THOU STAR OF OCEAN** Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL MOIR BROWN



1. Hail, thou star of o - cean! Por - tal of the sky!
2. Break the cap - tive's fet - ters, Light on blind - ness pour,
3. Vir - gin of all vir - gins! To thy shelter take us!
4. Still as on we jour - ney, Help our weak en - deavour;

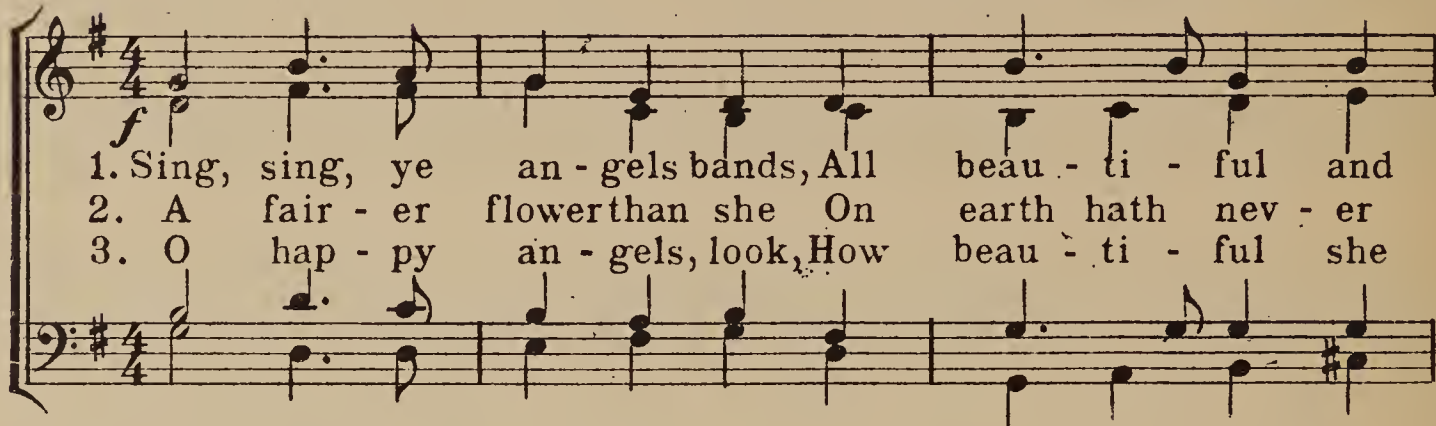


Ev - er Vir - gin Moth - er Of the Lord most high!
All our ills ex - pell - ing, Ev - 'ry bliss im - plore.
Gen - tlest of the gen - tle! Chaste and gentle make us.
Till with thee and Je - sus We re - joice for - ever.

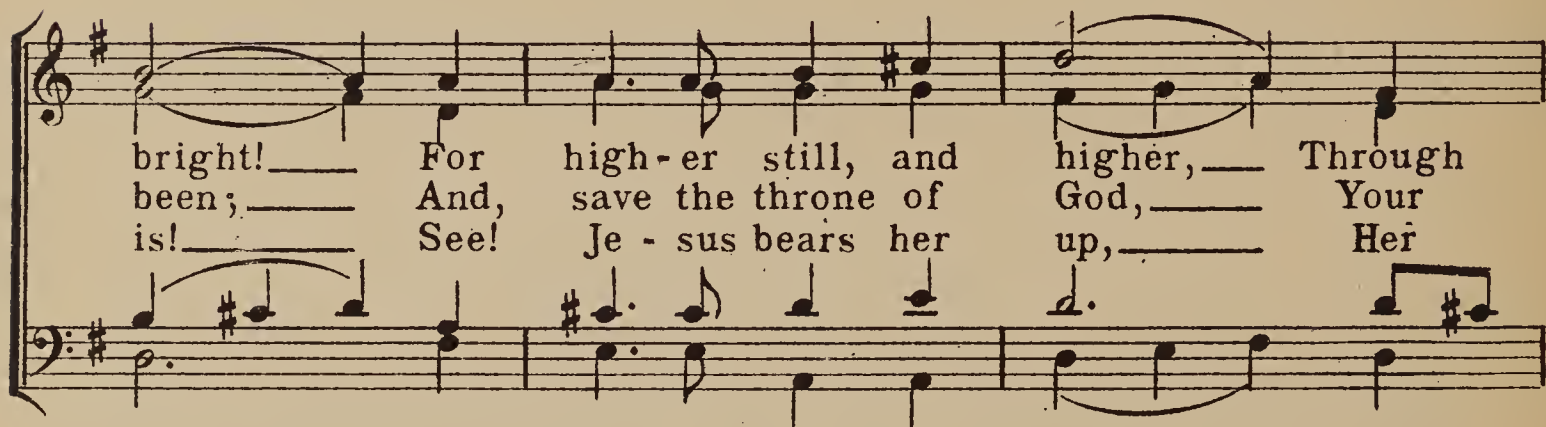
SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS

62 Rev. Fr. W. FABER
(First tune)

TRADITIONAL MELODY



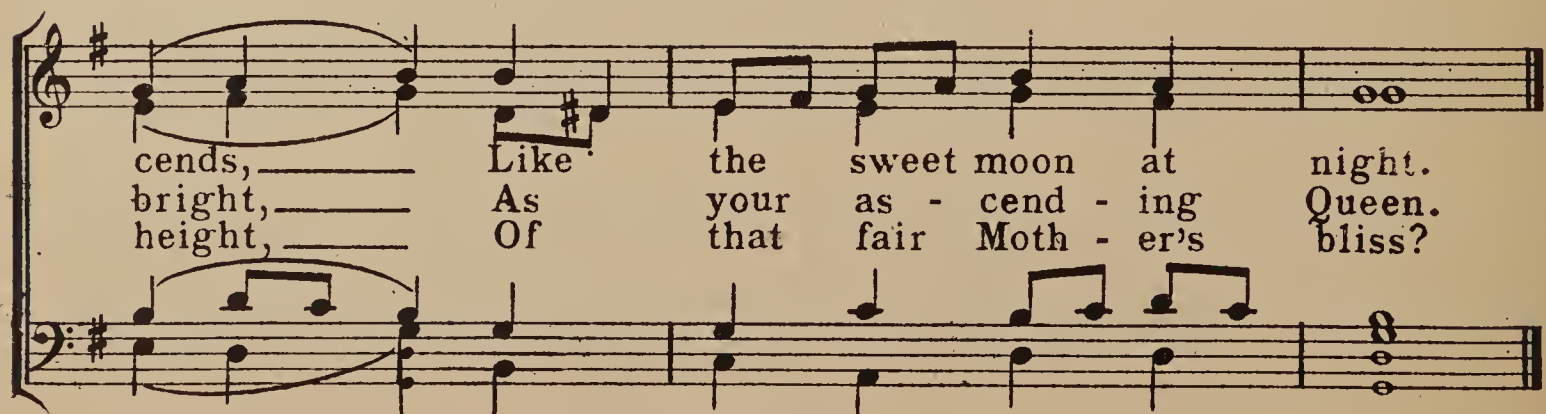
1. Sing, sing, ye an - gels bands, All beau - ti - ful and
2. A fair - er flower than she On earth hath nev - er
3. O hap - py an - gels, look, How beau - ti - ful she



bright! For high - er still, and higher, Through
been; And, save the throne of God, Your
is! See! Je - sus bears her up, Her



fields of star - ry light, Ma - ry, your Queen, as -
heavens have nev - er seen A won - der half so
hand is locked in His; Oh, who can tell the



cends, Like the sweet moon at night.
bright, As your as - cend - ing Queen.
height, Of that fair Moth - er's bliss?

SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS

63 Rev. Fr. W. FABER

F. BIRTCHNELL

(Second tune)

f

1. Sing, sing, ye an - gel bands, All beau - ti - ful and
 2. A fair - er flower than she, On earth hath nev - er
 3. O hap - py an - gels look, How beau - ti - ful she

bright! For high - er still, and higher, Through
 been; And, save the throne of God, Your
 is; See! Je - sus bears her up, Her

fields of star - ry light, Ma - ry, your Queen, as -
 heavens have nev - er seen, A won - der half so
 hand is locked in His; Oh, who can tell the

cends, Like the sweet moon at night.
 bright, As your as - cend - ing Queen.
 height, Of that fair Moth - er's bliss?

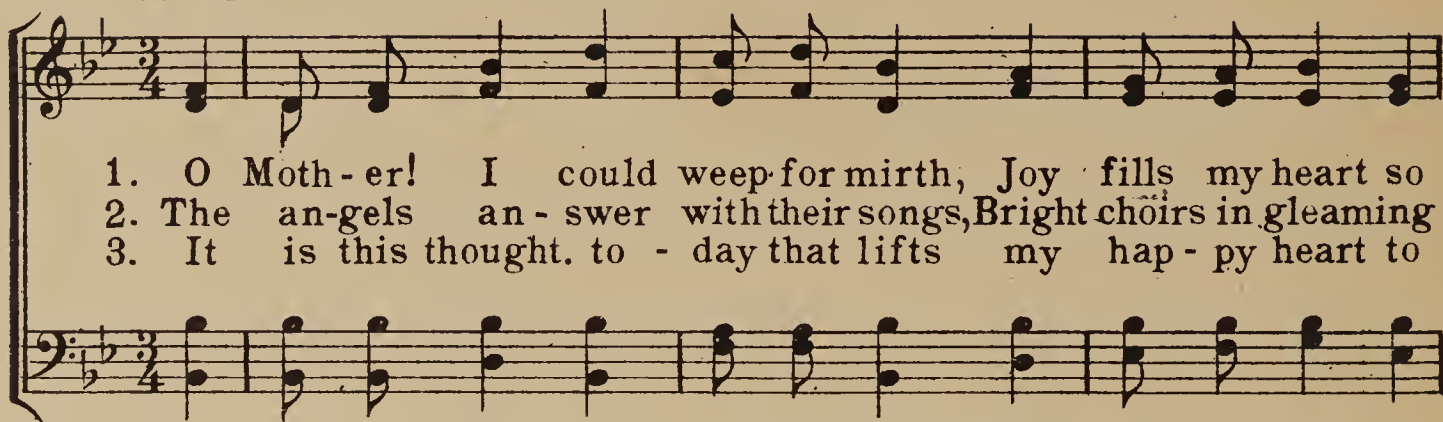
IMMACULATE

64

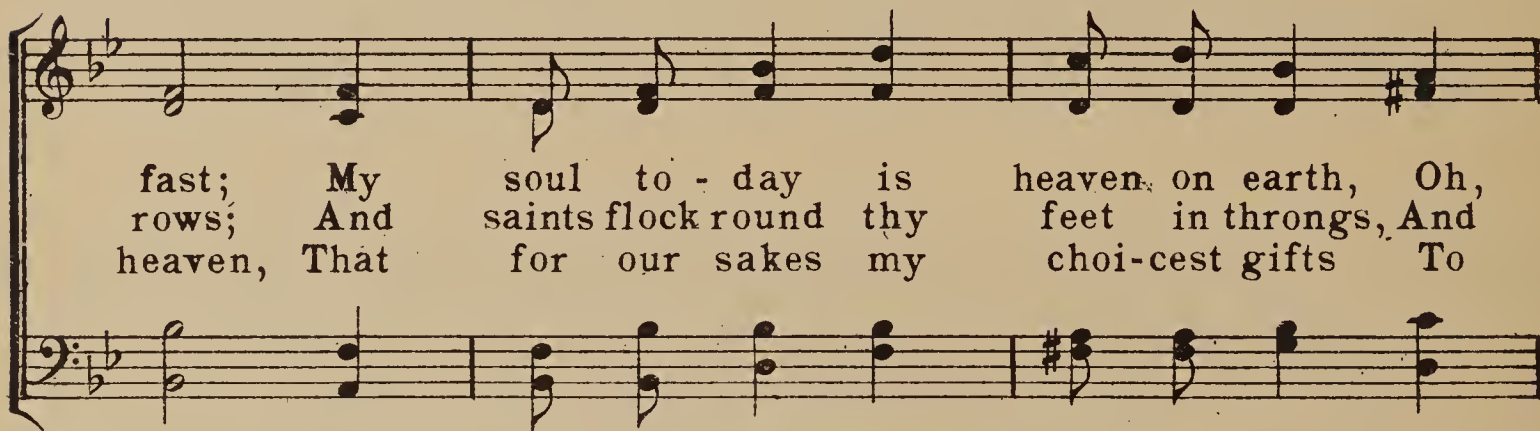
(O Mother! I Could Weep for Mirth)

Traditional

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

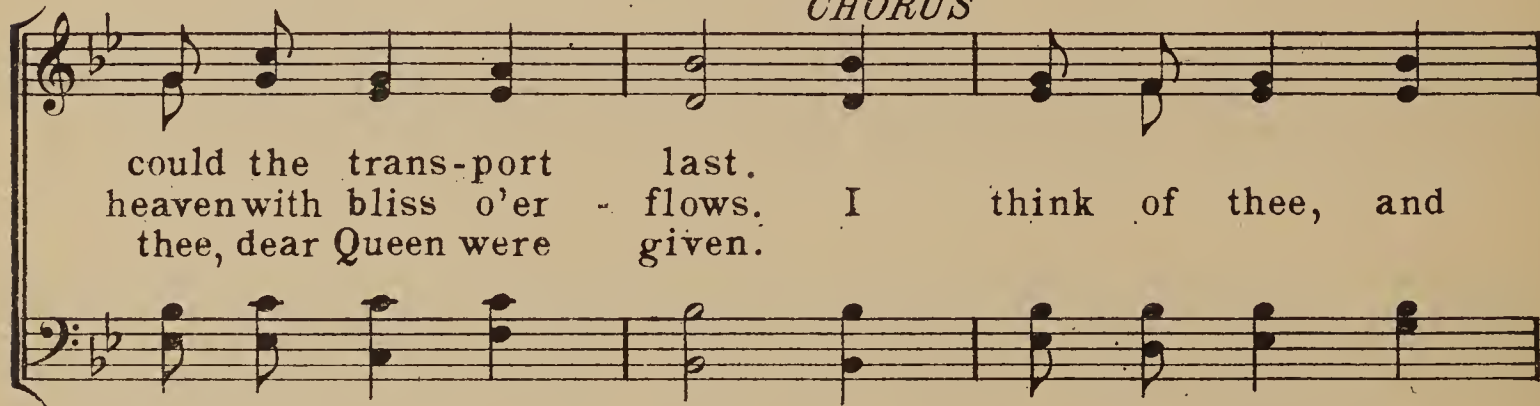


1. O Moth-er! I could weep for mirth, Joy fills my heart so
 2. The an-gels an-swer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming
 3. It is this thought, to-day that lifts my hap-py heart to

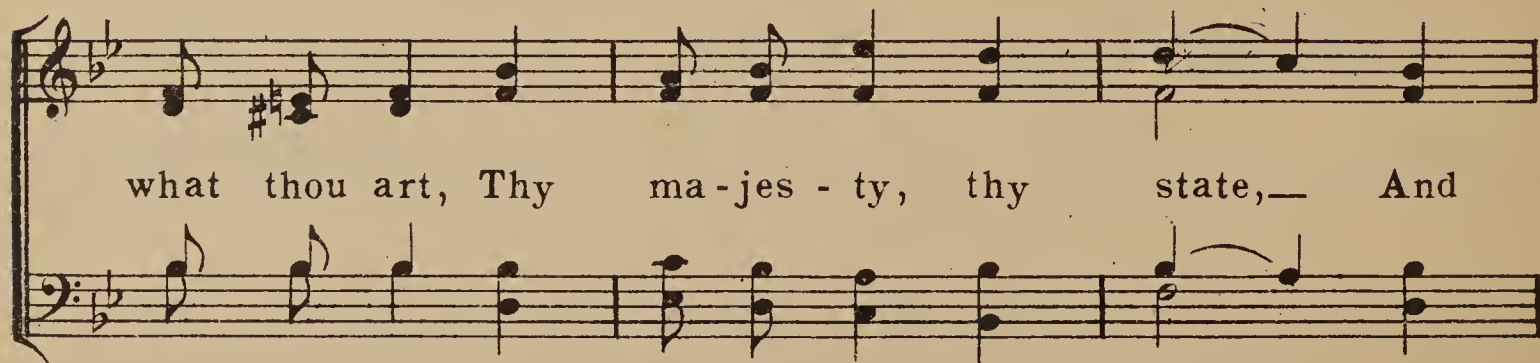


fast; My soul to-day is heaven on earth, Oh,
 rows; And saints flock round thy feet in throngs, And
 heaven, That for our sakes my choi-cest gifts To

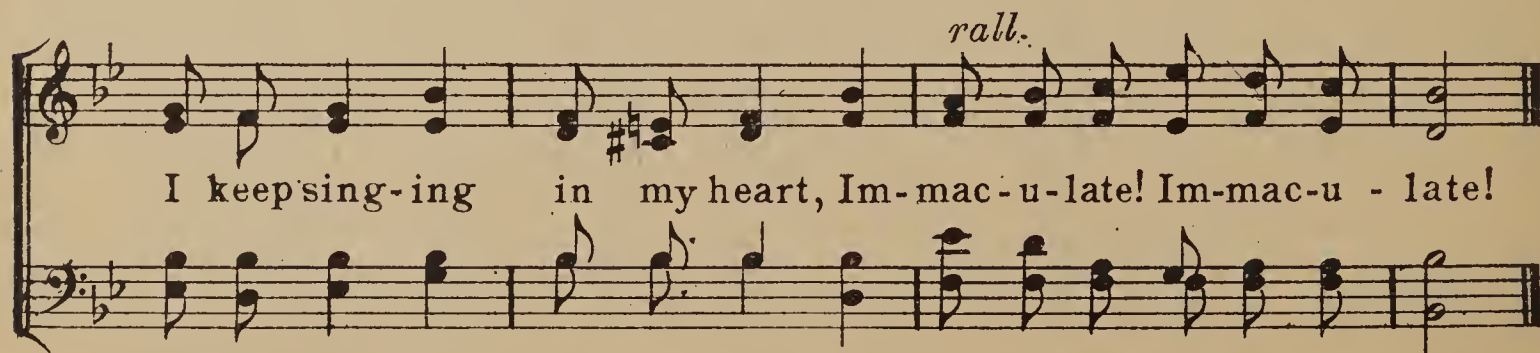
CHORUS



could the trans-port last.
 heaven with bliss o'er - flows. I think of thee, and
 thee, dear Queen were given.



what thou art, Thy ma-jes - ty, thy state,— And

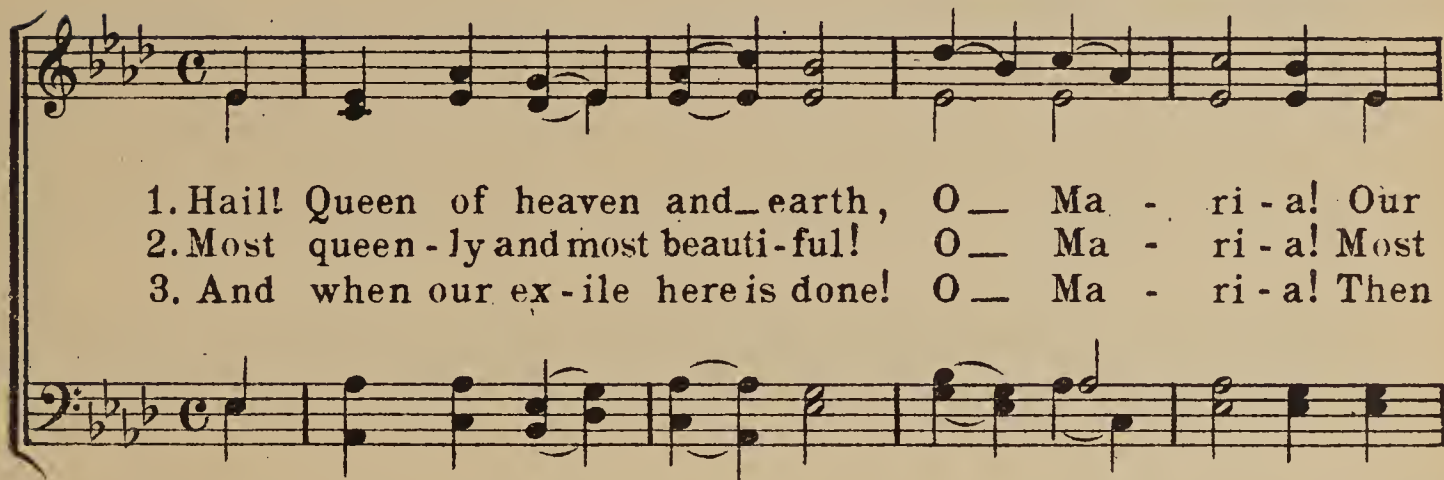


rall.
 I keep sing-ing in my heart, Im-mac-u-late! Im-mac-u - late!

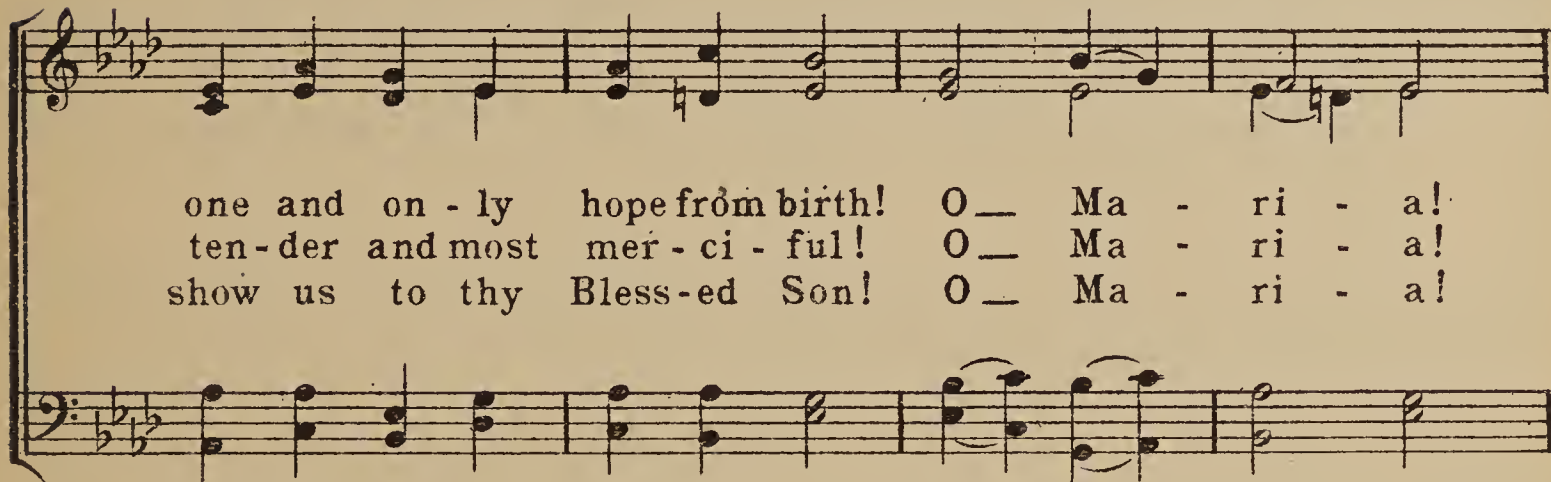
HAIL! QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

65

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



1. Hail! Queen of heaven and earth, O Ma - ri - a! Our
 2. Most queen - ly and most beauti - ful! O Ma - ri - a! Most
 3. And when our ex - ile here is done! O Ma - ri - a! Then



one and on - ly hope from birth! O Ma - ri - a!
 ten - der and most mer - ci - ful! O Ma - ri - a!
 show us to thy Bless - ed Son! O Ma - ri - a!

CHORUS



Praise her, O ye che - ru - bim, Love her, O ye se - ra - phim,

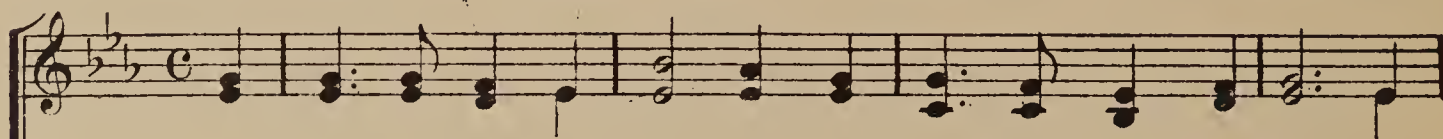


We the while on earth shall sing Sal - ve Re - gi - na.

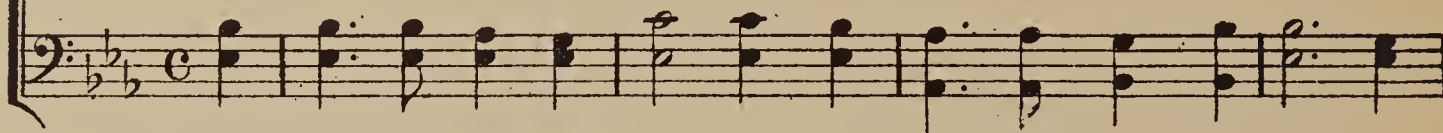
LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY

66 St. ALPHONSUS (1696 - 1787)
Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S. E. (1827 - 1908)

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



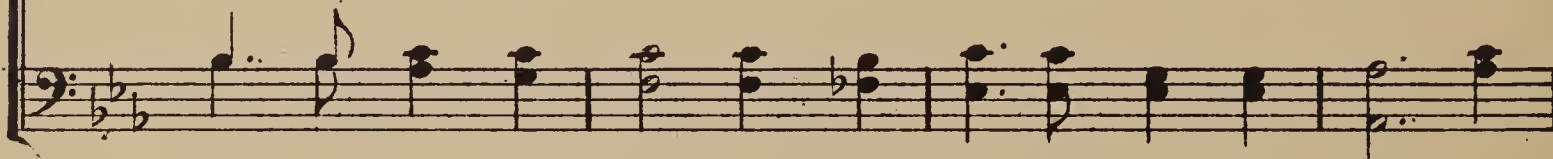
1. Look down, O Moth-er Ma - ry, From thy bright throne a - bove, Cast
2. See how in - grate and guil - ty, We stand be - fore thy Son; His
3. Un - fold to us thy man - tle, There stay we with - out fear; What



down up - on thy child - ren One on - ly glance of love. And
lov - ing heart re - proach - es The ev - il we have done. But
ev - il can be - fall us. If, Moth - er, thou art near? O



if a heart so ten - der, With pi - ty flows not o'er, Then
if thou wilt ap - pease Him, Speak for us but one word; Thy
kind - est, dear - est Moth - er, Thy sin - ful child - ren save; Look



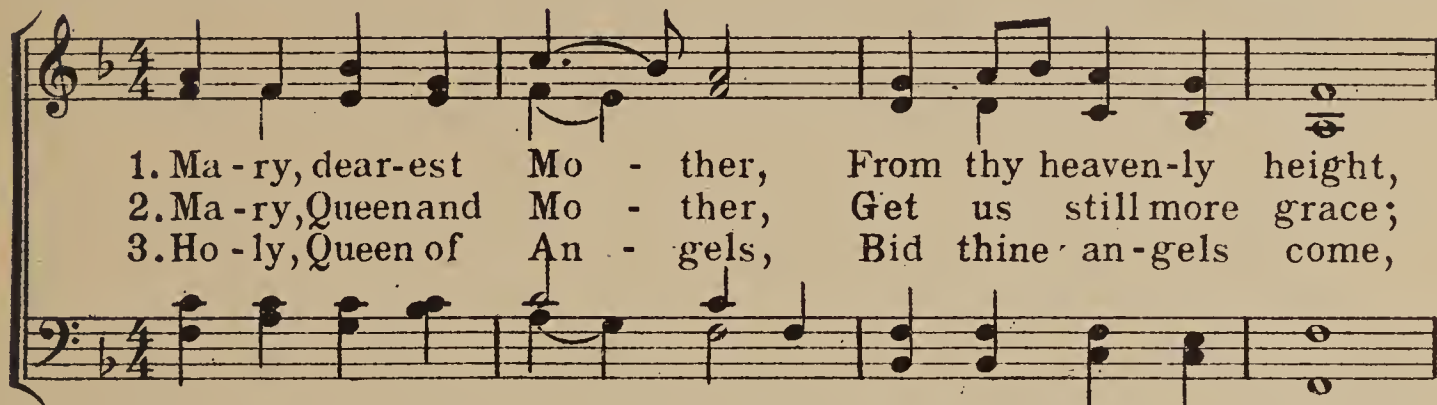
turn a - way, O Moth - er, And look on us no more.
plead - ing can ob - tain - us The par - don of our Lord.
down on us with pi - ty, Who thy pro - tec - tion crave.




MARY, DEAREST MOTHER

67 Rev. Fr. W. FABER

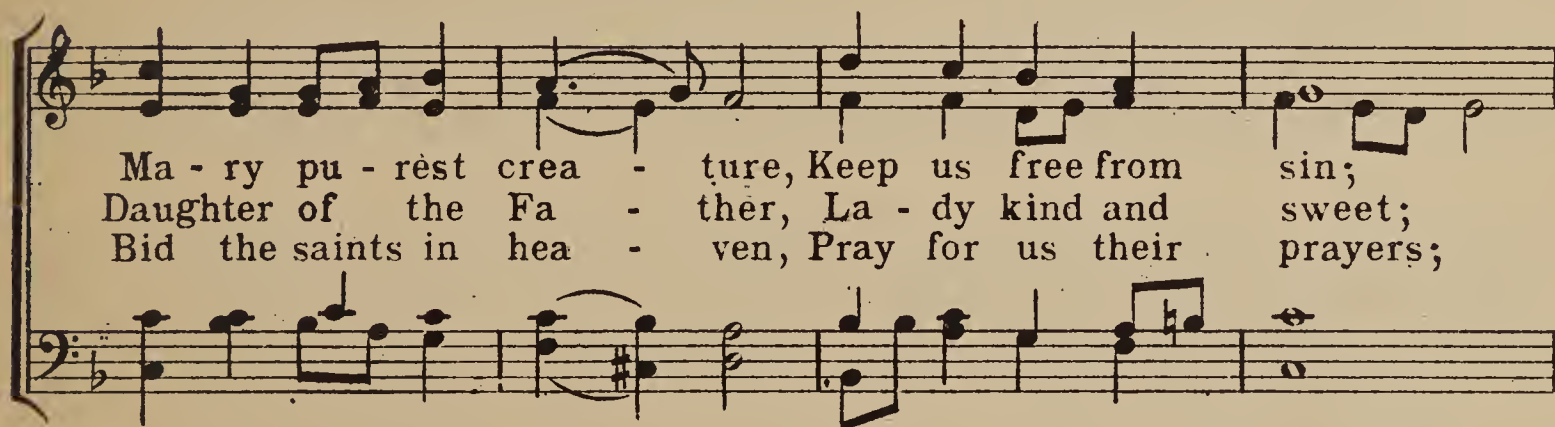
TRADITIONAL



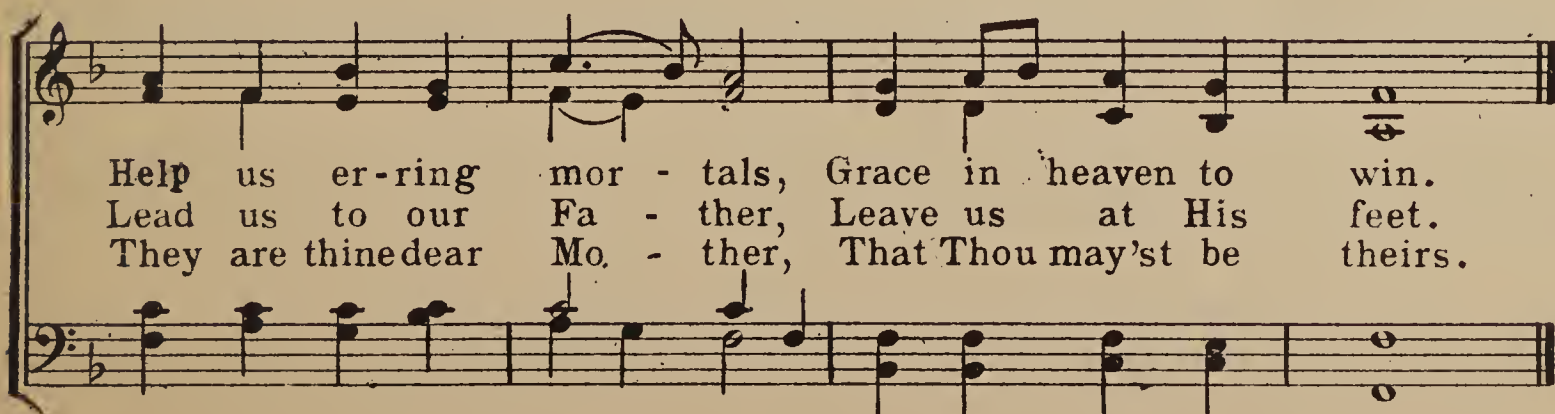
1. Ma - ry, dear - est Mo - ther, From thy heaven - ly height,
 2. Ma - ry, Queen and Mo - ther, Get us still more grace;
 3. Ho - ly, Queen of An - gels, Bid thine an - gels come,



Look on us thy chil - dren Lost in earth's dark night.
 With still grea - ter fer - vor Now to run our race.
 To es - cort us safe - ly To our heaven - ly home.



Ma - ry pu - rest crea - ture, Keep us free from sin;
 Daughter of the Fa - ther, La - dy kind and sweet;
 Bid the saints in hea - ven, Pray for us their prayers;

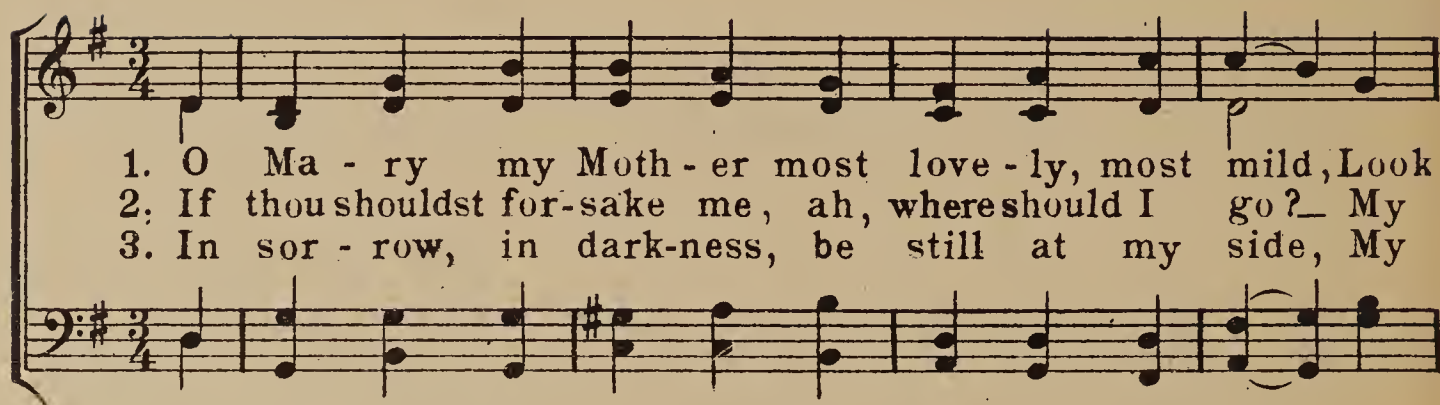


Help us er - ring mor - tals, Grace in heaven to win.
 Lead us to our Fa - ther, Leave us at His feet.
 They are thine dear Mo - ther, That Thou may'st be theirs.

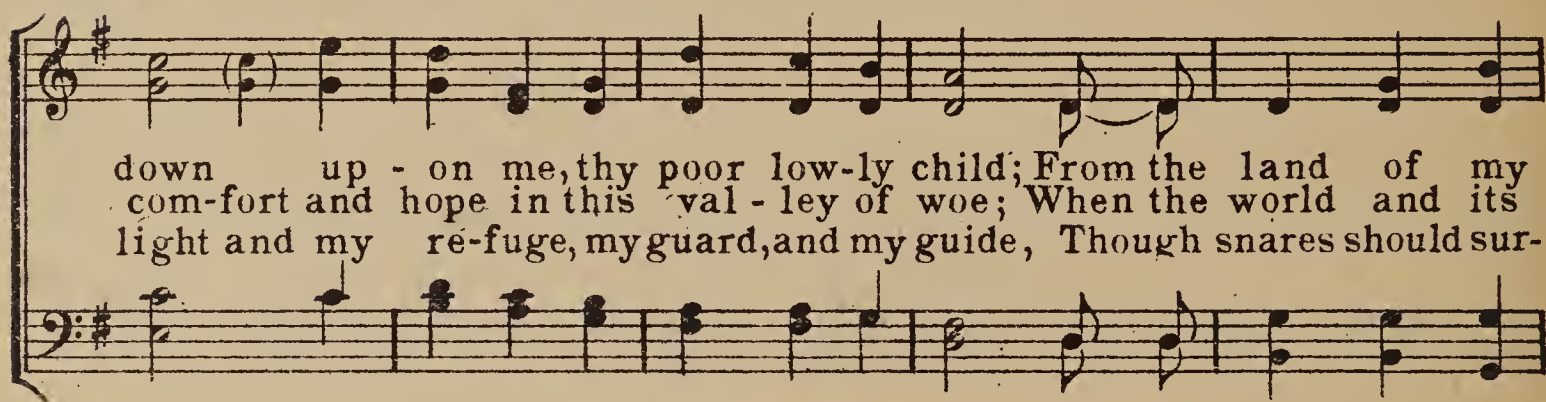
O MARY, MY MOTHER

68

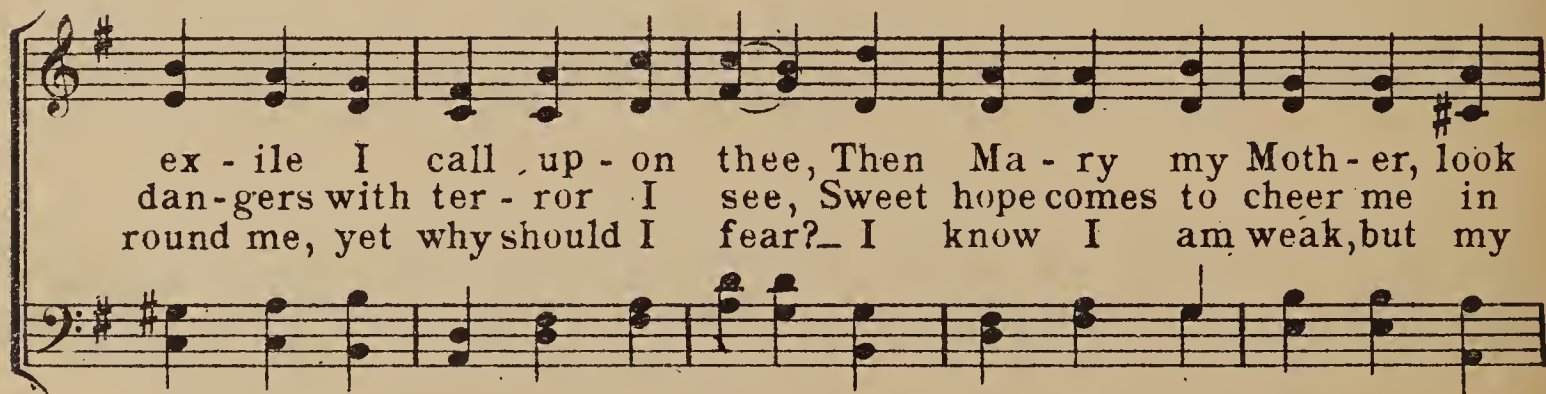
PHILIP BERNARD



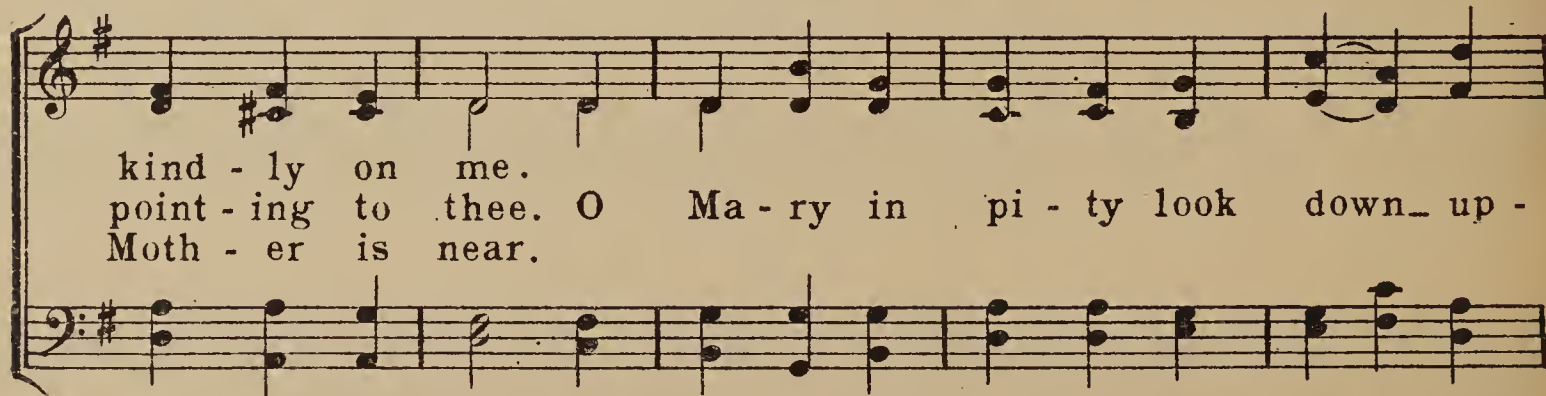
1. O Ma - ry my Moth - er most love - ly, most mild, Look
 2. If thou shouldst for - sake me, ah, where should I go? - My
 3. In sor - row, in dark - ness, be still at my side, My



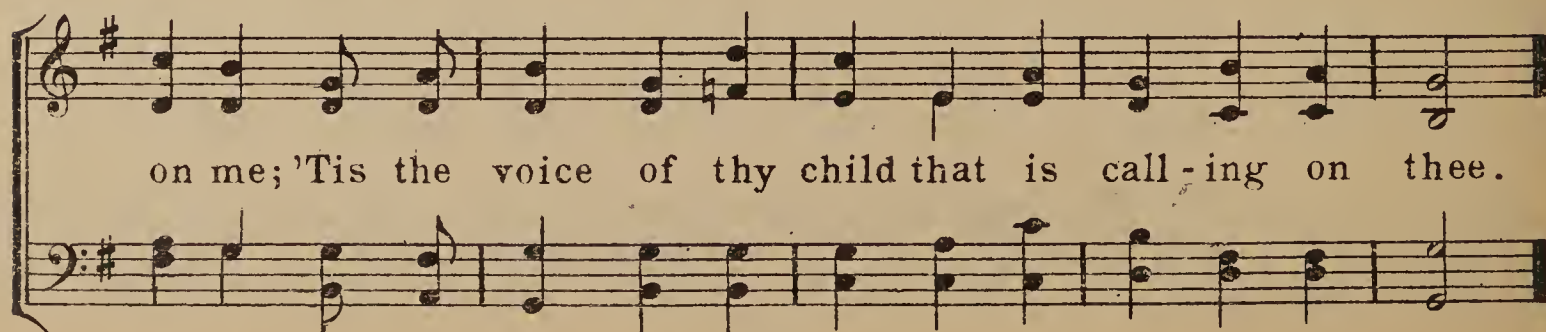
down up - on me, thy poor low - ly child; From the land of my
 com - fort and hope in this val - ley of woe; When the world and its
 light and my ré - fuge, my guard, and my guide, Though snares should sur -



ex - ile I call up - on thee, Then Ma - ry my Moth - er, look
 dan - gers with ter - ror I see, Sweet hope comes to cheer me in
 round me, yet why should I fear? - I know I am weak, but my



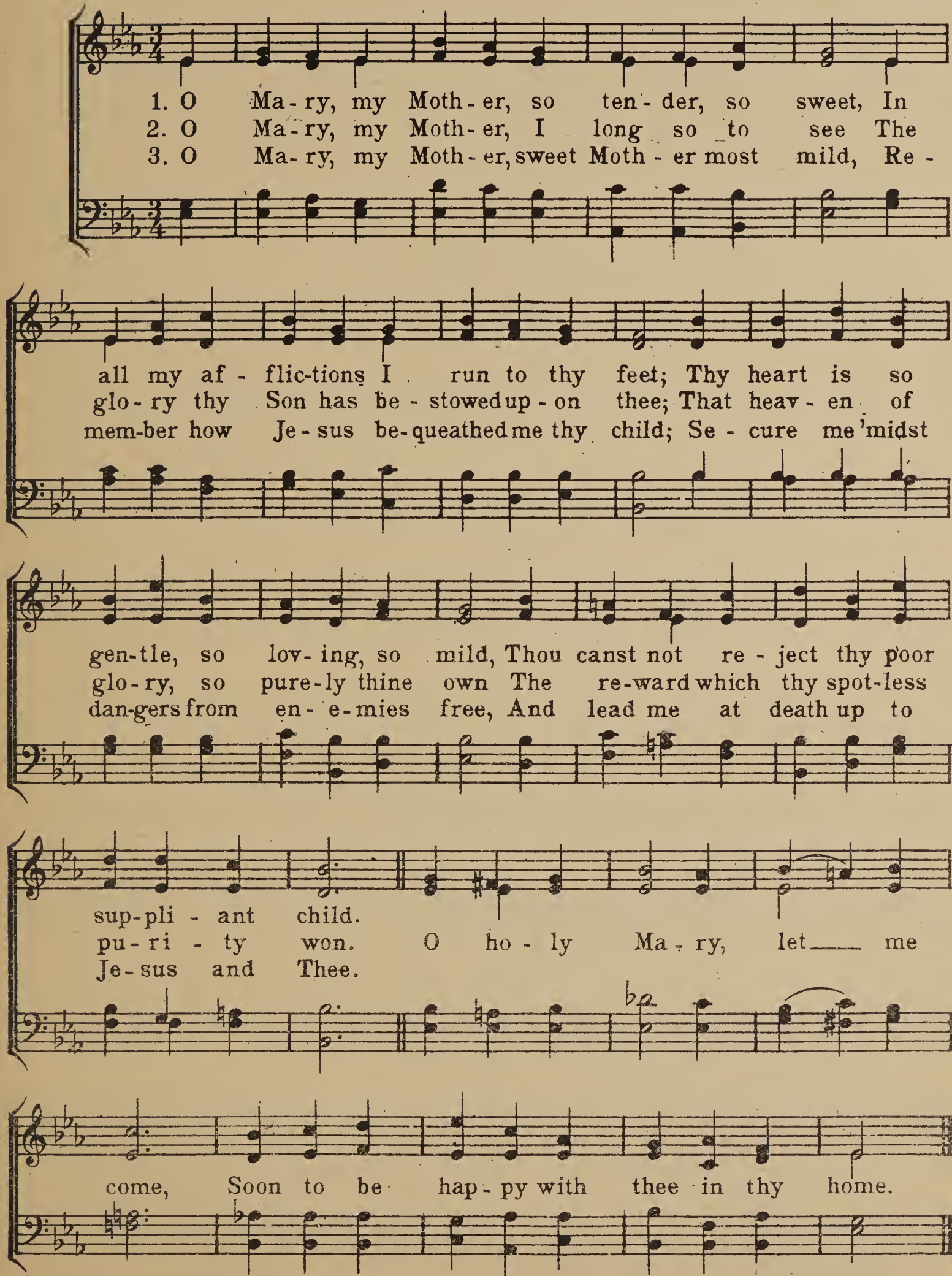
kind - ly on me.
 point - ing to thee. O Ma - ry in pi - ty look down - up -
 Moth - er is near.



on me; 'Tis the voice of thy child that is call - ing on thee.

O MARY, MY MOTHER, SO TENDER

CYRIL VALE



1. O Ma-ry, my Moth-er, so ten-der, so sweet, In
 2. O Ma-ry, my Moth-er, I long so to see The
 3. O Ma-ry, my Moth-er, sweet Moth-er most mild, Re -

all my af - flic-tions I run to thy feet; Thy heart is so
 glo-ry thy Son has be - stowed up - on thee; That heav - en of
 mem-ber how Je - sus be-queathed me thy child; Se - cure me 'midst

gen-tle, so lov-ing, so mild, Thou canst not re - ject thy poor
 glo-ry, so pure-ly thine own The re-ward which thy spot-less
 dan-gers from en - e-mies free, And lead me at death up to

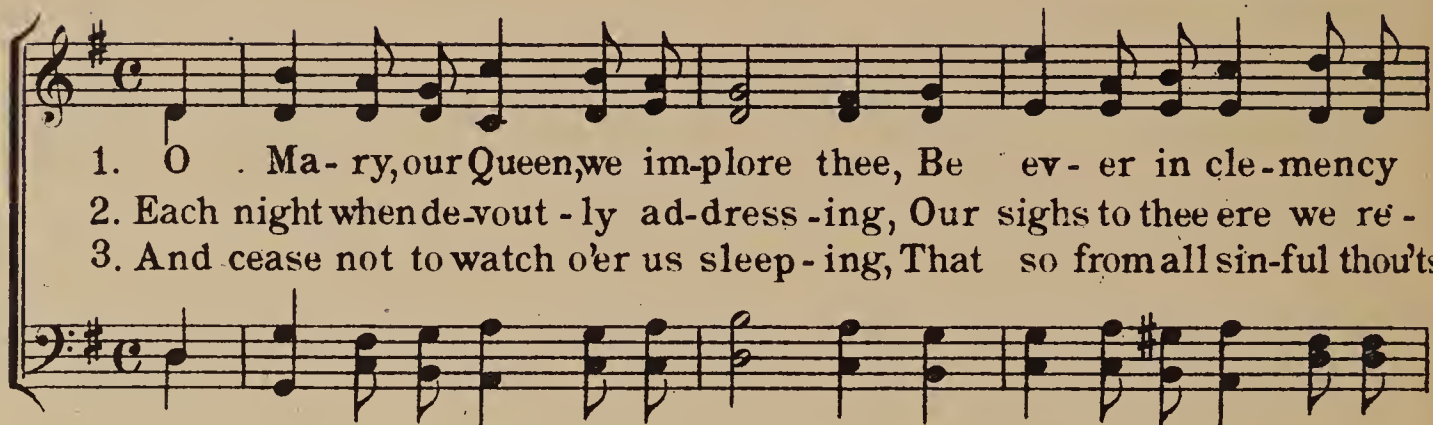
sup-pli - ant child.
 pu - ri - ty won. O ho - ly Ma - ry, let me
 Je - sus and Thee.

come, Soon to be hap - py with thee in thy home.

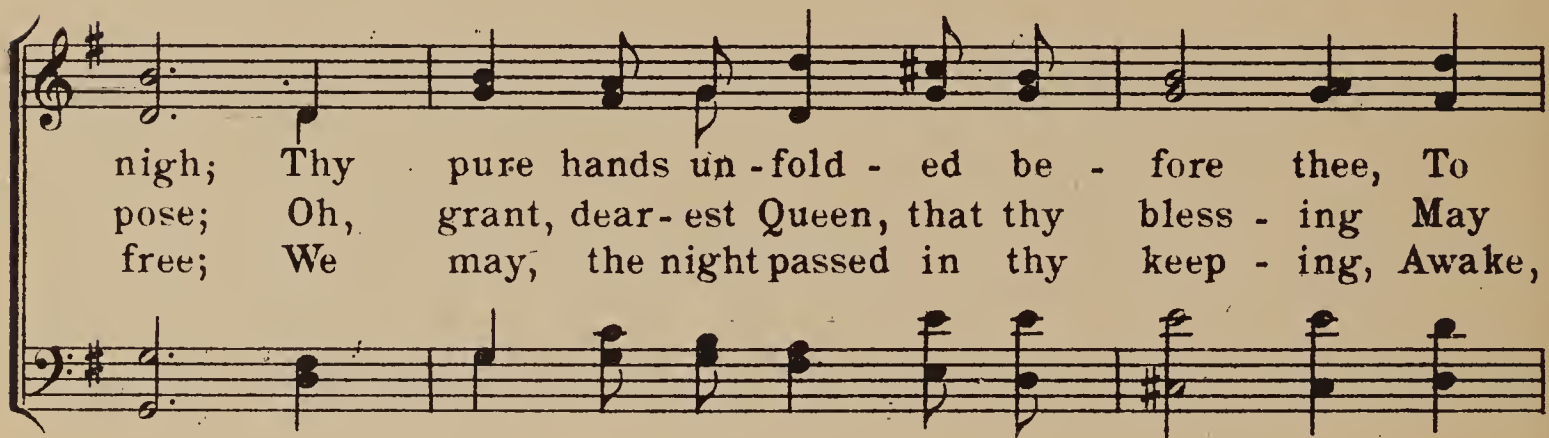
O MARY, OUR QUEEN

PHILIP BERNARD

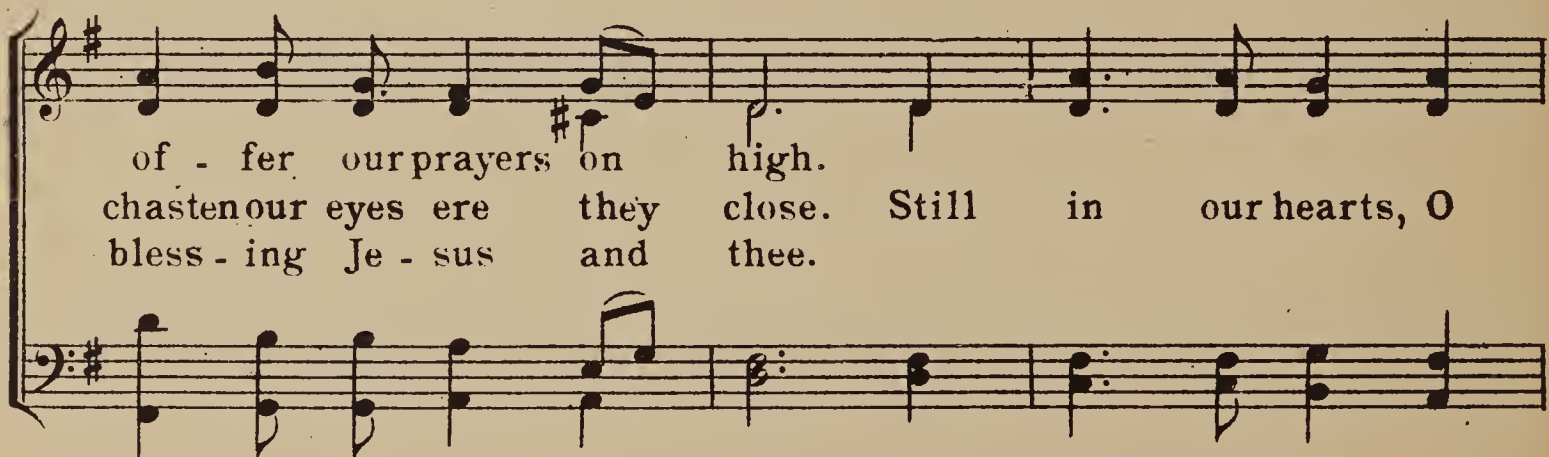
70



1. O Ma-ry, our Queen, we im-plore thee, Be ev-er in cle-mency
 2. Each night when de-vout-ly ad-dress-ing, Our sighs to thee ere we re-
 3. And cease not to watch o'er us sleep-ing, That so from all sin-ful thou'ts



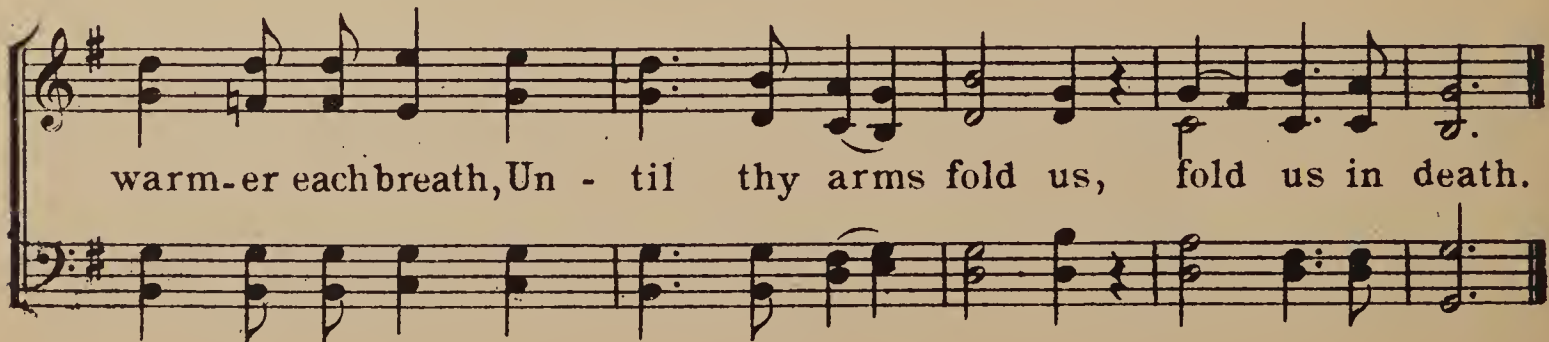
nigh; Thy pure hands un-fold-ed be-fore thee, To
 pose; Oh, grant, dear-est Queen, that thy bless-ing May
 free; We may, the night passed in thy keep-ing, Awake,



of-fer our prayers on high.
 chasten our eyes ere they close. Still in our hearts, O
 bless-ing Je-sus and thee.



Ma-ry, Cher-ish the love we bear thee; Oh, make it glow

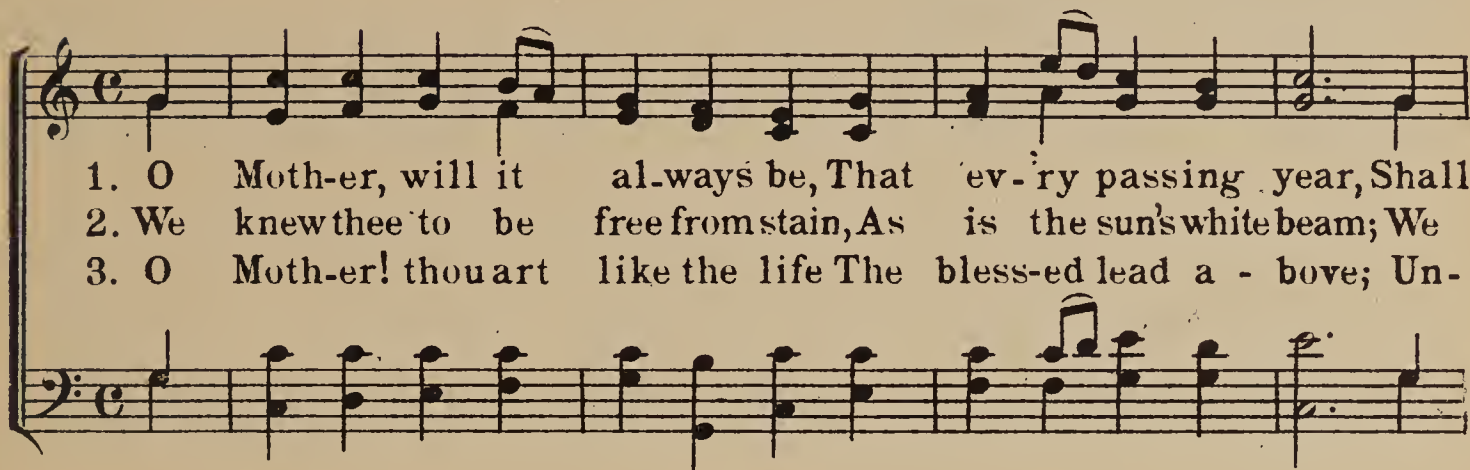


warm-er each breath, Un-til thy arms fold us, fold us in death.

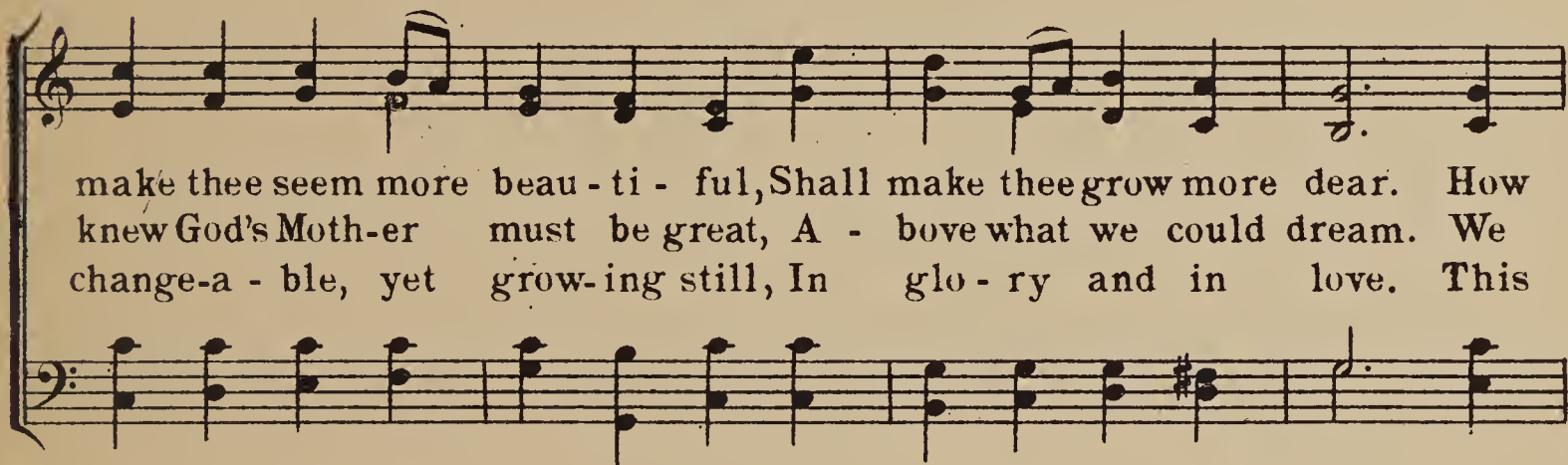
O MOTHER, WILL IT ALWAYS BE

71

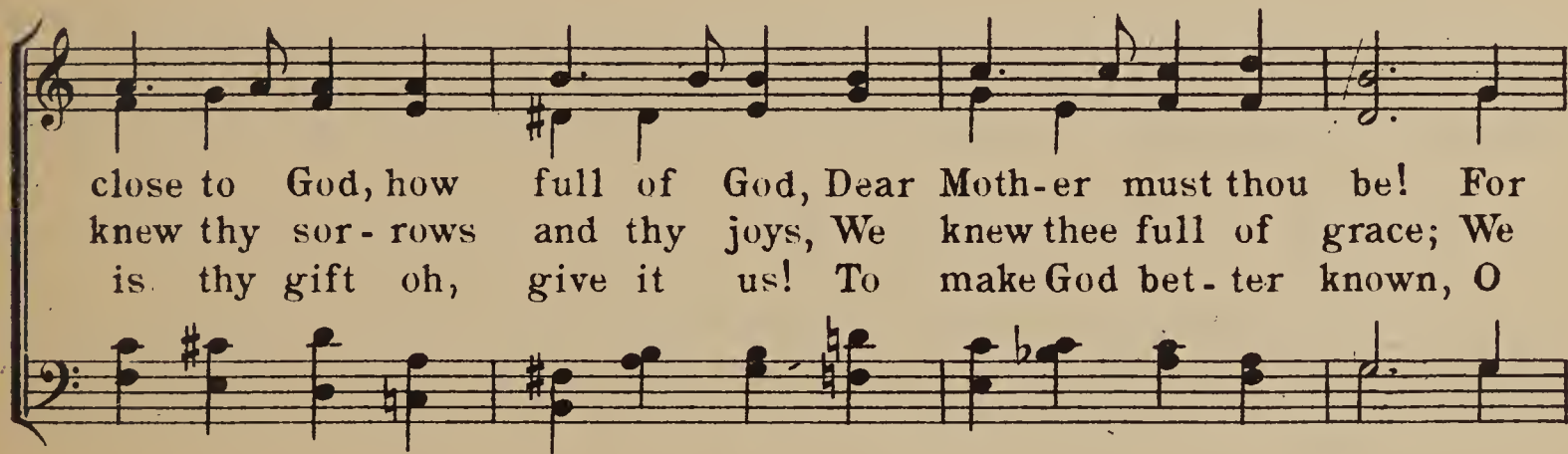
FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



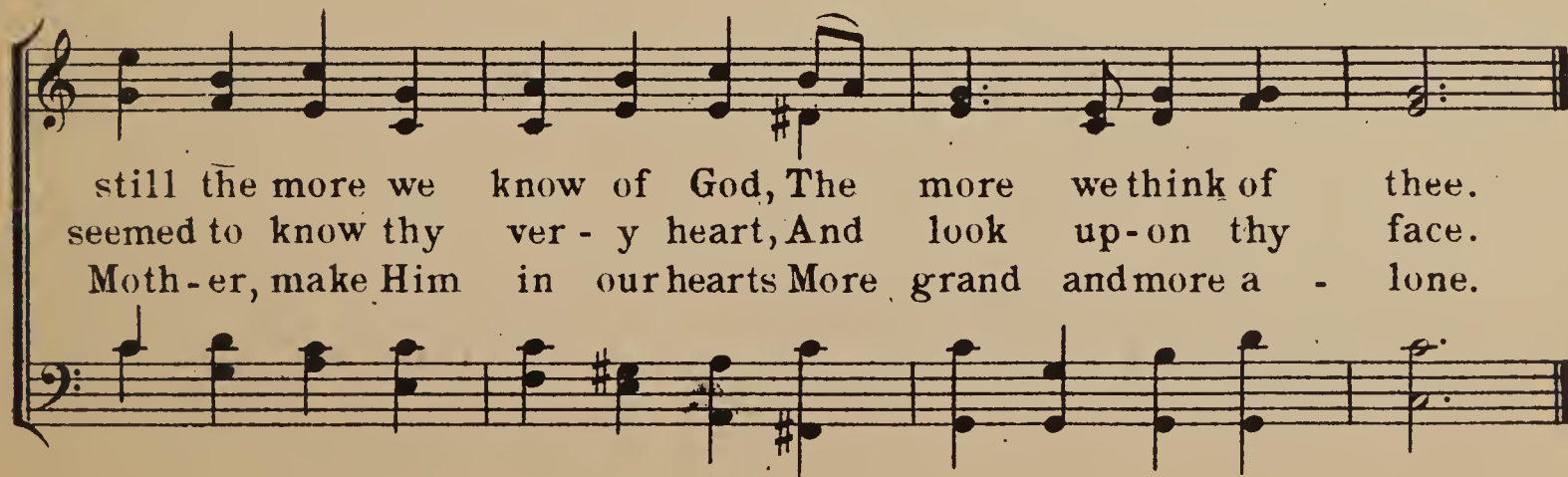
1. O Moth-er, will it al-ways be, That ev-ry passing year, Shall
 2. We knew thee to be free from stain, As is the sun's white beam; We
 3. O Moth-er! thou art like the life The bless-ed lead a - bove; Un-



make thee seem more beau - ti - ful, Shall make thee grow more dear. How
 knew God's Moth-er must be great, A - bove what we could dream. We
 change-a - ble, yet grow-ing still, In glo - ry and in love. This



close to God, how full of God, Dear Moth-er must thou be! For
 knew thy sor - rows and thy joys, We knew thee full of grace; We
 is thy gift oh, give it us! To make God bet - ter known, O

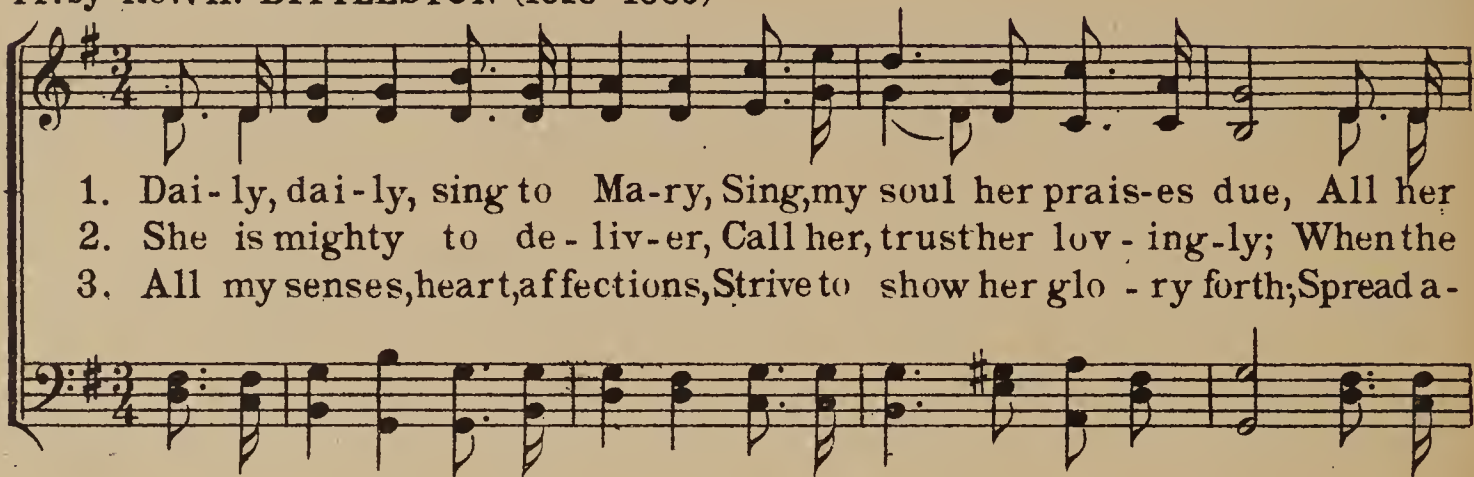


still the more we know of God, The more we think of thee.
 seemed to know thy ver - y heart, And look up-on thy face.
 Moth-er, make Him in our hearts More grand and more a - lone.

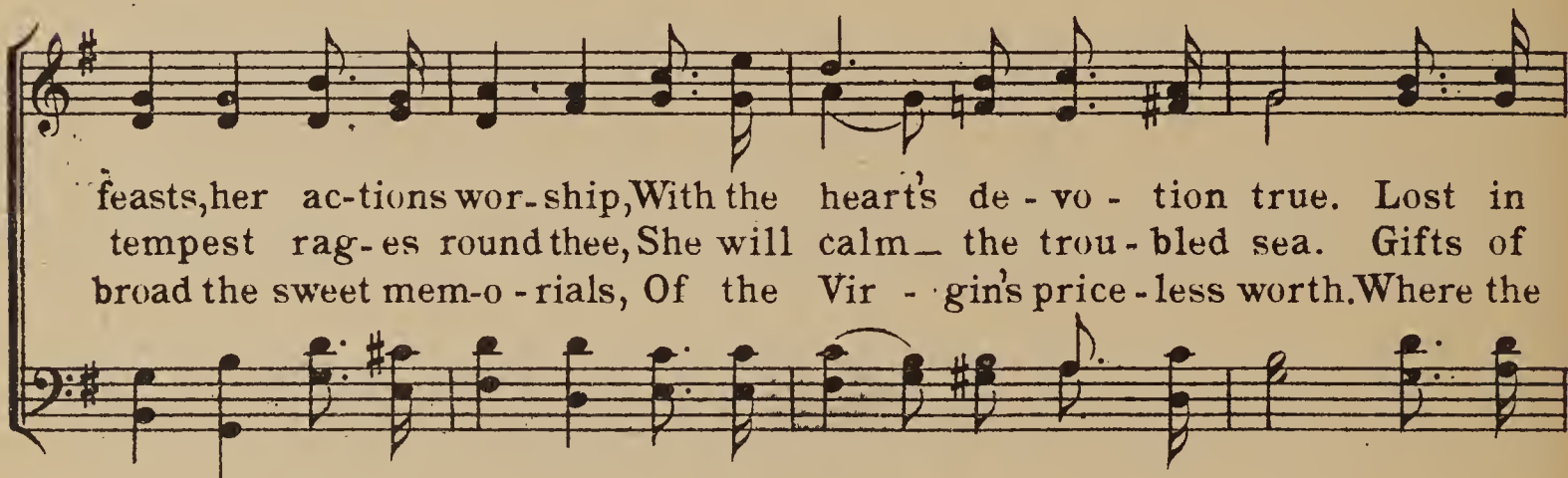
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

72 BERNARD of Cluny (1145)
Tr. by Rev. H. BITTLESTON (1818-1886)

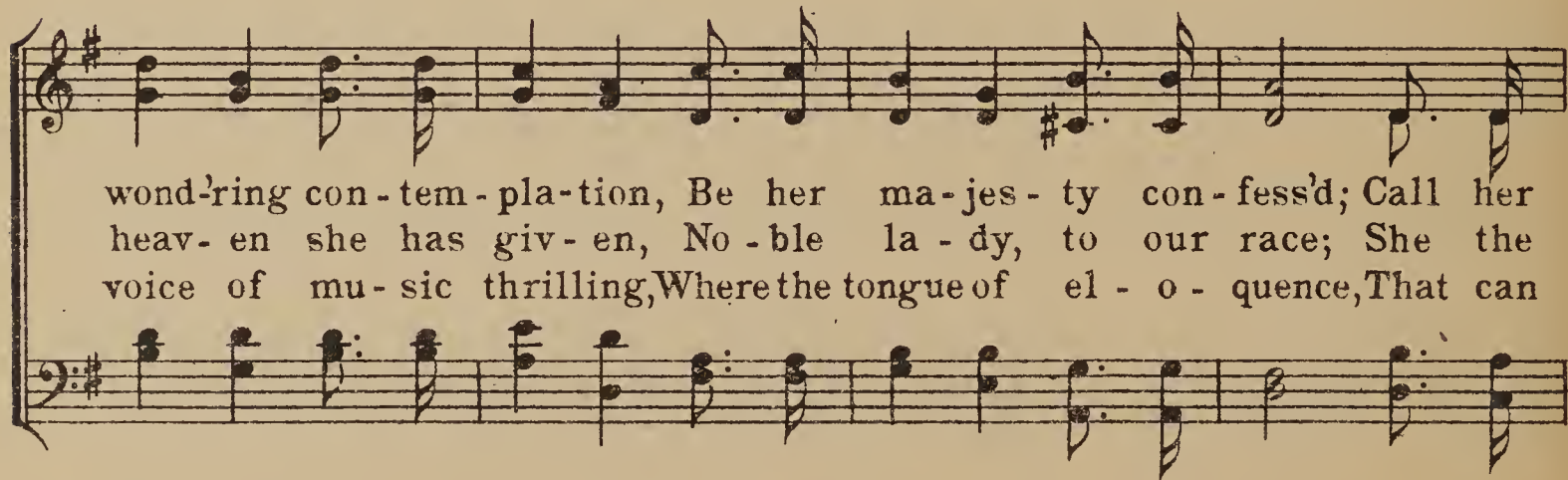
Traditional



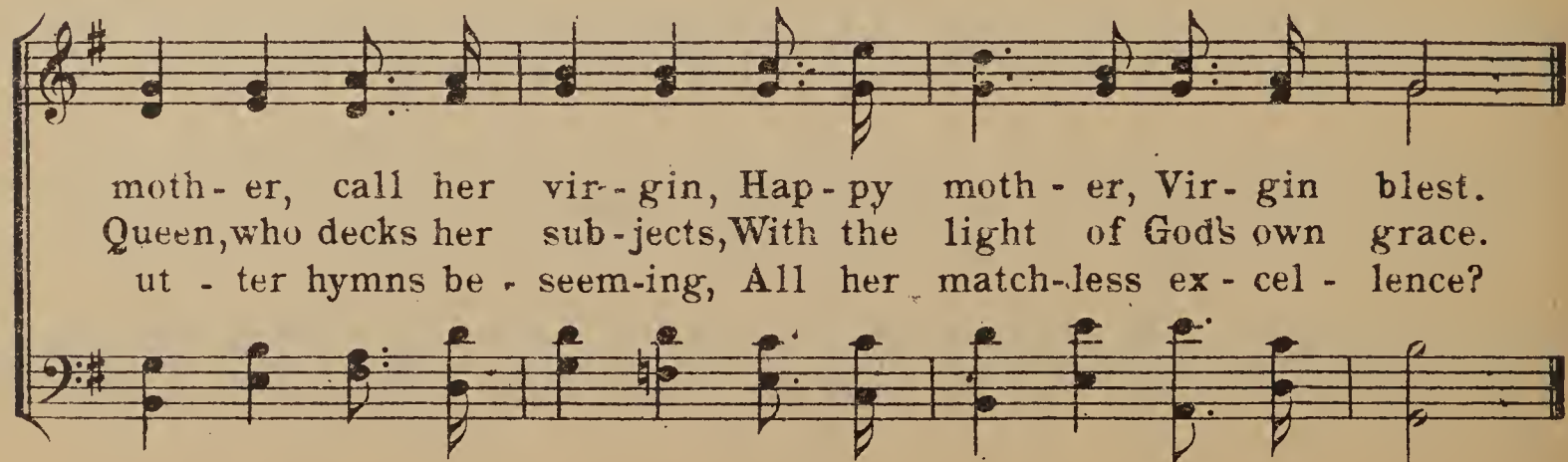
1. Dai-ly, dai-ly, sing to Ma-ry, Sing, my soul her prais-es due, All her
2. She is mighty to de-liv-er, Call her, trust her lov-ing-ly; When the
3. All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to show her glo-ry forth; Spread a-



feasts, her ac-tions wor-ship, With the heart's de-vo-tion true. Lost in
tempest rag-es round thee, She will calm the trou-bled sea. Gifts of
broad the sweet mem-o-rials, Of the Vir-gin's price-less worth. Where the



wond-ring con-tem-pla-tion, Be her ma-jes-ty con-fess'd; Call her
heav-en she has giv-en, No-ble la-dy, to our race; She the
voice of mu-sic thrilling, Where the tongue of el-o-quence, That can



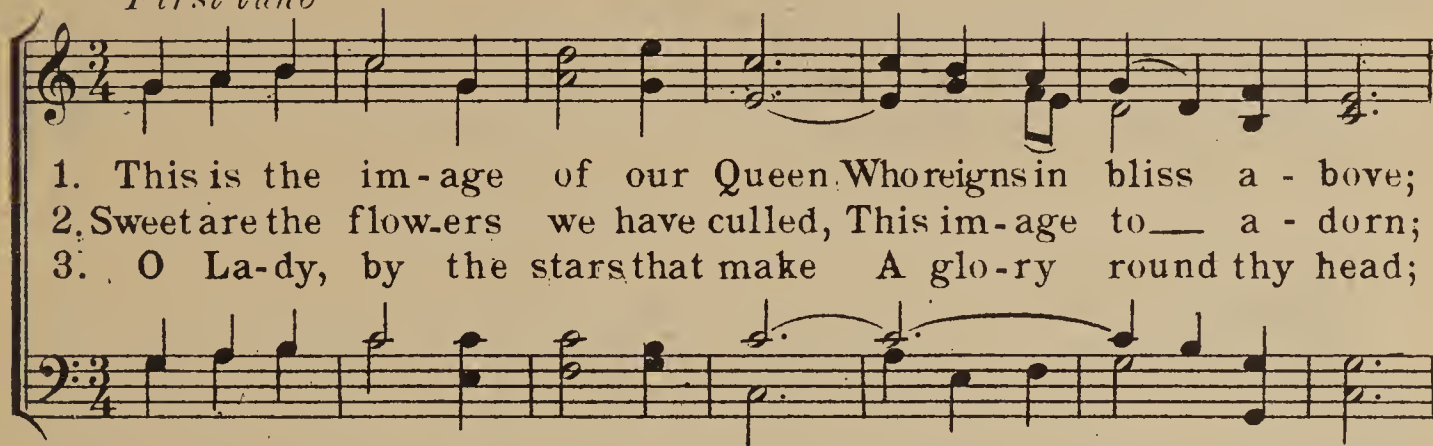
moth-er, call her vir-gin, Hap-py moth-er, Vir-gin blest.
Queen, who decks her sub-jects, With the light of God's own grace.
ut-ter hymns be-seem-ing, All her match-less ex-cel-lence?

THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN

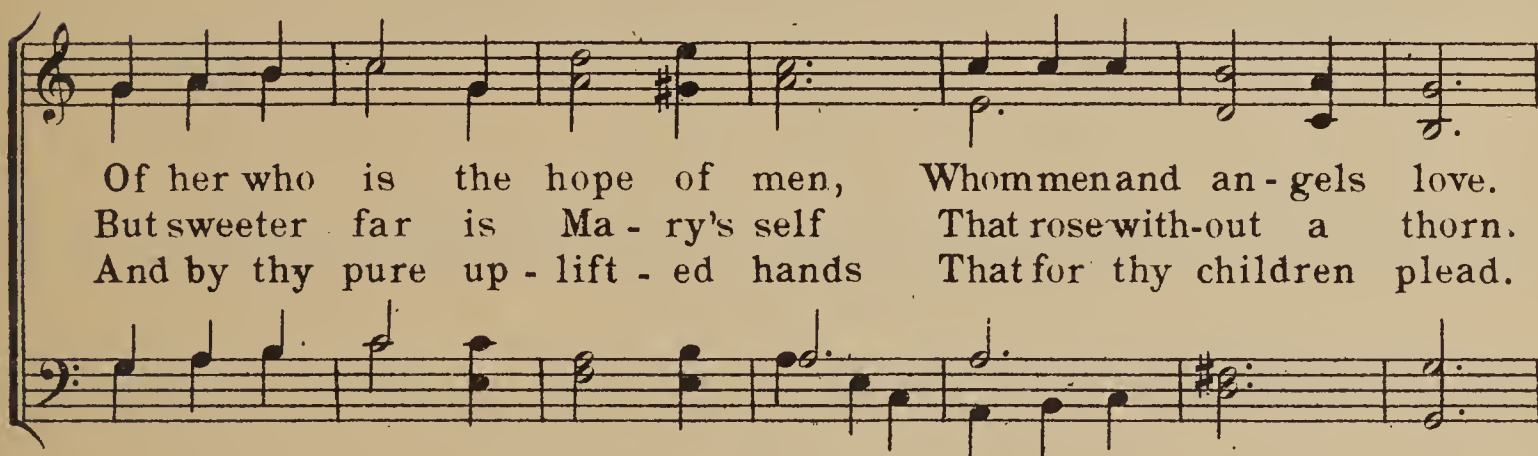
73 Rev. E. CASWALL

Traditional

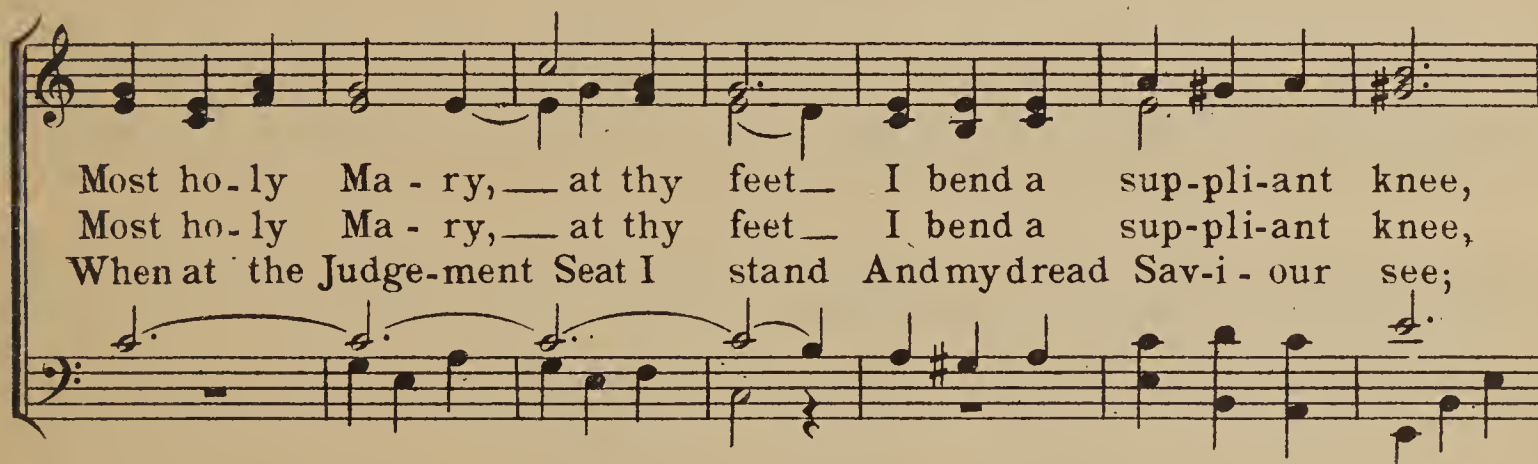
First tune



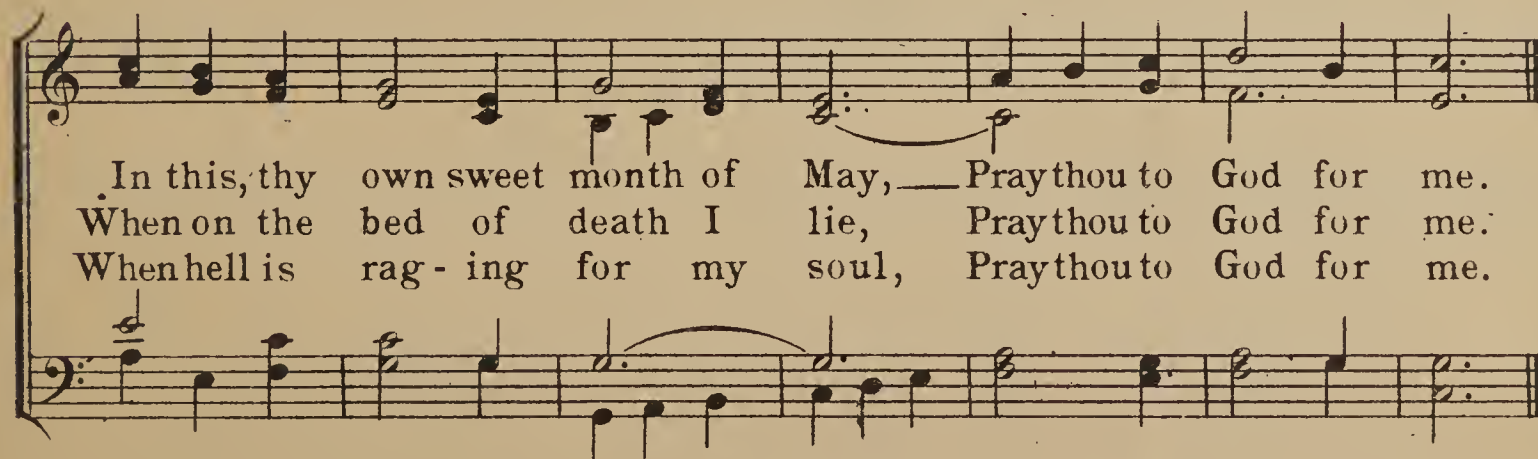
1. This is the im-age of our Queen Who reigns in bliss a - bove;
 2. Sweet are the flow-ers we have culled, This im-age to — a - dorn;
 3. O La-dy, by the stars that make A glo-ry round thy head;



Of her who is the hope of men, Whom men and an-gels love.
 But sweeter far is Ma-ry's self That rose with-out a thorn.
 And by thy pure up - lift - ed hands That for thy children plead.



Most ho-ly Ma-ry, — at thy feet — I bend a sup-pli-ant knee,
 Most ho-ly Ma-ry, — at thy feet — I bend a sup-pli-ant knee,
 When at the Judge-ment Seat I stand And my dread Sav-i - our see;



In this, thy own sweet month of May, — Pray thou to God for me.
 When on the bed of death I lie, Pray thou to God for me.
 When hell is rag-ing for my soul, Pray thou to God for me.

74

THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN

Rev. E. CASWALL

Second tune

J. F. BARNETT

1. *f* This is the im-age of our Queen Who reigns in bliss a -
2. *mf* Sweet are the flow-ers we have culled This im-age to a -
3. *mf* O La-dy, by the stars that make A glo-ry round thy

bove, — Of her who is the hope of men, Whom
dorn, — But sweet-er far is Ma-ry's self, That
head, — And by thy pure up - lift - ed hands That

men and an - gels love. — *p* Most ho - ly Ma - ry,
rose with - out a thorn. — *p* Most ho - ly Ma - ry,
for thy chil - dren plead, — *p* When at the Judg - ment

at thy feet I bend a sup-pliant knee; — In
at thy feet I bend a sup-pliant knee; — When
seat I stand, And my dread Sa-viour see, — When

this thine own sweet month of May, Pray thou to God — for me.
on the bed of death I lie, Pray thou to God — for me.
hell is rag-ing for my soul, Pray thou to God — for me.

SWEET MOTHER, TURN THOSE GENTLE EYES

75

First tune

FRANK N. BIRTCNELL

Not too slow

mp

1. Sweet Moth - er! turn those gen - tle eyes Of
 2. Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid, May
 3. And when my last ex - pir - ing sigh, My

pit - y down on me; Oh! hear thy
 I still look on thee, Who bore the
 soul from earth shall free, Do thou, bright

cresc.

sup-pliant's tear - ful cries, My hum - ble pray'r do
 Price our ran - som paid, And ne'er the sup-pliant's
 Queen of Saints, stand nigh, And bear it up to

f

not de - spise, Star of the path - less
 cry hath staid, Star of the az - ure
 God on high, Star of the bound - less

dim. *pp*

sea! Star of the path - less sea.
 sea! Star of the az - ure sea.
 sea! Star of the bound - less sea.

76

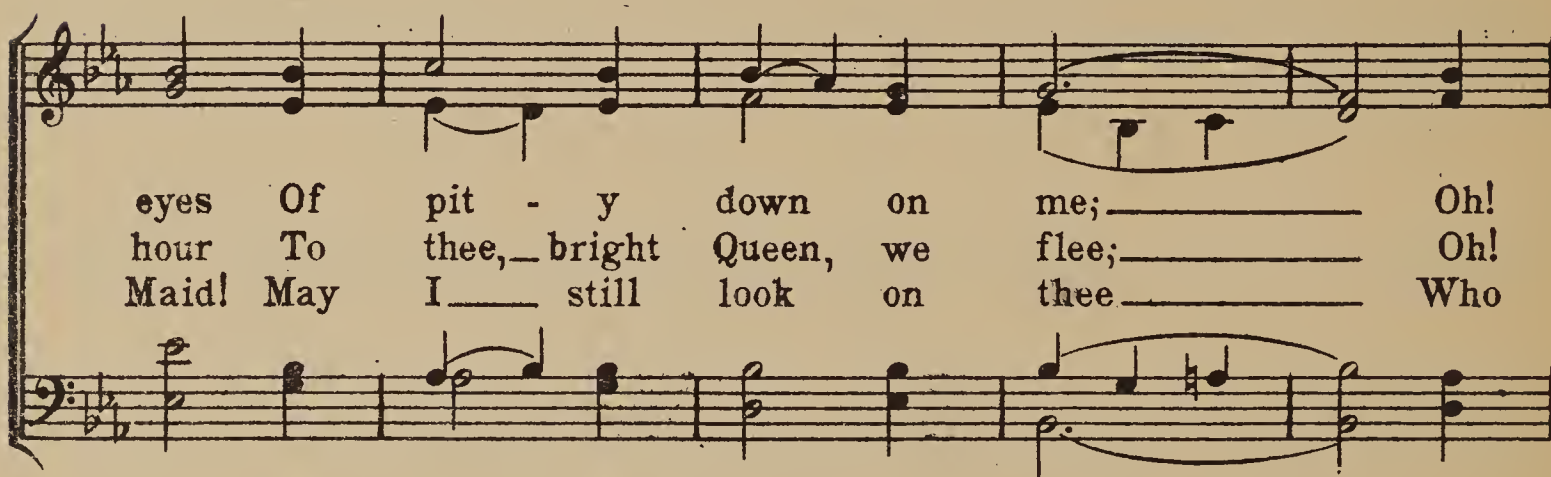
SWEET MOTHER, TURN THOSE GENTLE EYES

J. RICHARDSON

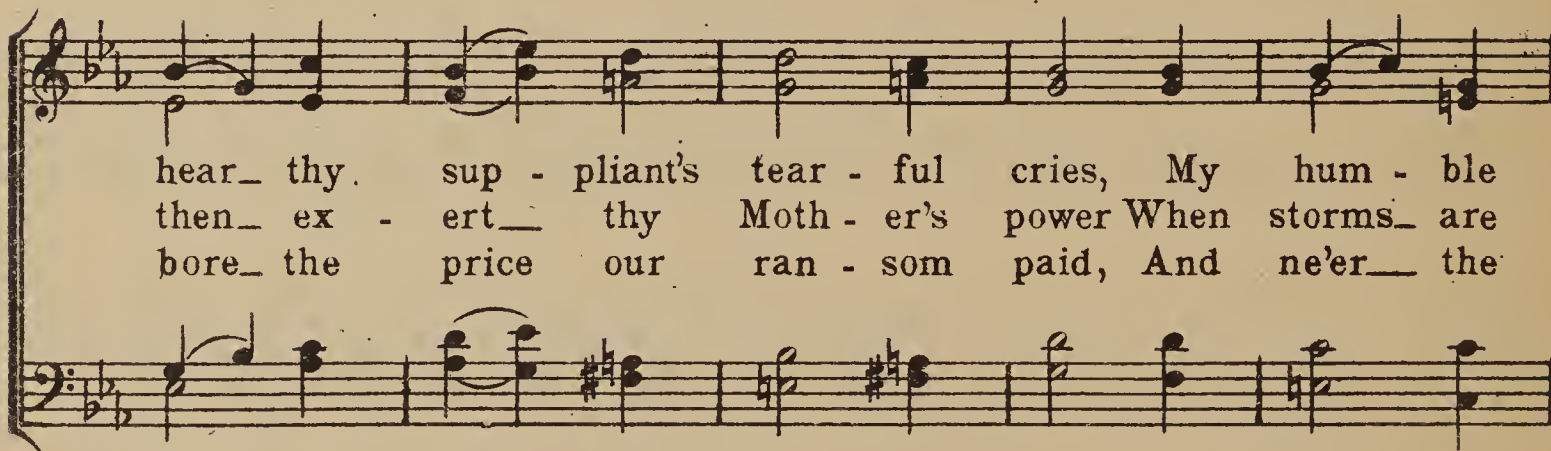
Second tune



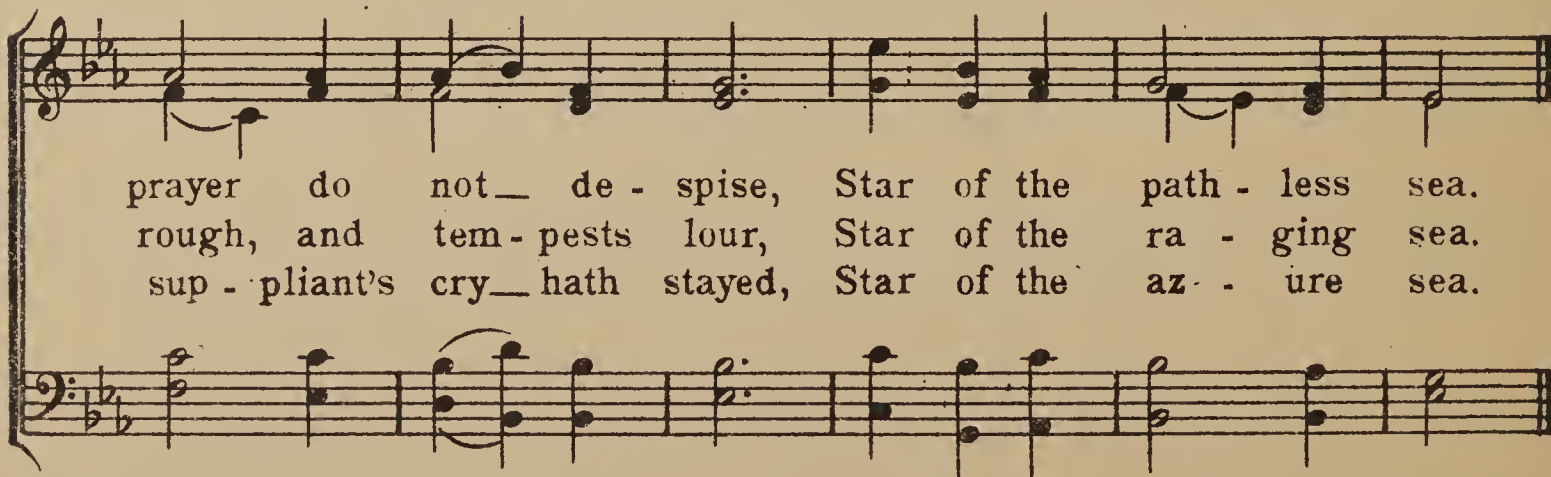
1. *p* Sweet Moth - er, turn__ those gen - tle
 2. In dark__ temp - ta - tions drear - y
 3. Through all__ my joys__ and cares, sweet



eyes Of pit - y down on me; _____ Oh!
 hour To thee, bright Queen, we flee; _____ Oh!
 Maid! May I still look on thee _____ Who



hear thy sup - pliant's tear - ful cries, My hum - ble
 then ex - ert thy Moth - er's power When storms are
 bore the price our ran - som paid, And ne'er the

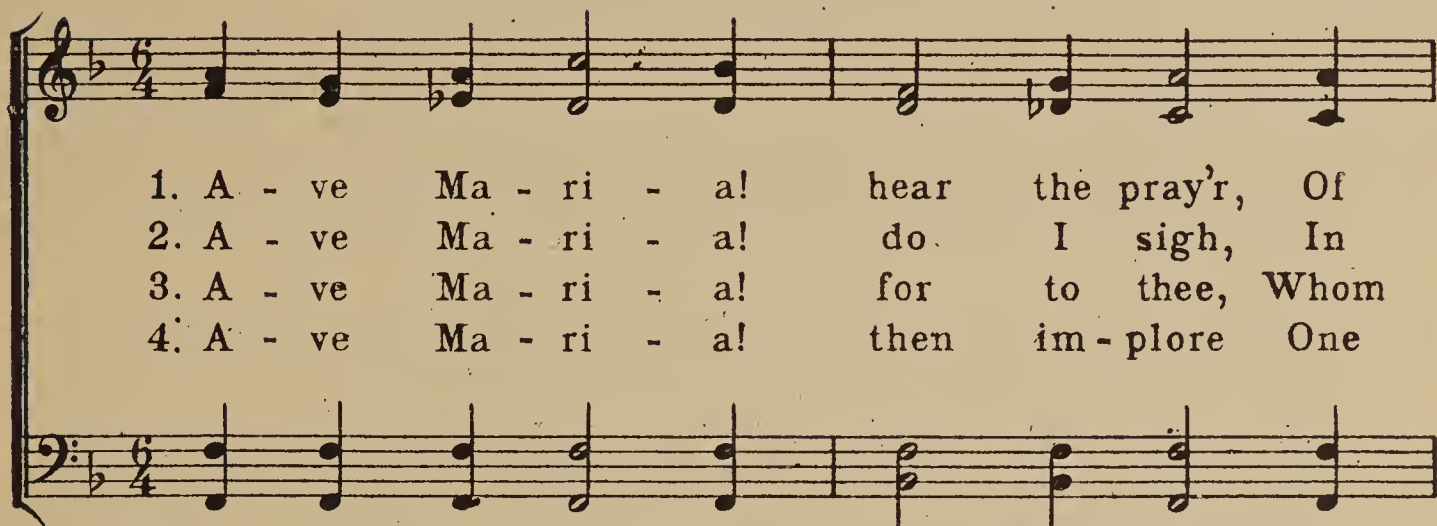


prayer do not de - spise, Star of the path - less sea.
 rough, and tem - pests lour, Star of the ra - ging sea.
 sup - pliant's cry hath stayed, Star of the az - ure sea.

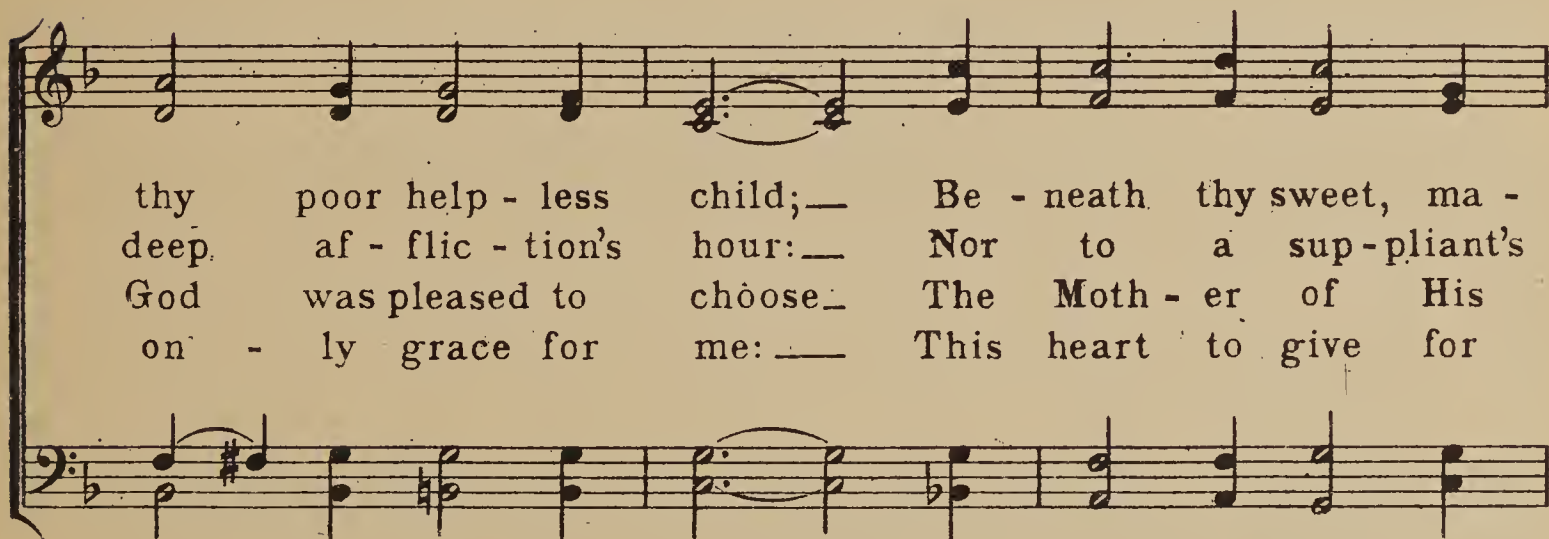
AVE MARIA! HEAR THE PRAYER

77

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL



1. A - ve Ma - ri - a! hear the pray'r, Of
 2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! do I sigh, In
 3. A - ve Ma - ri - a! for to thee, Whom
 4. A - ve Ma - ri - a! then im - plore One



thy poor help - less child;— Be - neath thy sweet, ma -
 deep af - flic - tion's hour:— Nor to a sup - pliant's
 God was pleased to chòose— The Moth - er of His
 on - ly grace for me:— This heart to give for



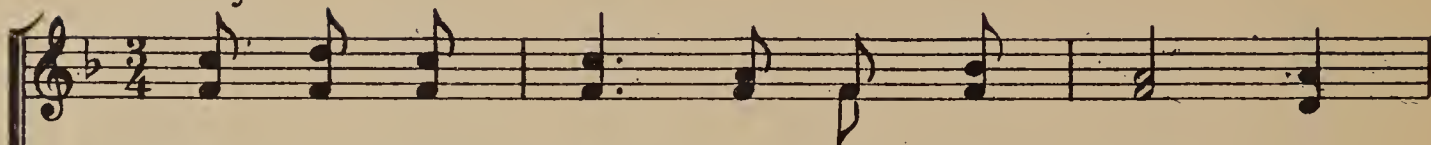
ter - nal care; Pré - serve me un - de - filed.—
 heart de - ny,— Thy me - di - a - tive pow'r.—
 Son to be,— No pray'r can He re - fuse.—
 ev - er - more, To God— a - lone and thee.—

ROSE OF THE CROSS

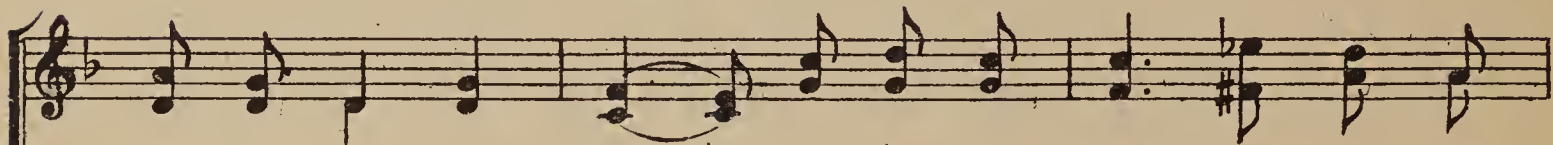
78

VICTOR PASTORE

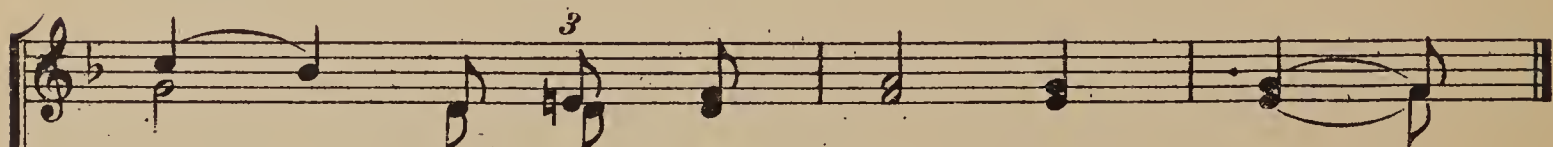
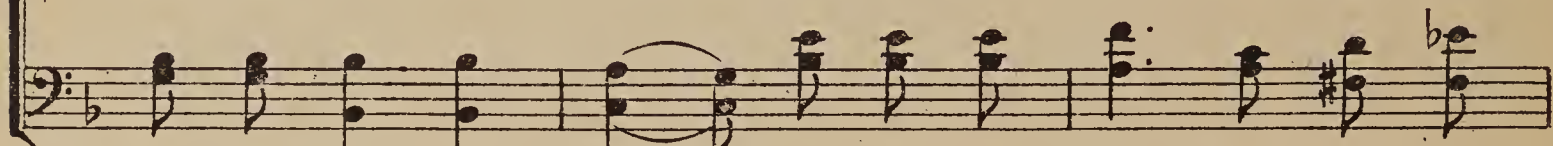
Slowly



1. Rose of the - Cross! thou Mys - tic Flow'r I
2. Let me but stand where thou hast stood Be -
3. There let me wash my sin - ful soul And



lift my heart to thee, — In ev - 'ry mel - an - cho - ly
side the crim - son tree, — And by the Wa - ter and the
be from sin set free, — Drawn by thy love, by grace made



hour, — Ma - ry, re - mem - ber me! —
Blood, — Ma - ry, re - mem - ber me! —
whole, — Ma - ry, re - mem - ber me! —



79

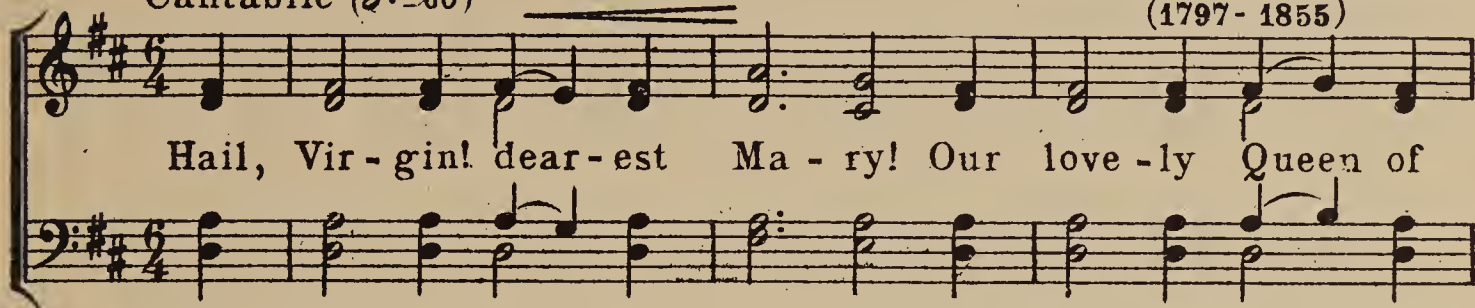
HAIL VIRGIN! DEAREST MARY

First tune

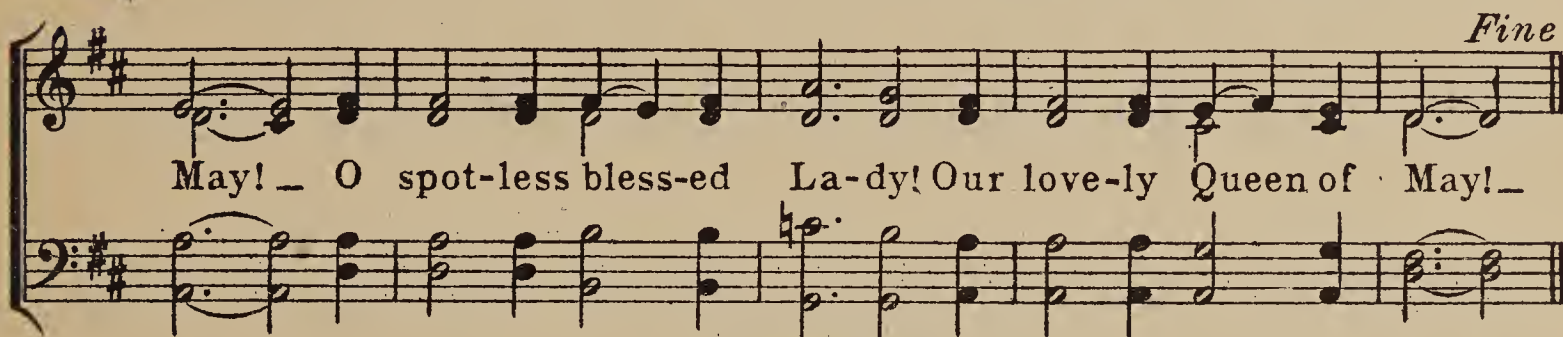
Cantabile (♩.=60)

Fr. LAMBILLOTTE S.J.

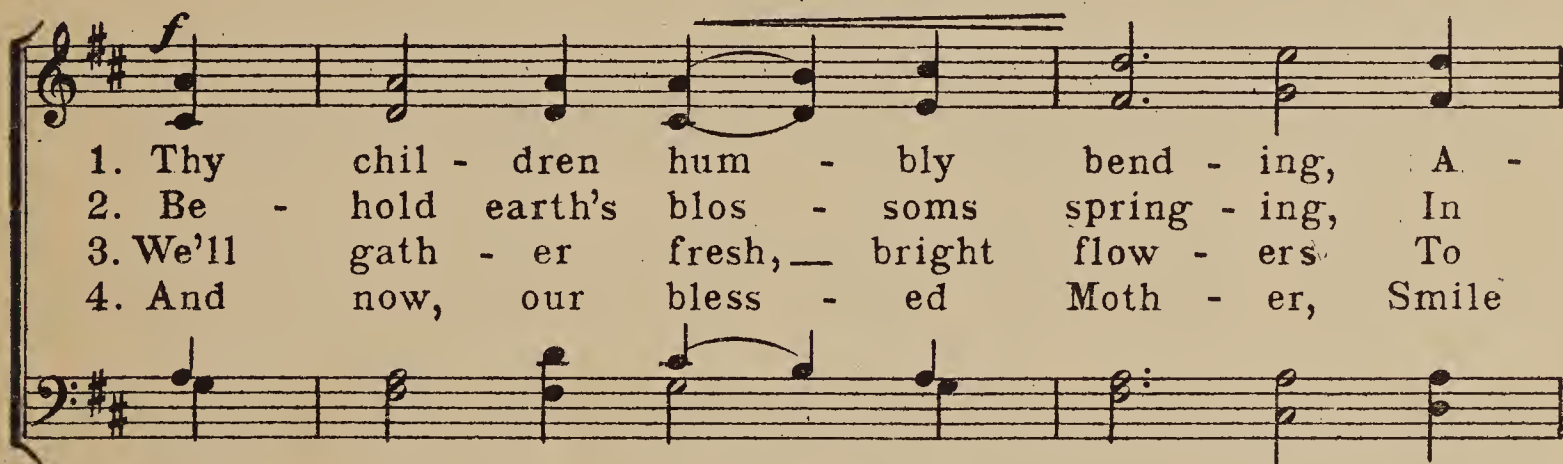
(1797-1855)



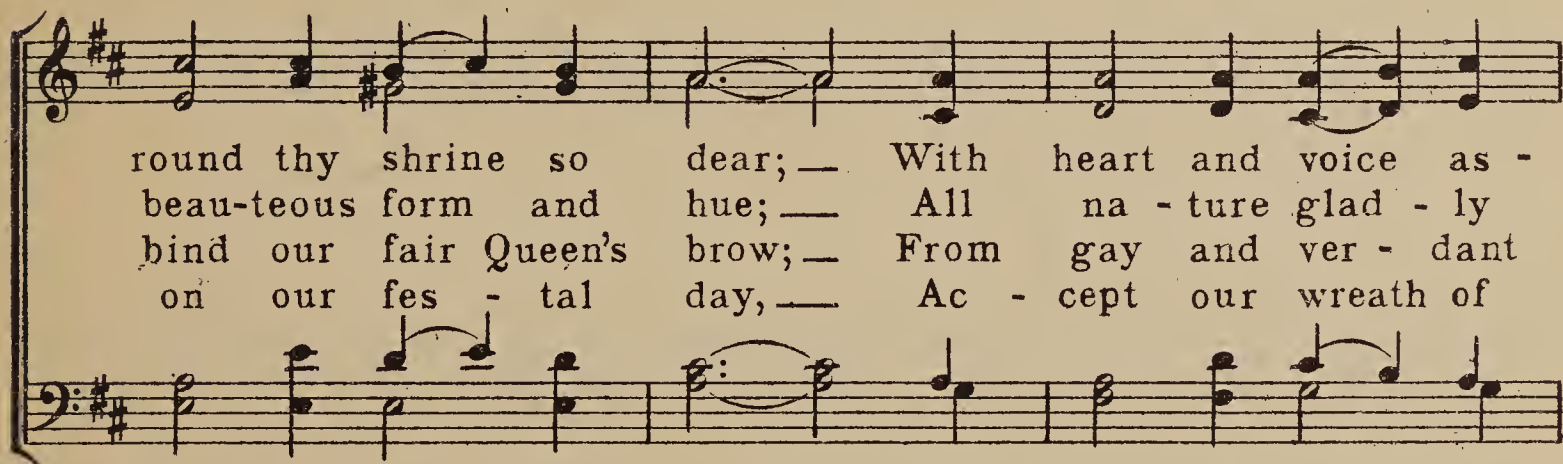
Hail, Vir - gin! dear - est Ma - ry! Our love - ly Queen of



May! — O spot - less bless - ed La - dy! Our love - ly Queen of May! —



1. Thy chil - dren hum - bly bend - ing, A -
2. Be - hold earth's blos - soms spring - ing, In
3. We'll gath - er fresh, — bright flow - ers To
4. And now, our bless - ed Moth - er, Smile



round thy shrine so dear; — With heart and voice as -
beau-teous form and hue; — All na - ture glad - ly
bind our fair Queen's brow; — From gay and ver - dant
on our fes - tal day, — Ac - cept our wreath of



pend - ing, Sweet Ma - ry hear our pray'r. —
bring - ing Her sweet - est charms to you. —
bow - ers We haste to crown Thee now. —
flow - ers, And be our Queen of May. —

80

HAIL VIRGIN! DEAREST MARY

E. BENNETT

Second tune

Hail Vir - gin! dear - est Ma - ry! Our love - ly Queen of —

May! — O spot - less Bless - ed La - dy! Our love - ly Queen of May! *Fine*

1. Thy chil - dren hum - bly bend - ing, A -
 2. We'll gath - er fresh bright flow - ers, To
 3. And now, our bless - ed moth - er! Smile

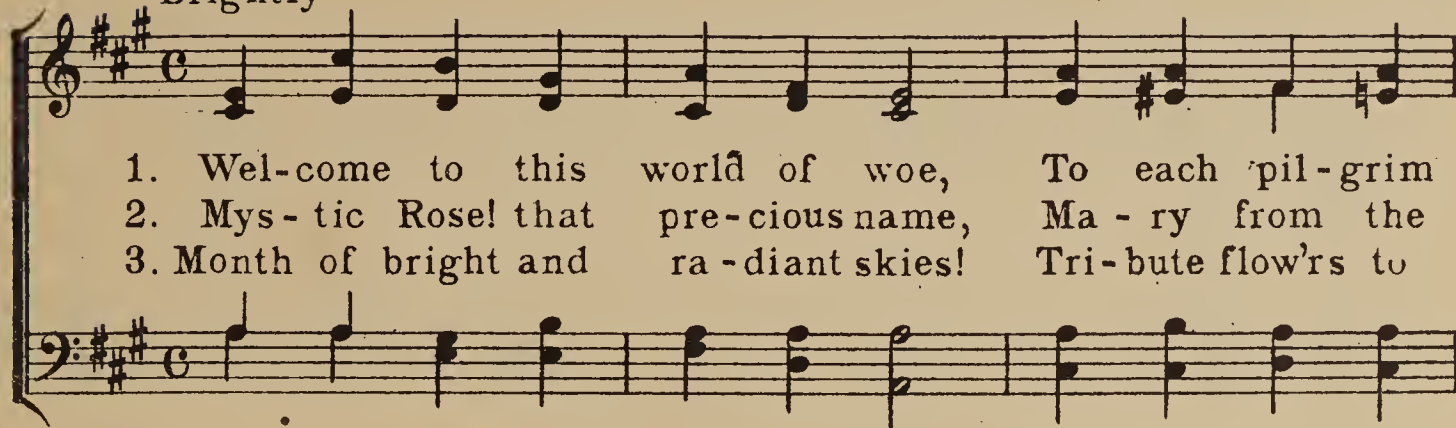
round thy shrine so dear, With heart and — voice as -
 bind our fair — Queen's brow; From gay and — ver - dant
 on our fes - - tal day; Ac - cept our — wreath of

D.C.
 cend - ing, Sweet Ma - ry, — hear our pray'r!
 bow - ers, We haste to — crown thee now.
 flow - ers, And be our — Queen of May.

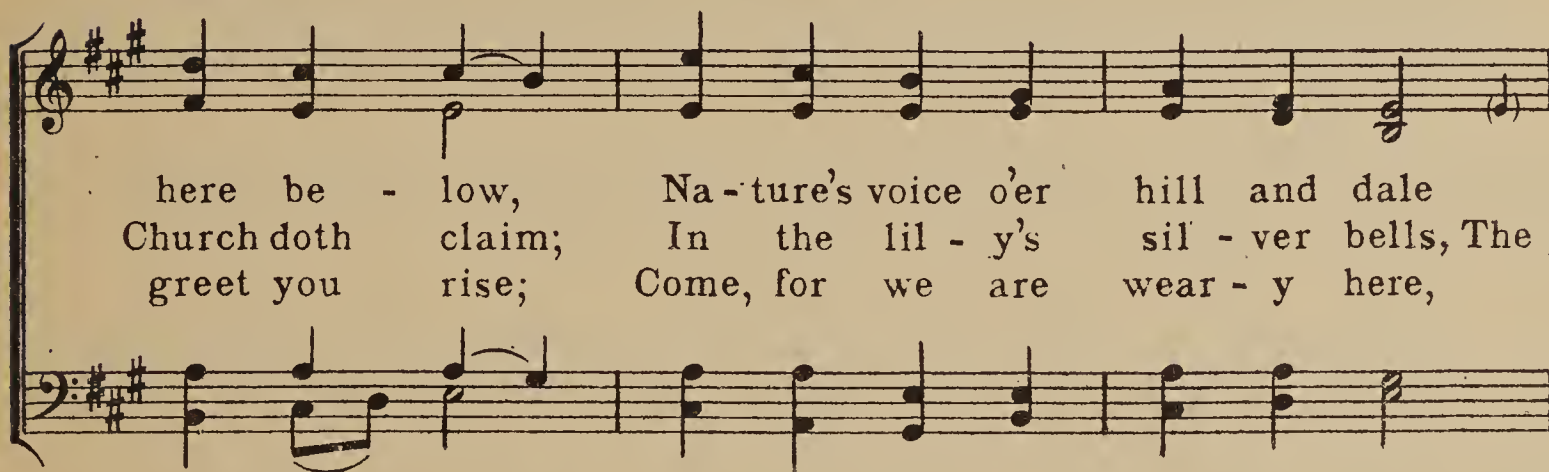
WELCOME MONTH OF MARY

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL

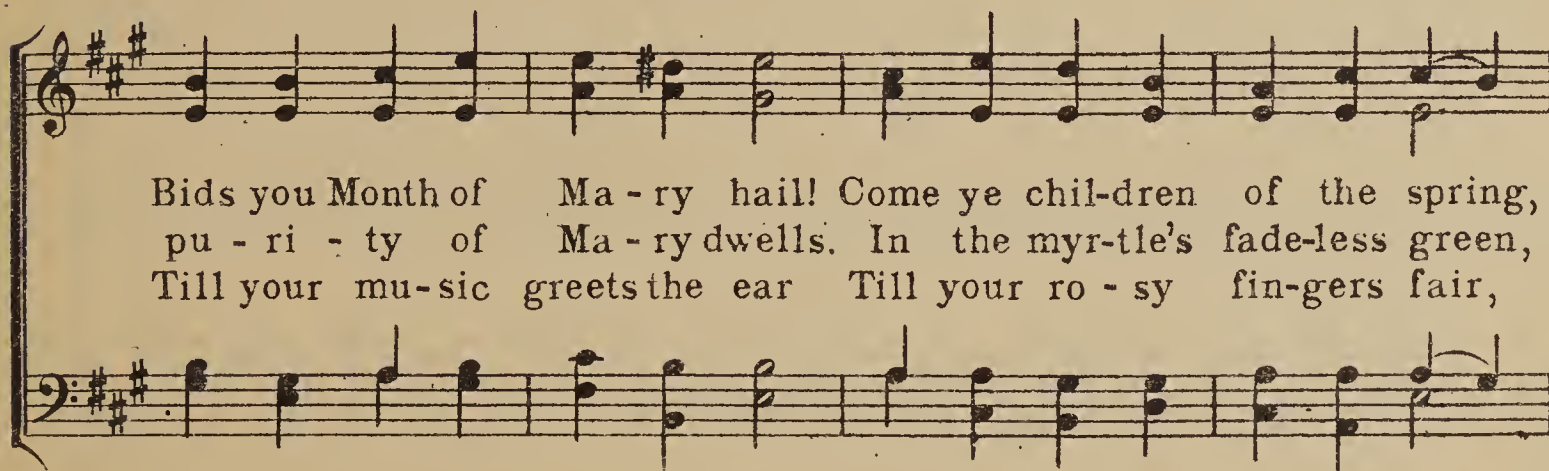
Brightly



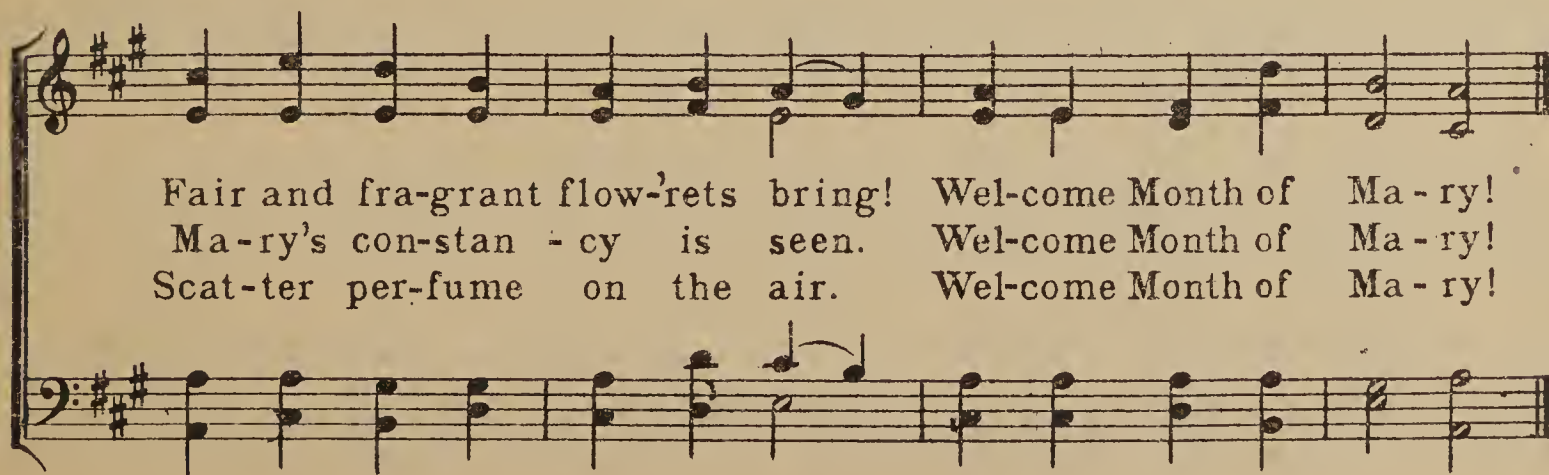
1. Wel-come to this world of woe, To each pil-grim
 2. Mys-tic Rose! that pre-cious name, Ma-ry from the
 3. Month of bright and ra-diant skies! Tri-bute flow'rs to



here be - low, Na-ture's voice o'er hill and dale
 Church doth claim; In the lil - y's sil - ver bells, The
 greet you rise; Come, for we are wear - y here,



Bids you Month of Ma-ry hail! Come ye chil-dren of the spring,
 pu - ri - ty of Ma-ry dwells. In the myr-tle's fade-less green,
 Till your mu-sic greets the ear Till your ro - sy fin-gers fair,

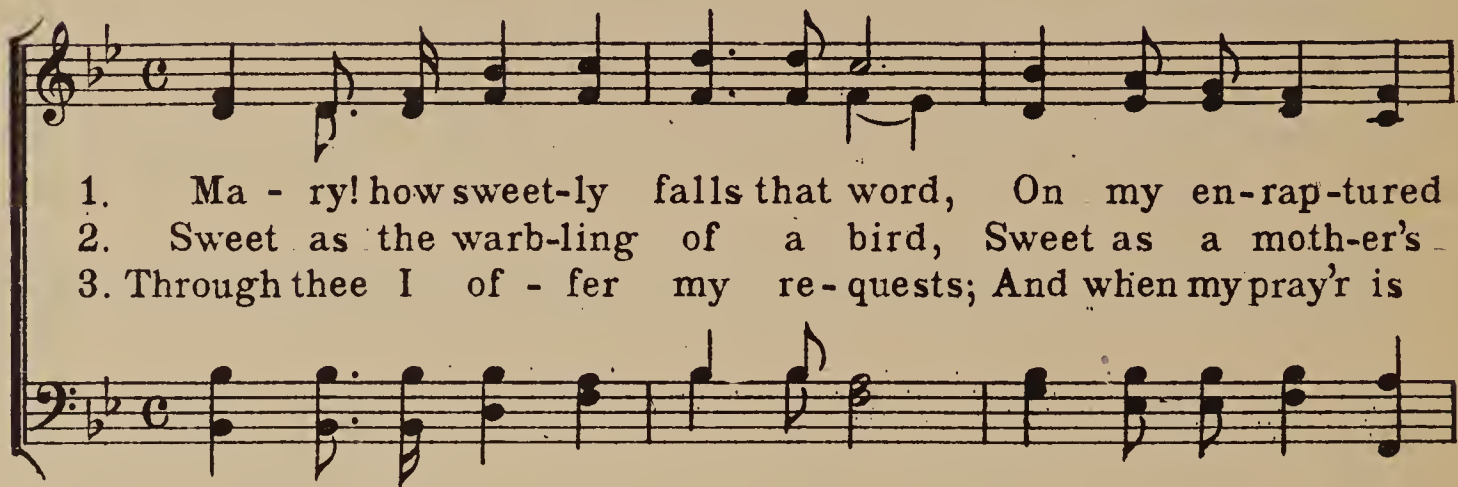


Fair and fra-grant flow'-rets bring! Wel-come Month of Ma-ry!
 Ma-ry's con-stant - cy is seen. Wel-come Month of Ma-ry!
 Scat-ter per-fume on the air. Wel-come Month of Ma-ry!

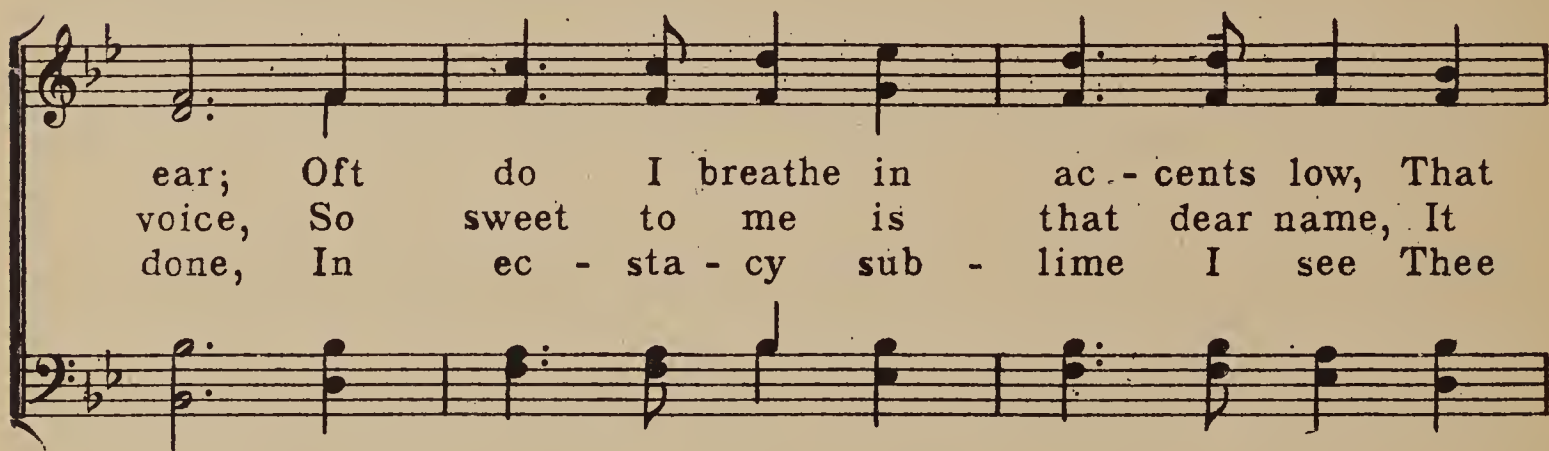
MARY! HOW SWEETLY FALLS THAT WORD

82

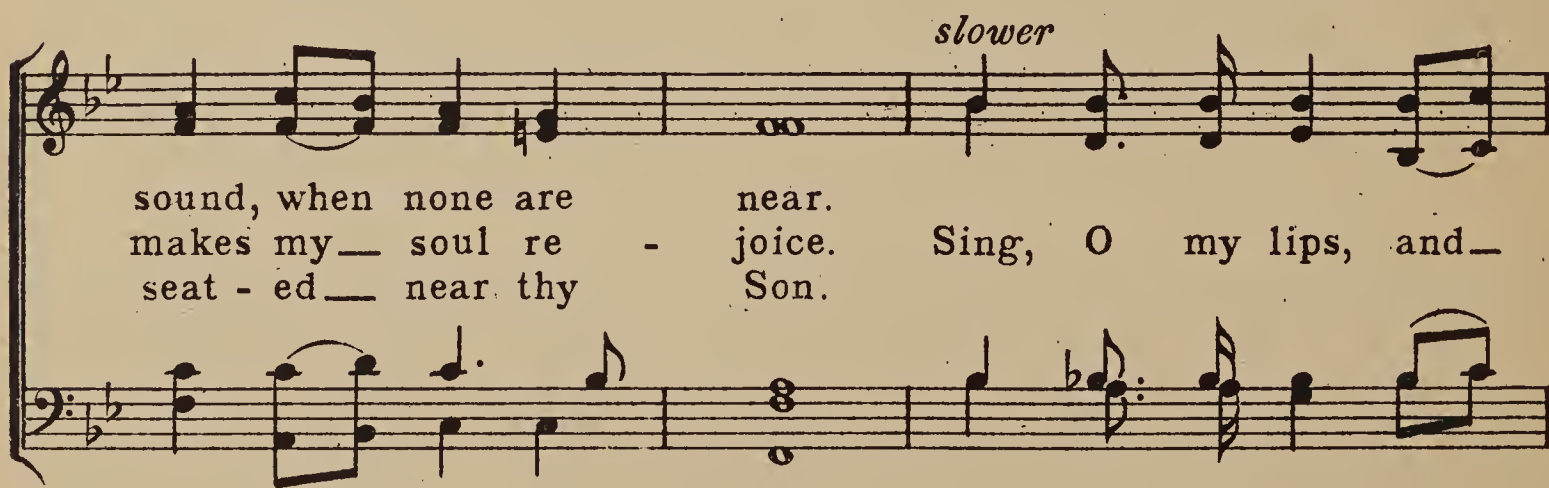
MOIR BROWN



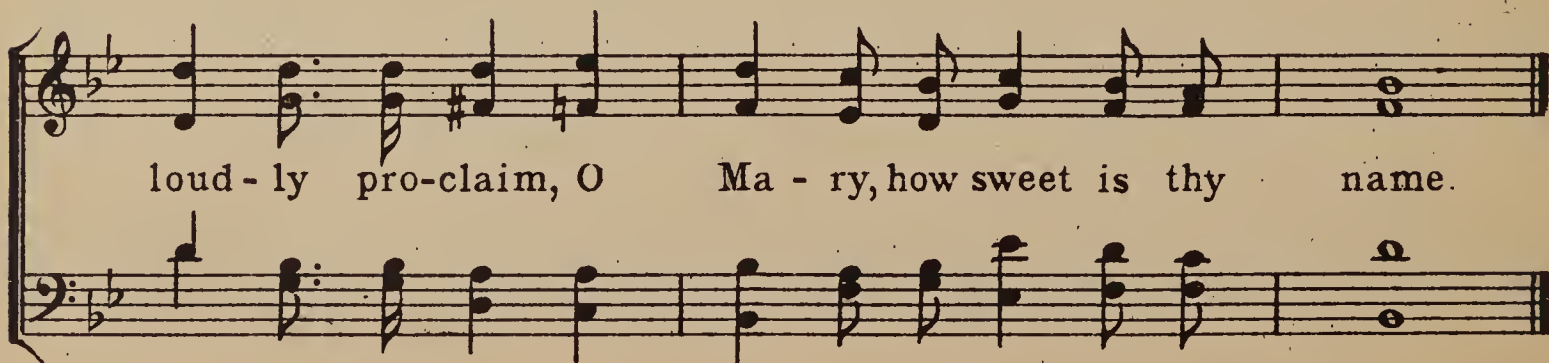
1. Ma - ry! how sweet-ly falls that word, On my en-rap-tured
 2. Sweet as the warb-ling of a bird, Sweet as a moth-er's
 3. Through thee I of - fer my re-quests; And when my pray'r is



ear; Oft do I breathe in ac - cents low, That
 voice, So sweet to me is that dear name, It
 done, In ec - sta - cy sub - lime I see Thee



sound, when none are near.
 makes my — soul re - joice. Sing, O my lips, and —
 seat - ed — near thy Son.

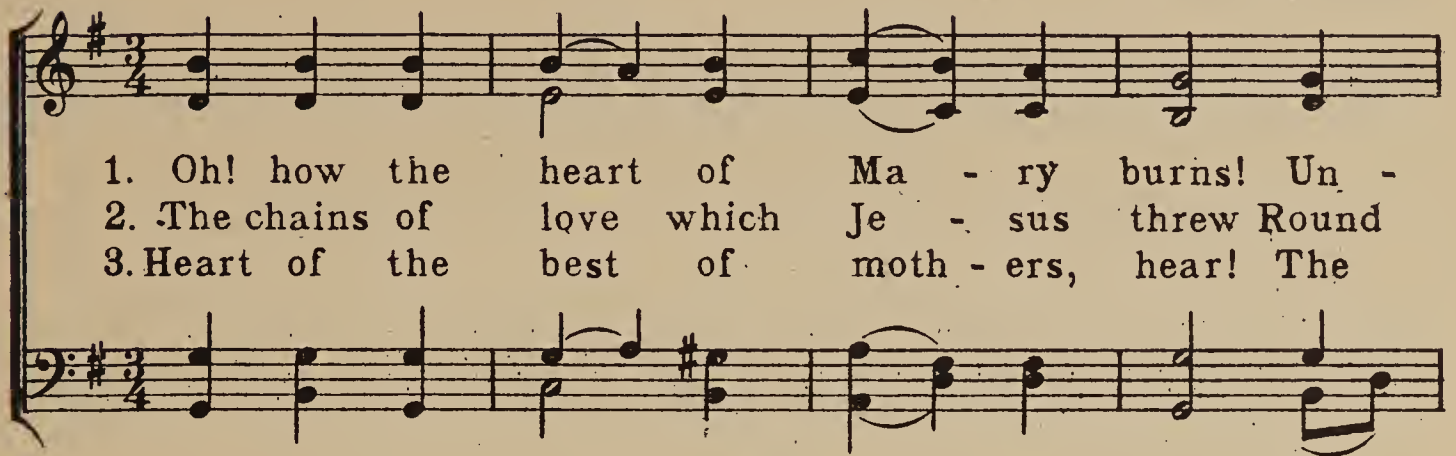


loud - ly pro-claim, O Ma - ry, how sweet is thy name.


OH! HOW THE HEART OF MARY BURNS!

83

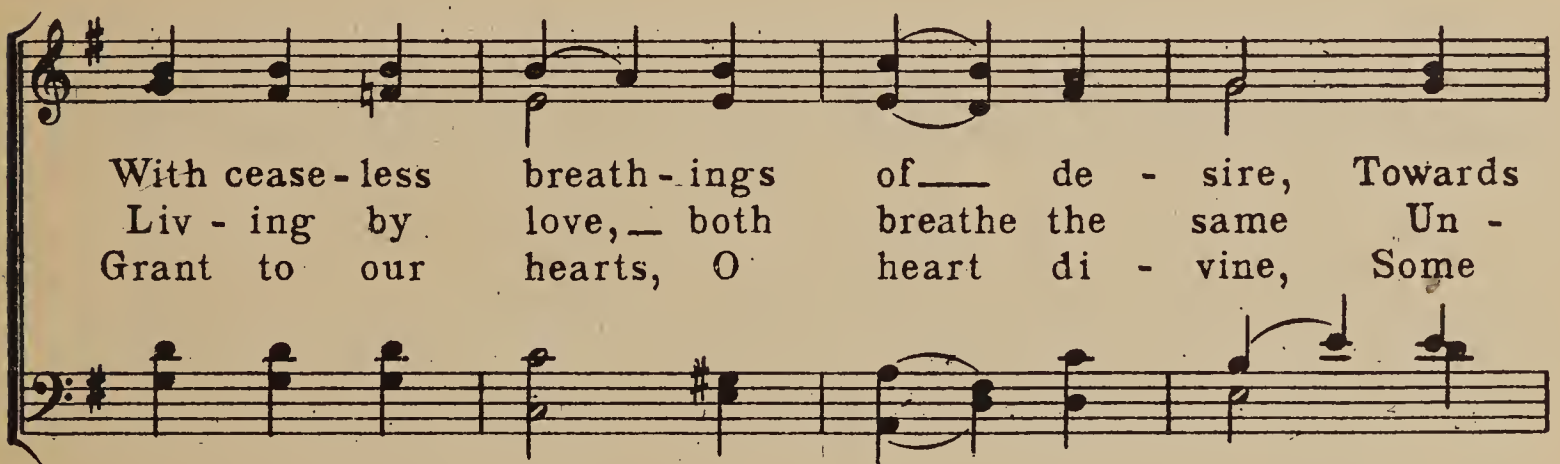
MOIR BROWN



1. Oh! how the heart of Ma - ry burns! Un -
 2. The chains of love which Je - sus threw Round
 3. Heart of the best of moth - ers, hear! The



tired, — un - changed in love — it turns,
 His — own Heart, — bound Ma - ry's too;
 voice — of thy — poor sup - pliant's pray'r;

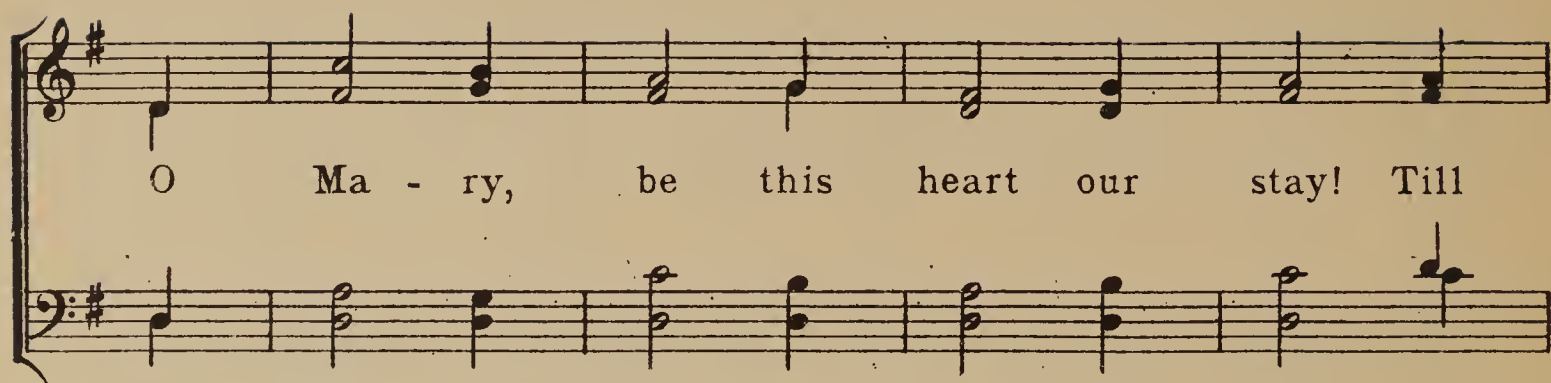


With cease - less breath - ings of — de - sire, Towards
 Liv - ing by love, — both breathe the same Un -
 Grant to our hearts, O heart di - vine, Some



Je - sus' Heart — its — sa - cred fire.
 changed, un - con - quer - a - ble flame.
 por - tion of — that — love of thine!

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY



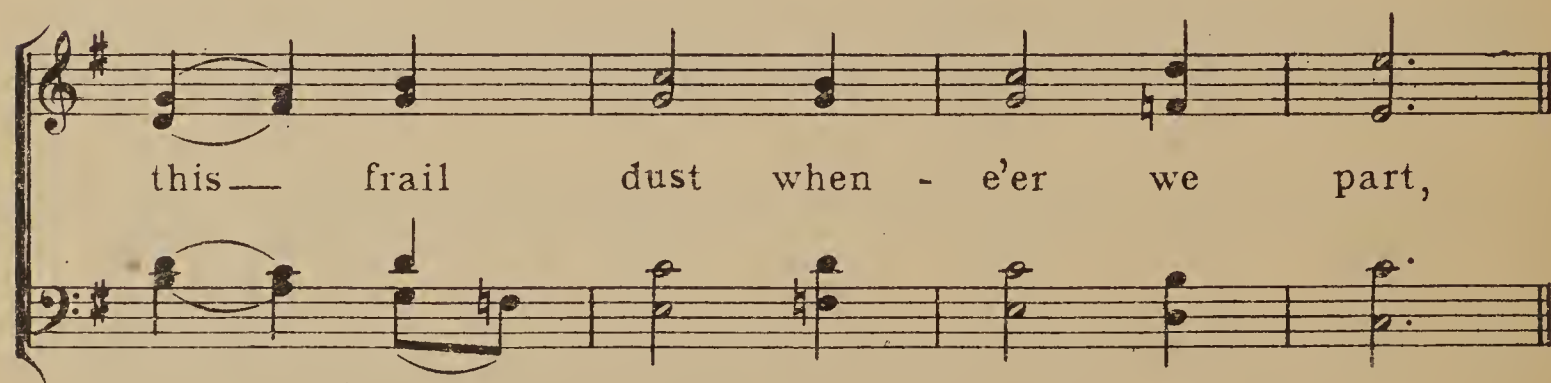
O Ma - ry, be this heart our stay! Till

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble, and the accompaniment is in the bass. The lyrics are written below the notes.



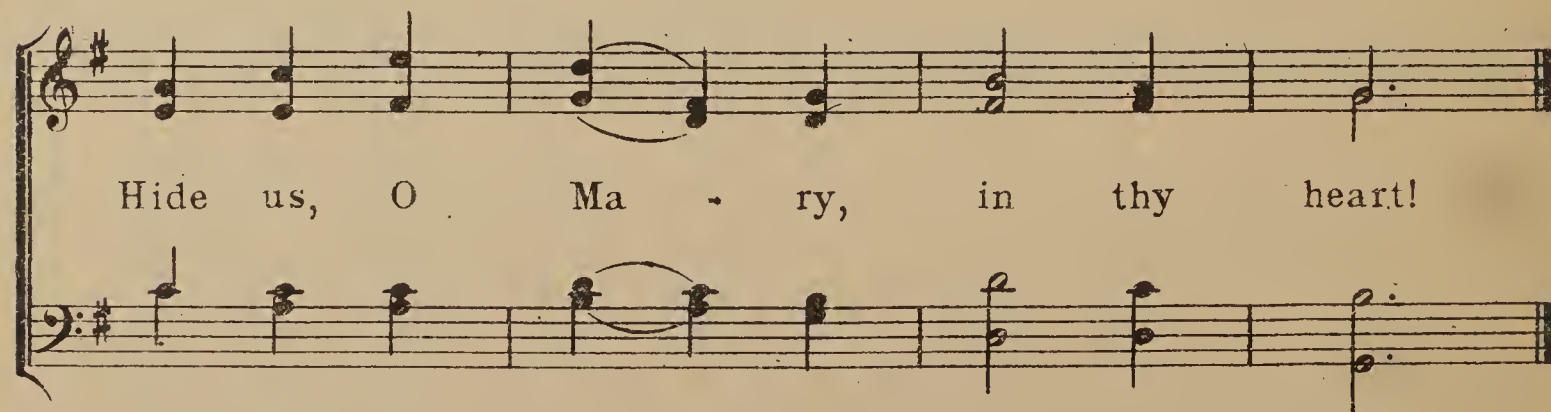
death shall call our souls a - way! From

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.



this — frail dust when - e'er we part,

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.



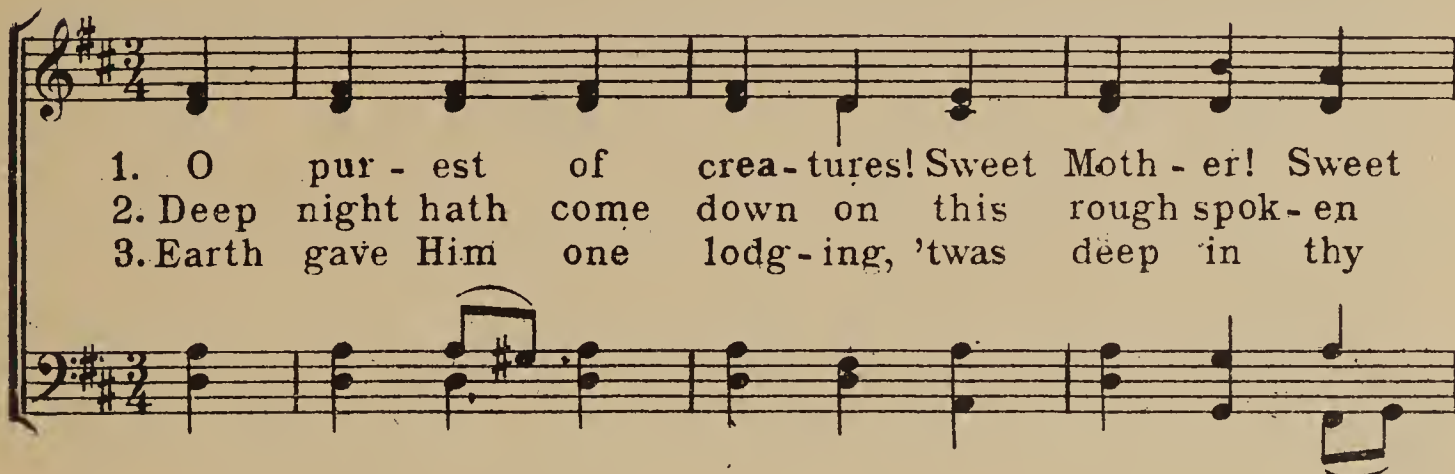
Hide us, O Ma - ry, in thy heart!

The fourth system of music concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the notes.

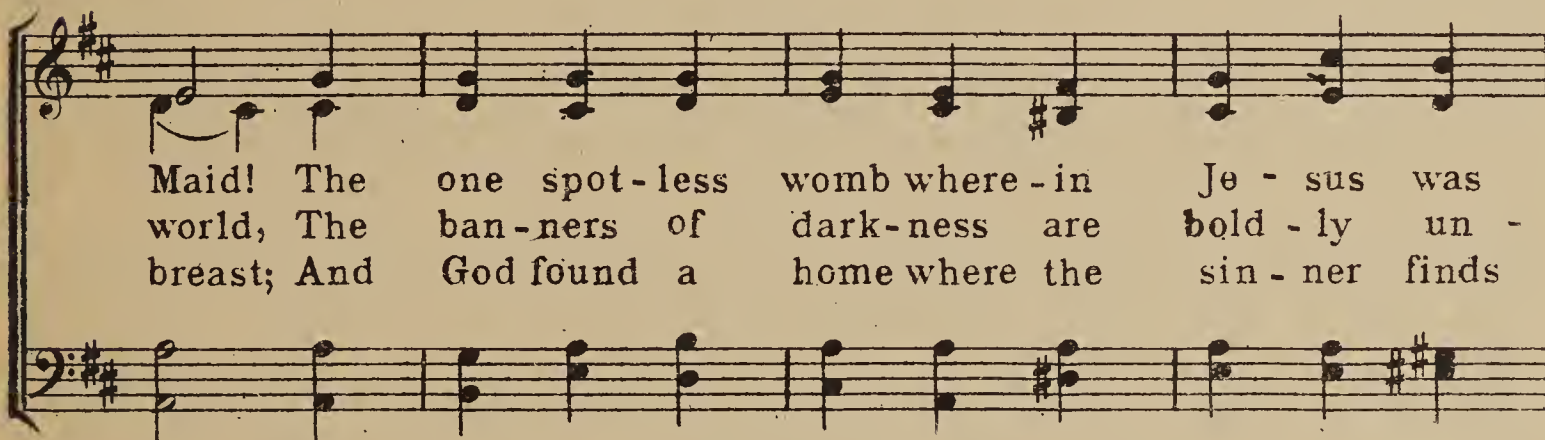
O PUREST OF CREATURES

84
Rev. F. W. FABER

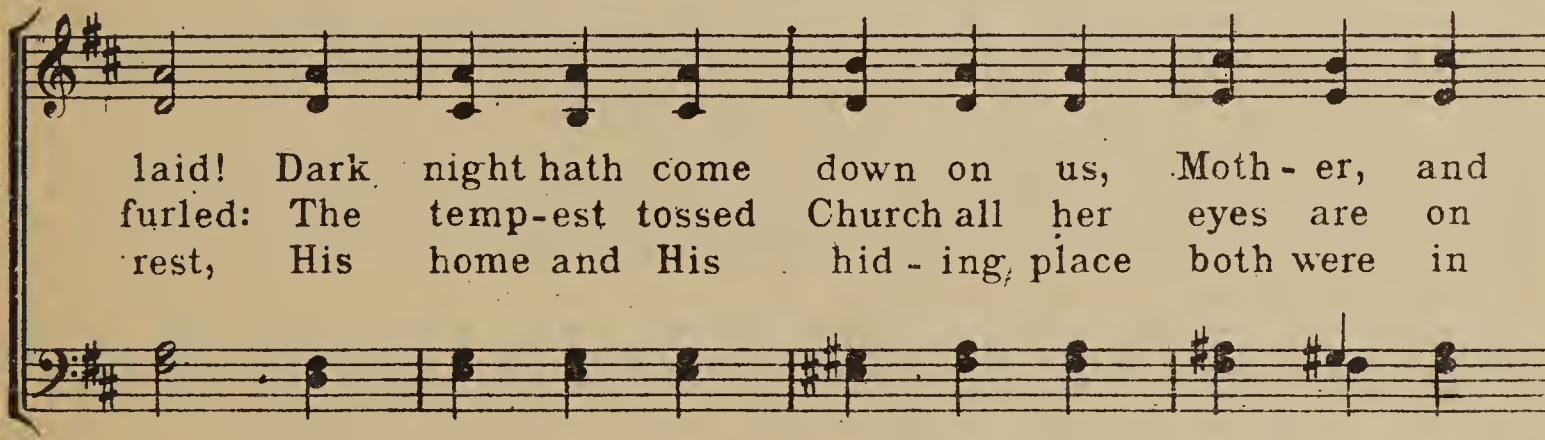
G. L. STUTFIELD



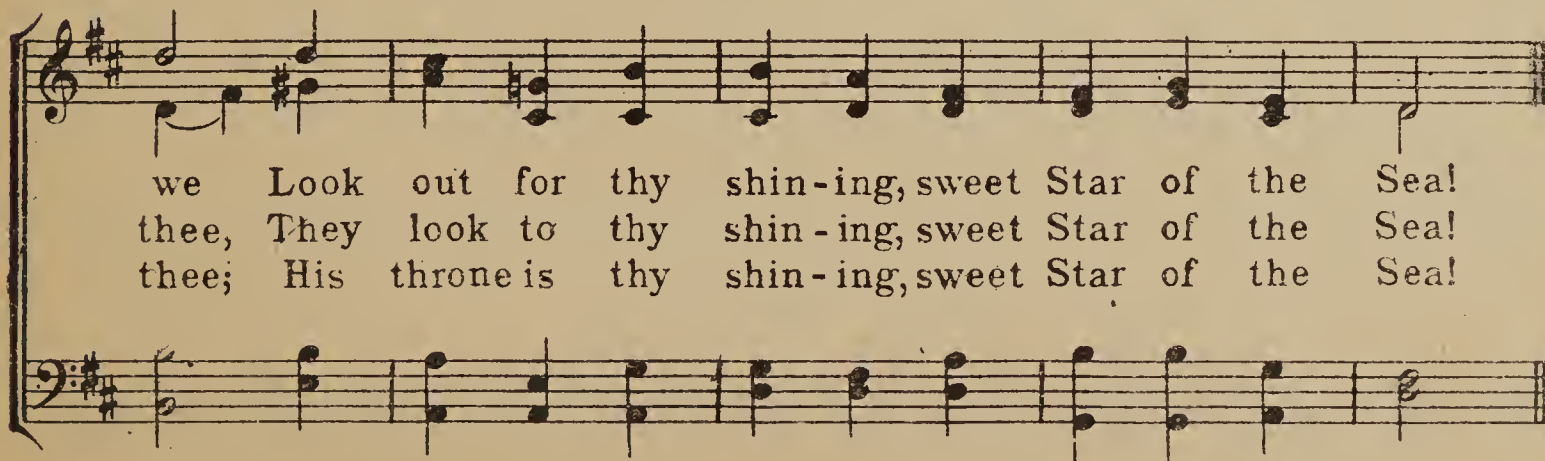
1. O pur - est of crea - tures! Sweet Moth - er! Sweet
2. Deep night hath come down on this rough spok - en
3. Earth gave Him one lodg - ing, 'twas deep in thy



Maid! The one spot - less womb where - in Je - sus was
world, The ban - ners of dark - ness are bold - ly un -
breast; And God found a home where the sin - ner finds



laid! Dark night hath come down on us, Moth - er, and
furled: The temp - est tossed Church all her eyes are on
rest, His home and His hid - ing, place both were in

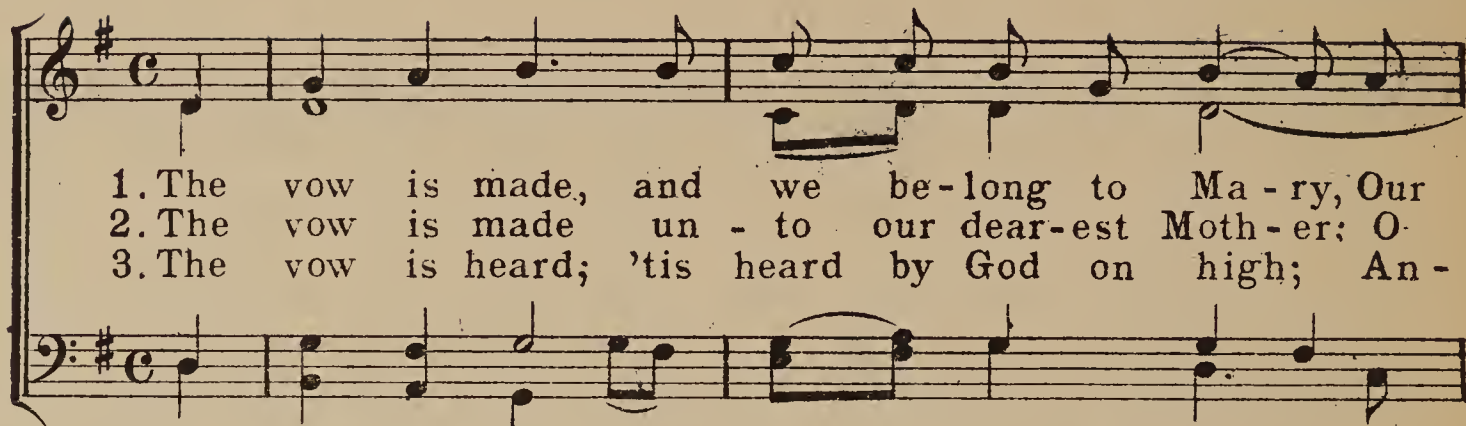


we Look out for thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!
thee, They look to thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!
thee; His throne is thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!

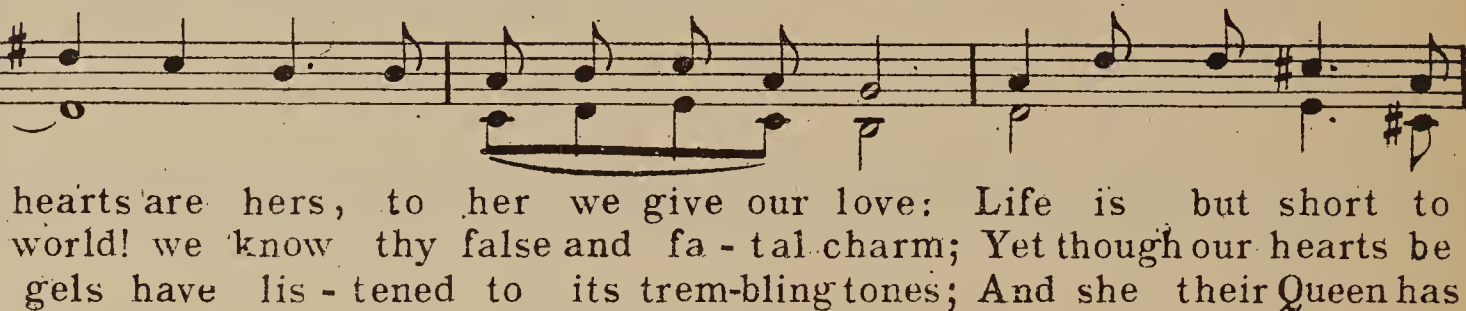
THE VOW IS MADE*

85

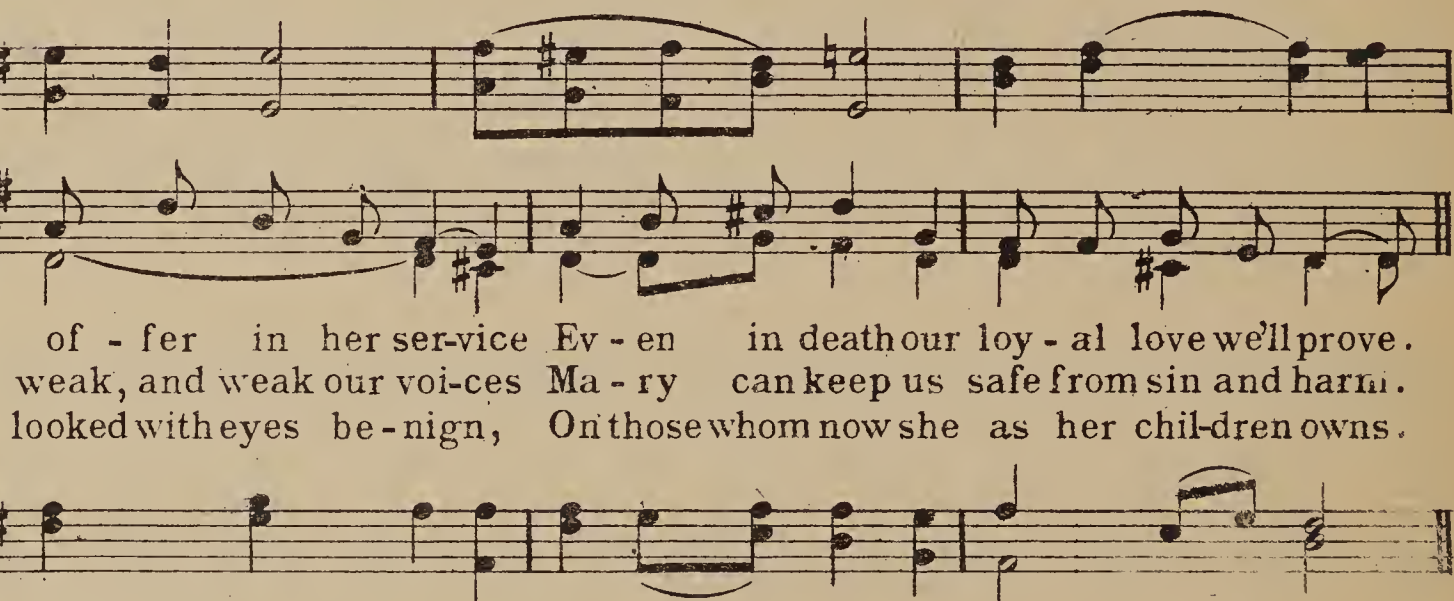
P. BERNARD



1. The vow is made, and we be-long to Ma-ry, Our
 2. The vow is made un-to our dear-est Moth-er; O-
 3. The vow is heard; 'tis heard by God on high; An-

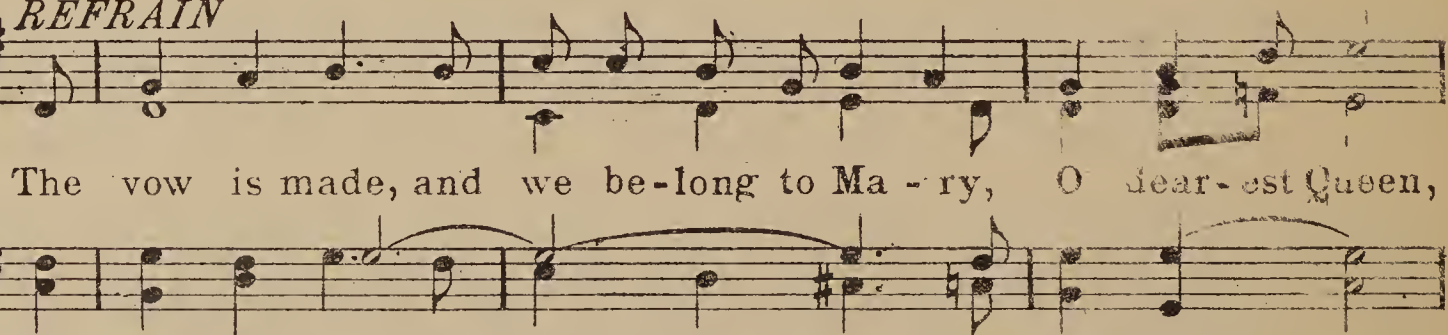


hearts are hers, to her we give our love: Life is but short to
 world! we know thy false and fa-tal charm; Yet though our hearts be
 gels have lis-tened to its trem-bling tones; And she their Queen has

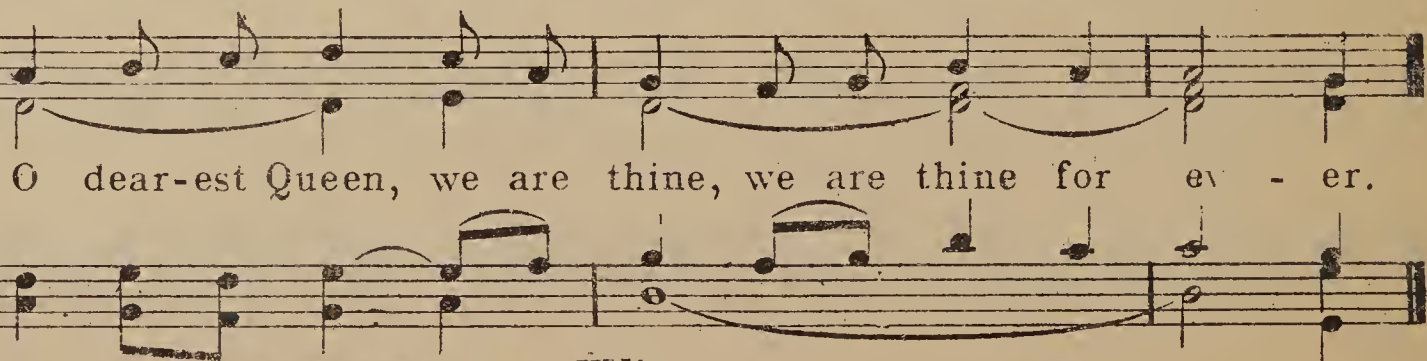


of-fer in her ser-vice Ev-en in death our loy-al love we'll prove.
 weak, and weak our voi-ces Ma-ry can keep us safe from sin and harm.
 looked with eyes be-nign, On those whom now she as her chil-dren owns.

REFRAIN



The vow is made, and we be-long to Ma-ry, O dear-est Queen,



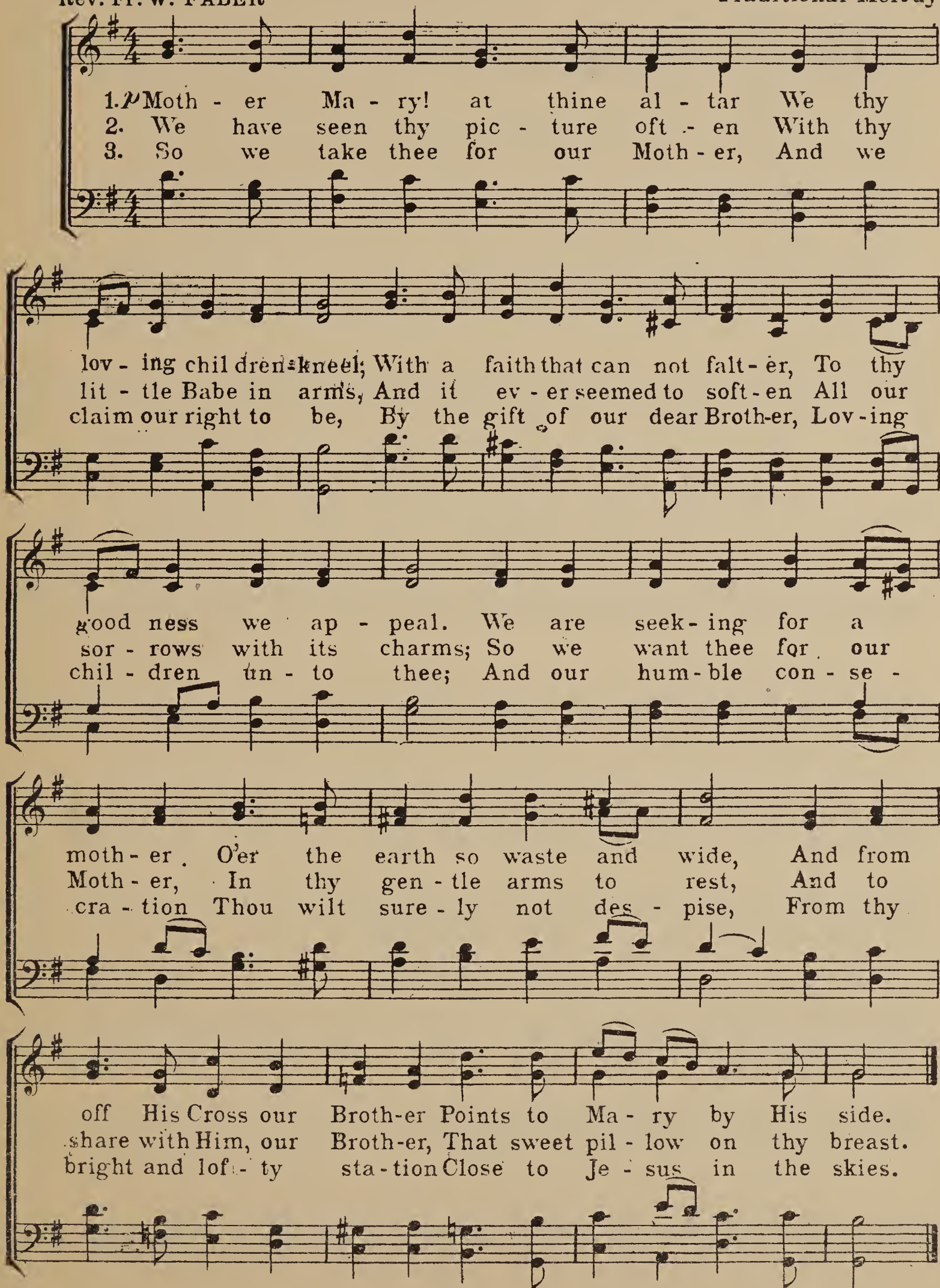
O dear-est Queen, we are thine, we are thine for ev-er.

86

MOTHER MARY! AT THINE ALTAR

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

Traditional Melody



1. *Moth - er* Ma - ry! at thine al - tar We thy
 2. We have seen thy pic - ture oft - en With thy
 3. So we take thee for our Moth - er, And we

lov - ing chil dren kneel; With a faith that can not falt - er, To thy
 lit - tle Babe in arms, And it ev - er seemed to soft - en All our
 claim our right to be, By the gift of our dear Broth - er, Lov - ing

good ness we ap - peal. We are seek - ing for a
 sor - rows with its charms; So we want thee for our
 chil - dren un - to thee; And our hum - ble con - se -

moth - er. O'er the earth so waste and wide, And from
 Moth - er, In thy gen - tle arms to rest, And to
 cra - tion Thou wilt sure - ly not des - pise, From thy

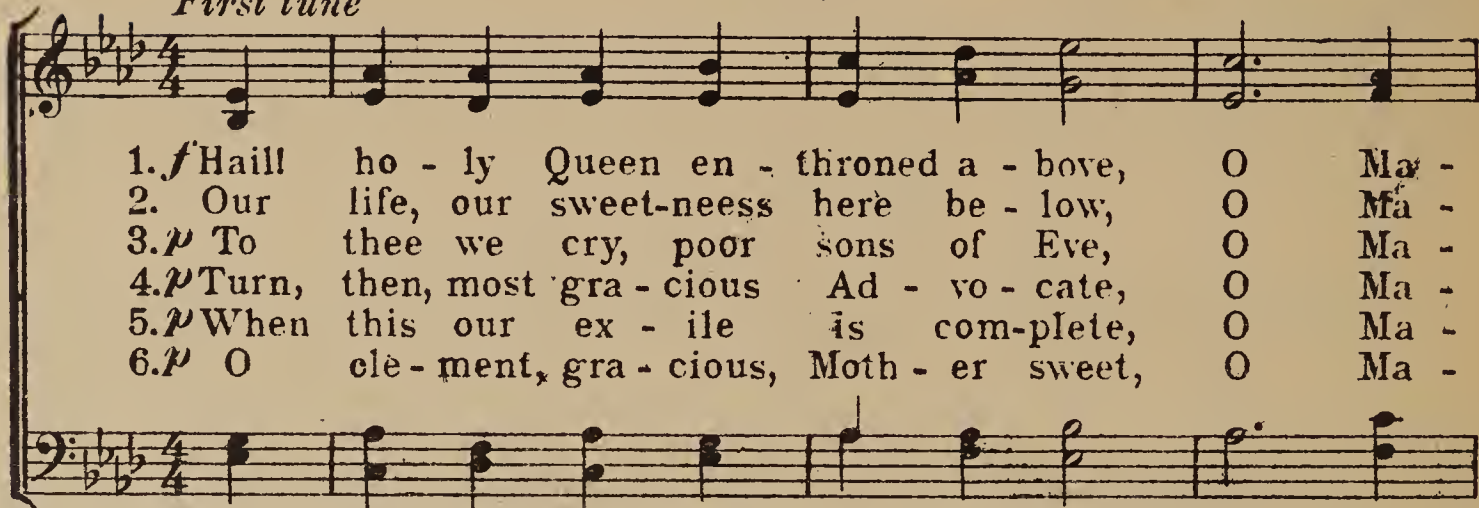
off His Cross our Broth - er Points to Ma - ry by His side.
 share with Him, our Broth - er, That sweet pil - low on thy breast.
 bright and loft - y sta - tion Close to Je - sus in the skies.

87

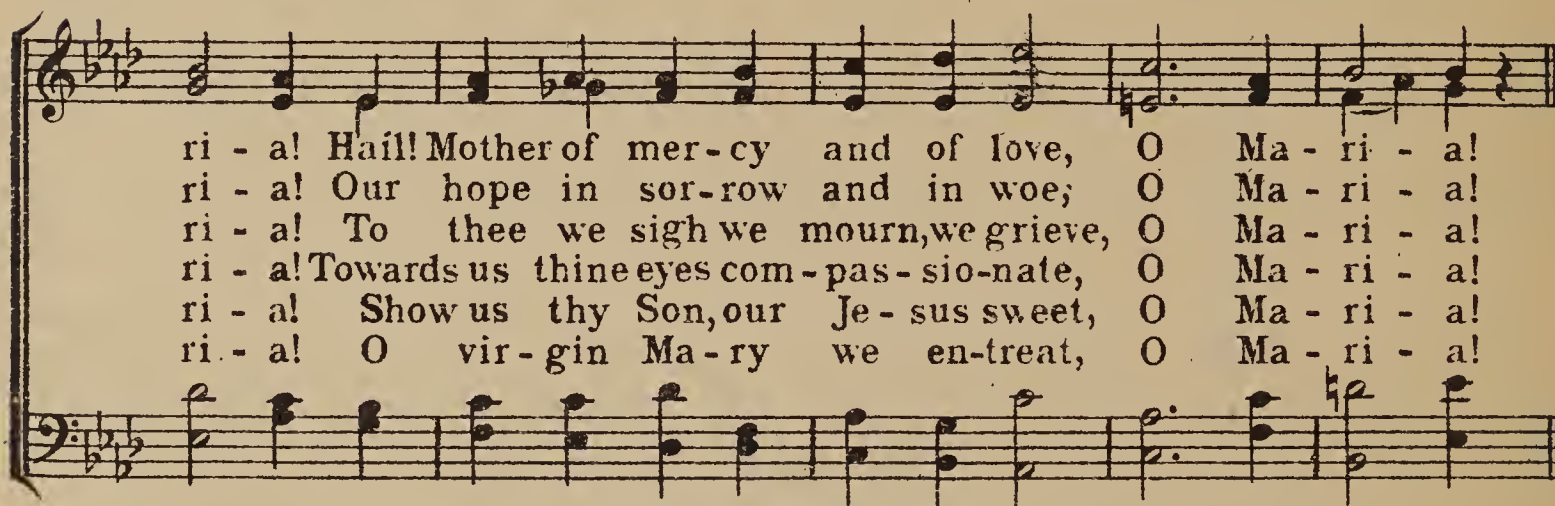
HAIL! HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

(SALVE REGINA)

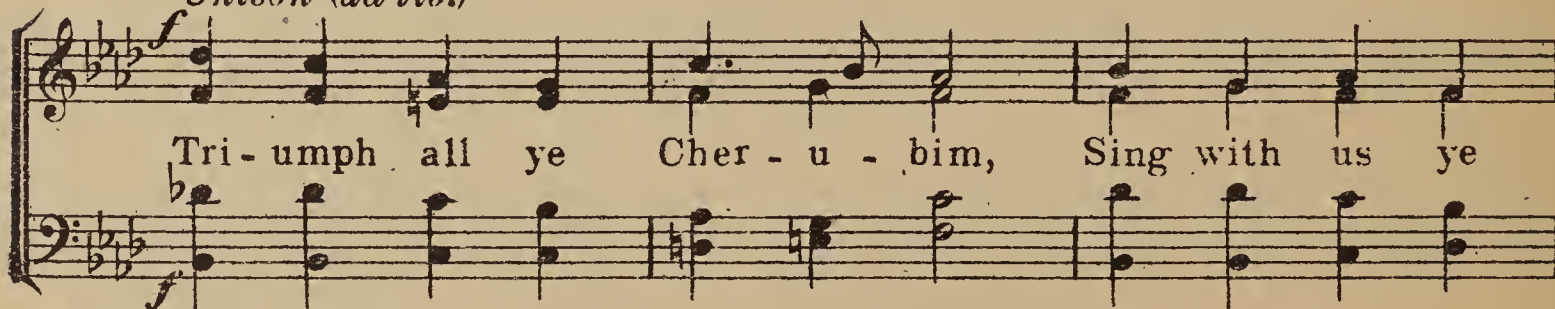
A. EDMONDS TOZER

First tune


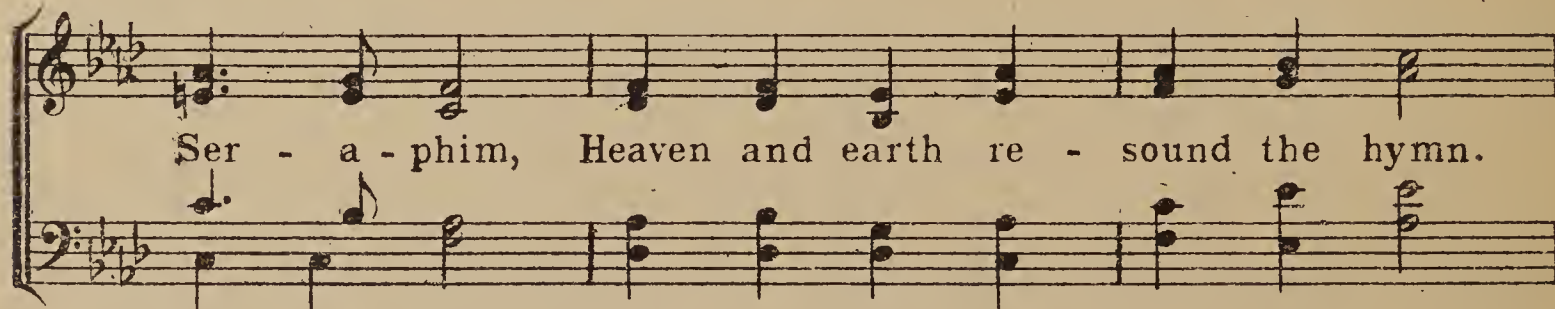
1. *f* Hail! ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma -
 2. Our life, our sweet-ness here be - low, O Ma -
 3. *p* To thee we cry, poor sons of Eve, O Ma -
 4. *p* Turn, then, most gra - cious Ad - vo - cate, O Ma -
 5. *p* When this our ex - ile is com-plete, O Ma -
 6. *p* O cle - ment, gra - cious, Moth - er sweet, O Ma -



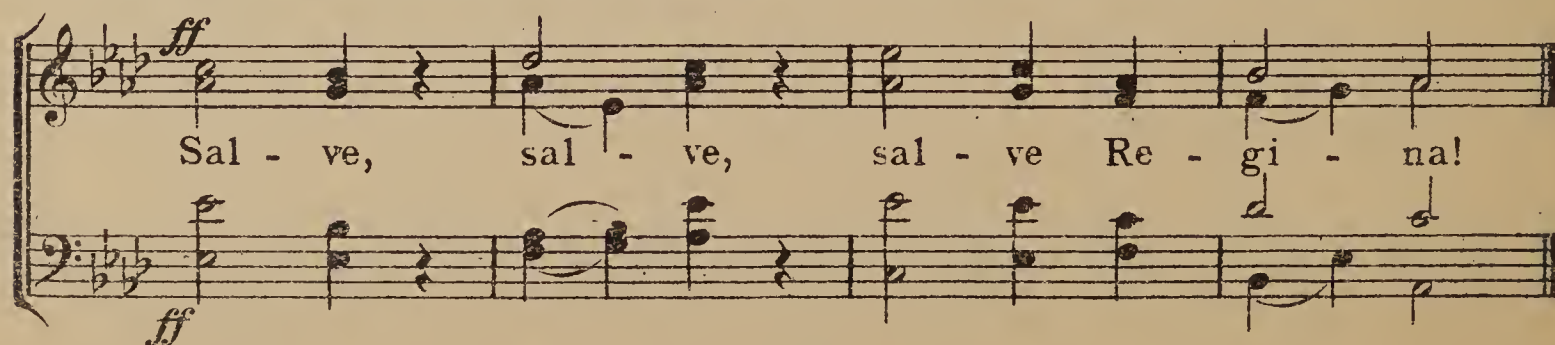
ri - a! Hail! Mother of mer - cy and of love, O Ma - ri - a!
 ri - a! Our hope in sor - row and in woe; O Ma - ri - a!
 ri - a! To thee we sigh we mourn, we grieve, O Ma - ri - a!
 ri - a! Towards us thine eyes com - pas - sio - nate, O Ma - ri - a!
 ri - a! Show us thy Son, our Je - sus sweet, O Ma - ri - a!
 ri - a! O vir - gin Ma - ry we en - treat, O Ma - ri - a!

Unison (ad lib.)


f Tri - umph all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us ye



Ser - a - phim, Heaven and earth re - sound the hymn.

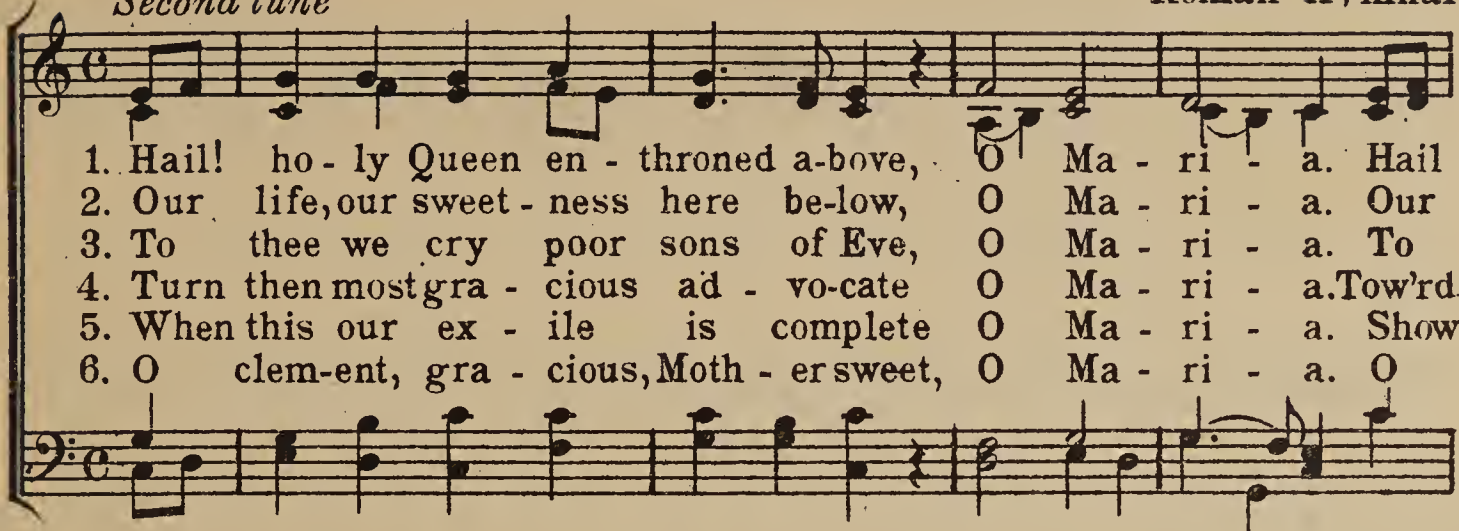


ff Sal - ve, sal - ve, sal - ve Re - gi - na!
ff

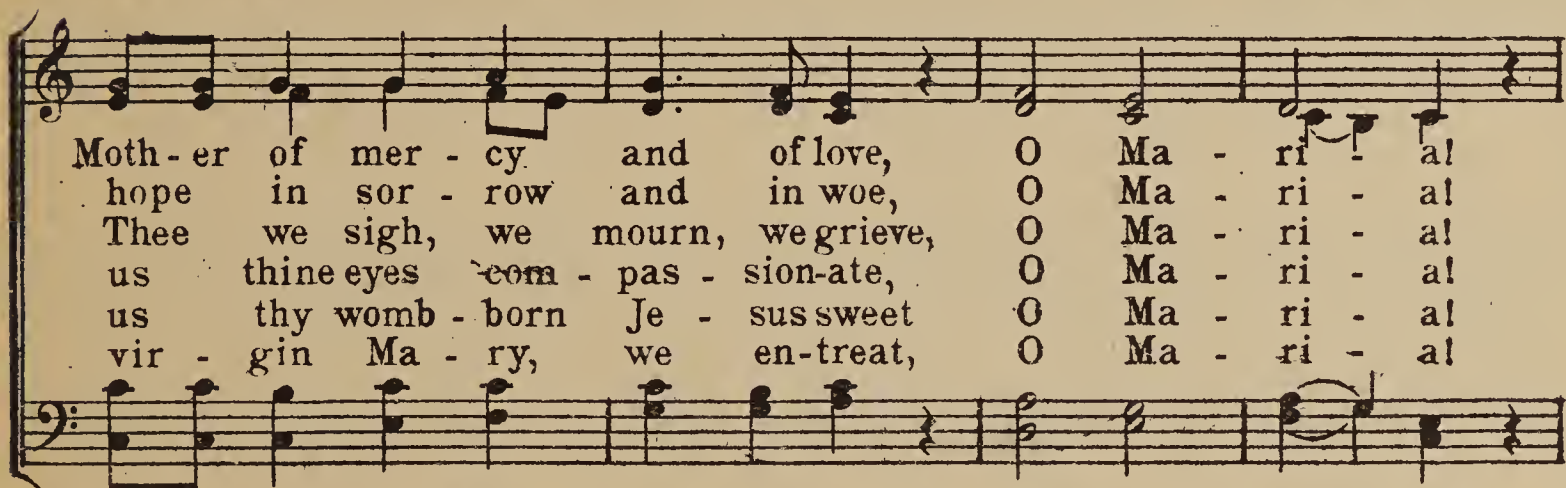
HAIL HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

(SALVE REGINA)

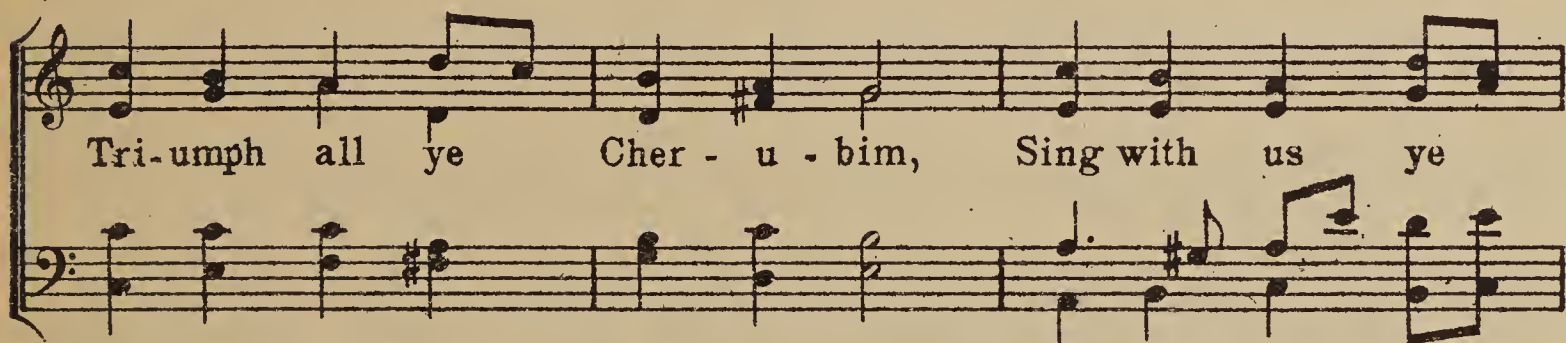
Roman Hymnal

Second tune


1. Hail! ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma - ri - a. Hail
 2. Our life, our sweet - ness here be - low, O Ma - ri - a. Our
 3. To thee we cry poor sons of Eve, O Ma - ri - a. To
 4. Turn then most gra - cious ad - vo - cate O Ma - ri - a. Tow'rd
 5. When this our ex - ile is complete O Ma - ri - a. Show
 6. O clem - ent, gra - cious, Moth - ersweet, O Ma - ri - a. O



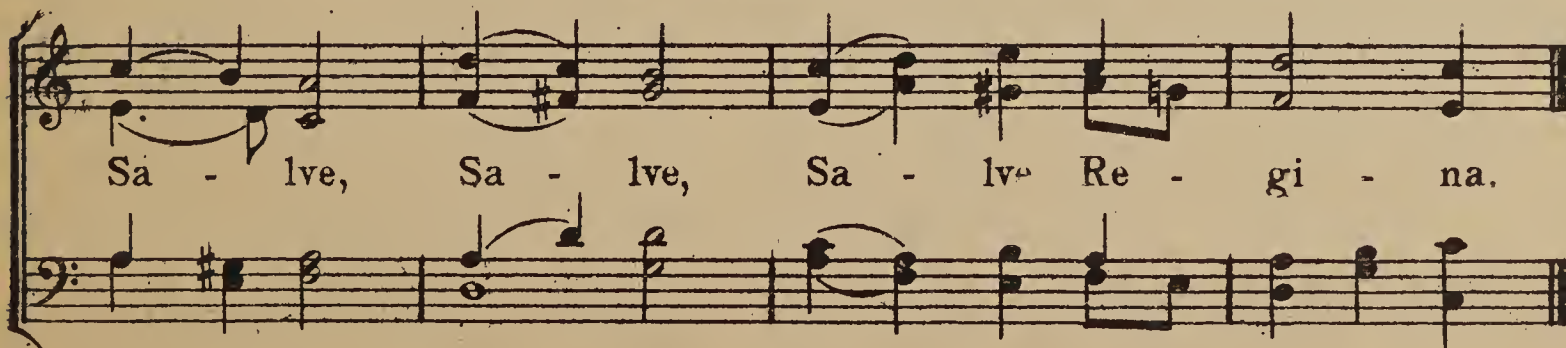
Moth - er of mer - cy and of love, O Ma - ri - a!
 hope in sor - row and in woe, O Ma - ri - a!
 Thee we sigh, we mourn, we grieve, O Ma - ri - a!
 us thine eyes com - pas - sion - ate, O Ma - ri - a!
 us thy womb - born Je - sus sweet O Ma - ri - a!
 vir - gin Ma - ry, we en - treat, O Ma - ri - a!



Tri - umph all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us ye



Se - ra - phim, Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn,



Sa - lve, Sa - lve, Sa - lve Re - gi - na.

89

Rev. JOHN LINGARD D.D.
(1771-1851)

HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Traditional Melody

St. Alban's Tune Book (1864)

1. *f* Hail Queen of heaven, the o - cean star,
2. *mf* O gen - tle, chaste, and spot - less Maid,
3. So - journ - ers in this vale of tears,

Guide of the wan - derer here be - low,
We sin - ners make our prayers through thee;
To thee blest ad - vo - cate, we cry,

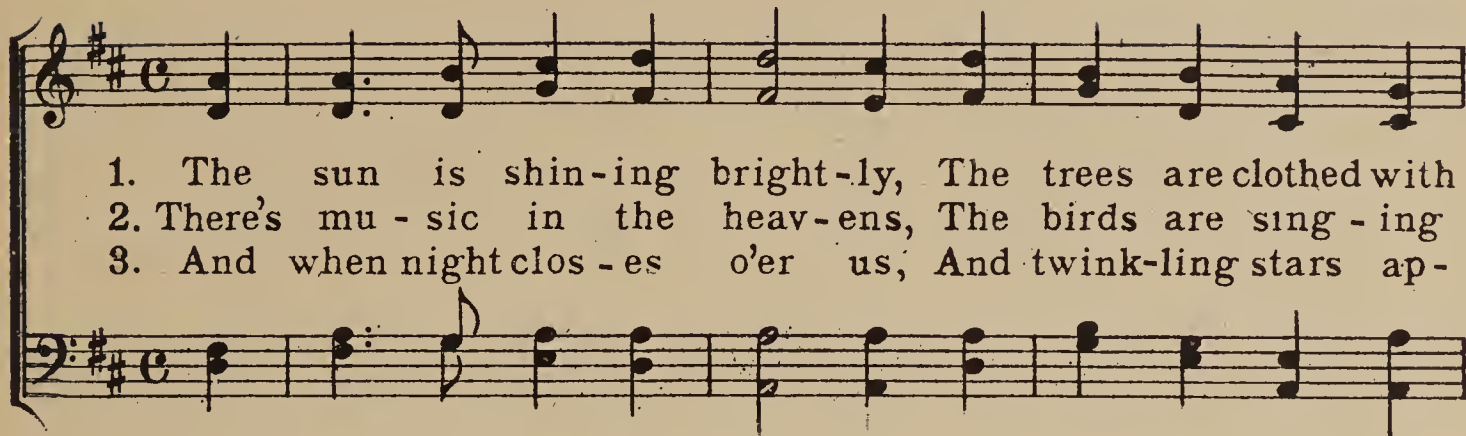
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care, Save us from
Re - mind thy Son that He has paid The price of
Pit - y our sor - rows, calm our fears, And soothe with

per - il and from woe, *p* Moth - er of Christ,
our in - iq - ui - ty. Vir - gin most pure,
hope o our mis - er - y. Re - fuge in grief,

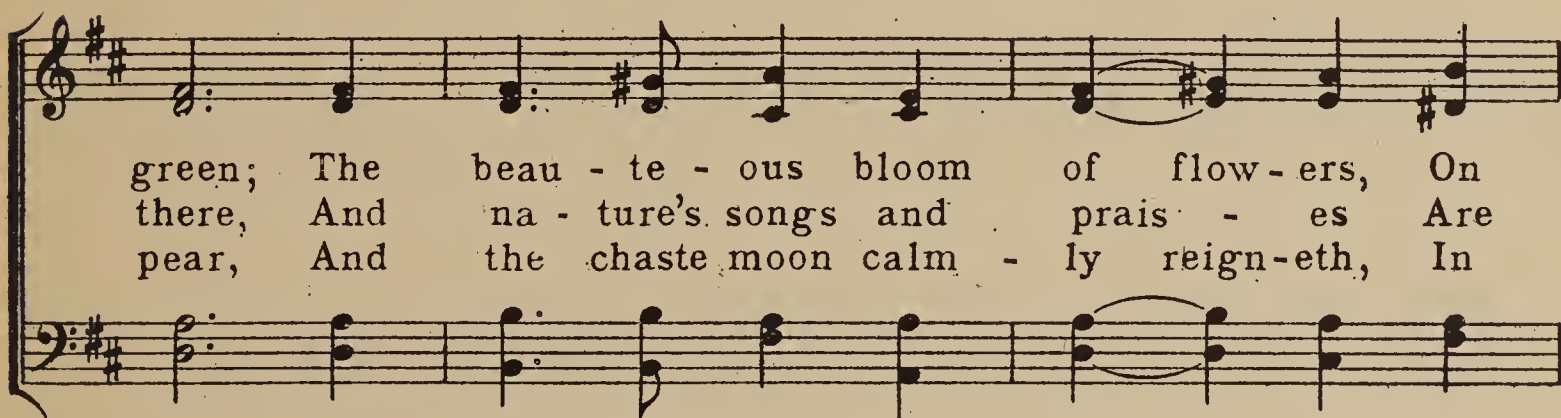
Star of the sea, Pray for the wan - derer pray for me.
Star of the sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me.
Star of the sea, Pray for the mourn - er, pray for me.

THE SUN IS SHINING

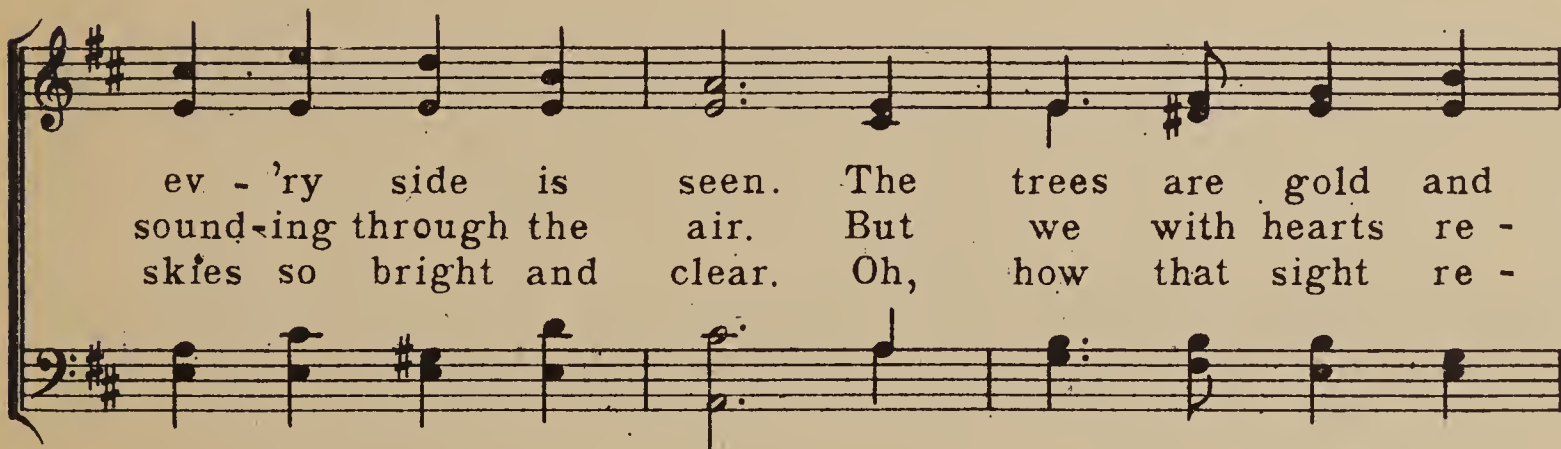
E. MADDEN



1. The sun is shin-ing bright-ly, The trees are clothed with
 2. There's mu-sic in the heav-ens, The birds are sing-ing
 3. And when night clos-es o'er us, And twink-ling stars ap-



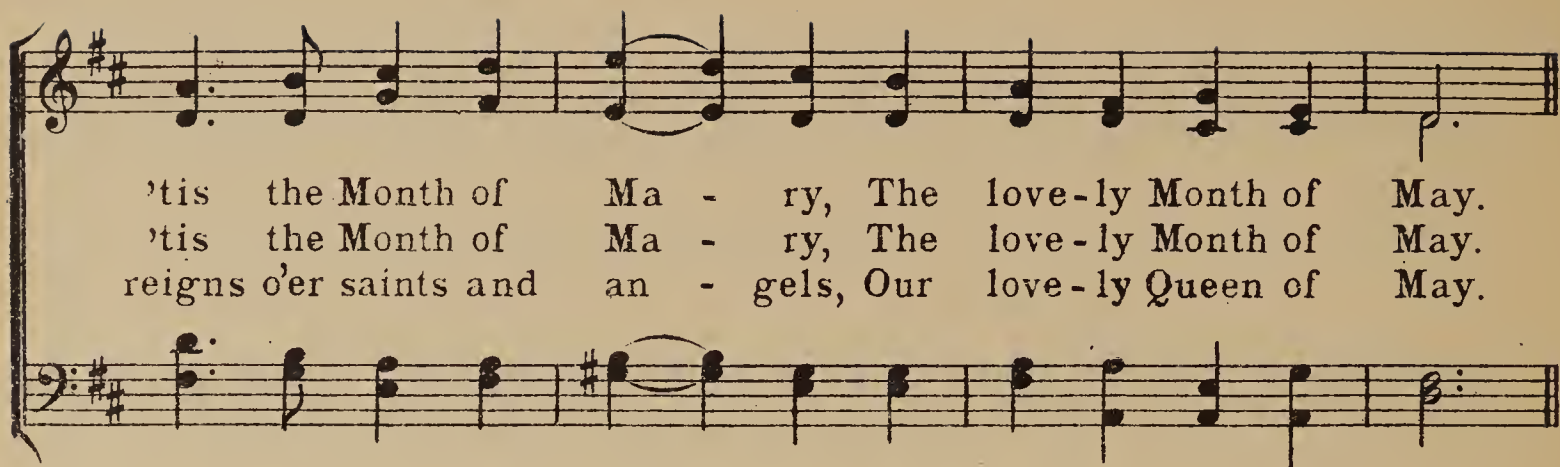
green; The beau-te-ous bloom of flow-ers, On
 there, And na-ture's songs and prais-es Are
 pear, And the chaste moon calm-ly reign-eth, In



ev-'ry side is seen. The trees are gold and
 sound-ing through the air. But we with hearts re-
 skies so bright and clear. Oh, how that sight re-

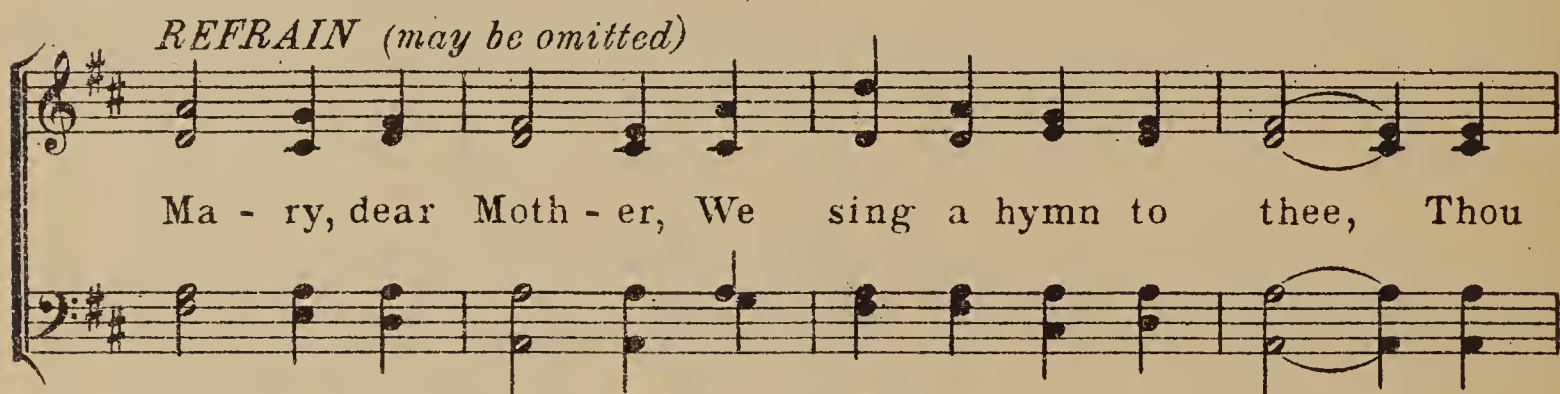


em-er-ald, And all the world is gay, For
 joi-cing, With joy we sing to-day, For
 minds—us, Of heav-en far a-way, Where

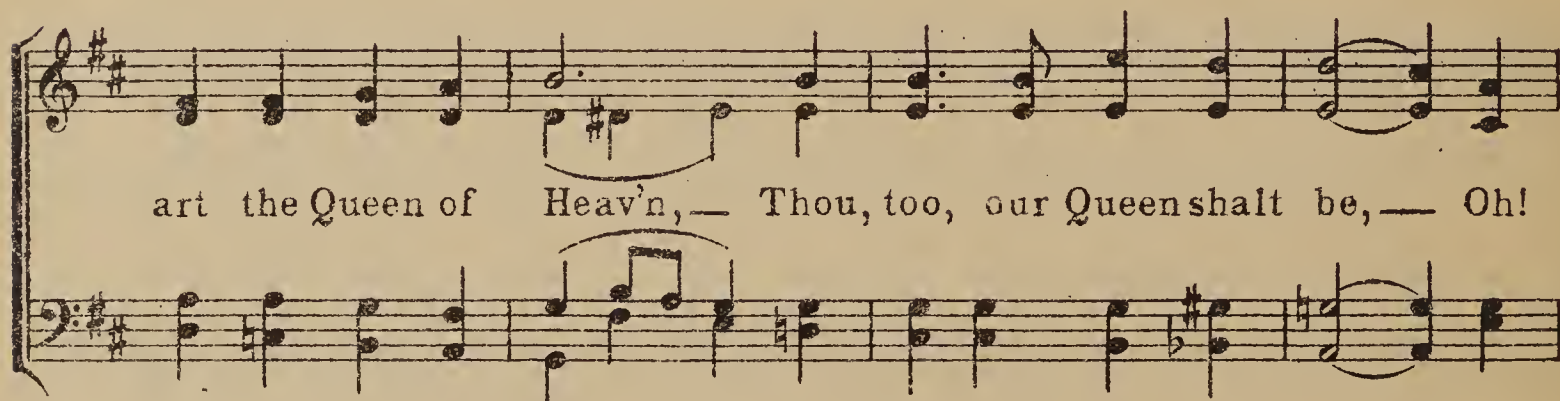


'tis the Month of Ma - ry, The love-ly Month of May.
 'tis the Month of Ma - ry, The love-ly Month of May.
 reigns o'er saints and an - gels, Our love-ly Queen of May.

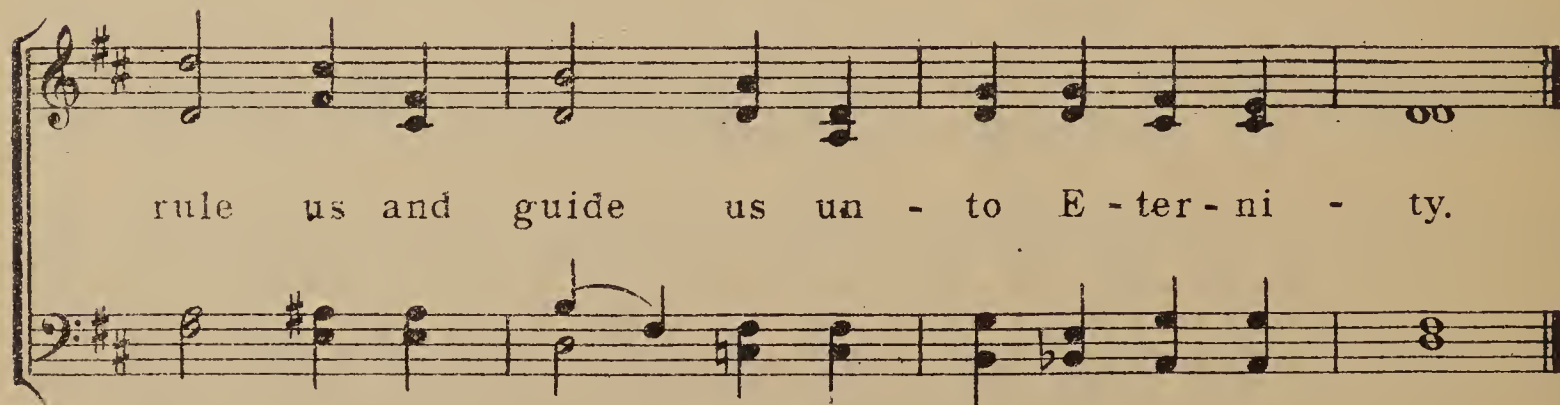
REFRAIN (may be omitted)



Ma - ry, dear Moth - er, We sing a hymn to thee, Thou



art the Queen of Heav'n, — Thou, too, our Queenshalt be, — Oh!

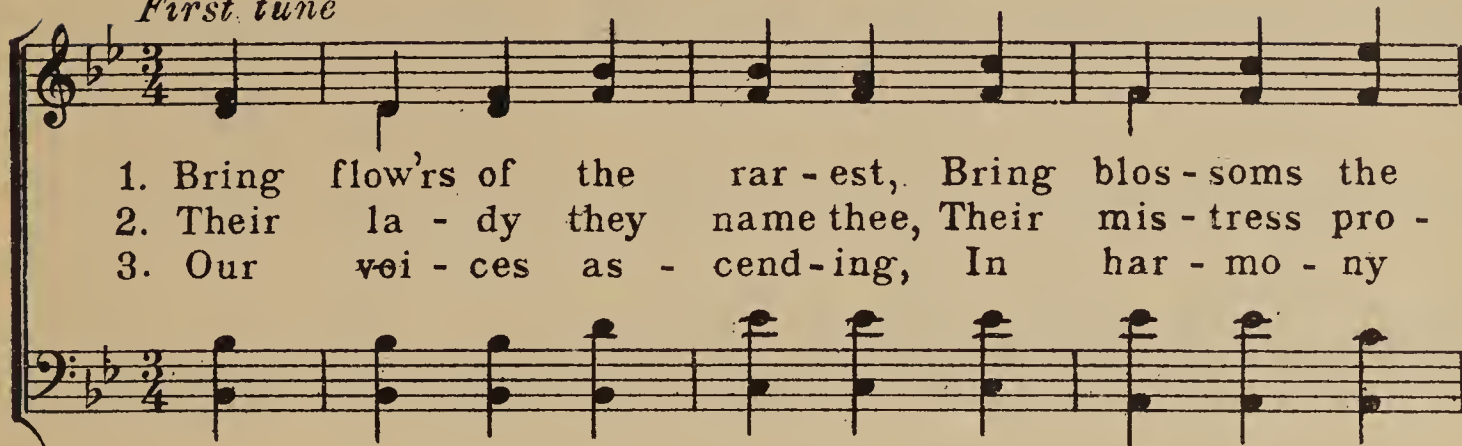


rule us and guide us un - to E - ter - ni - ty.

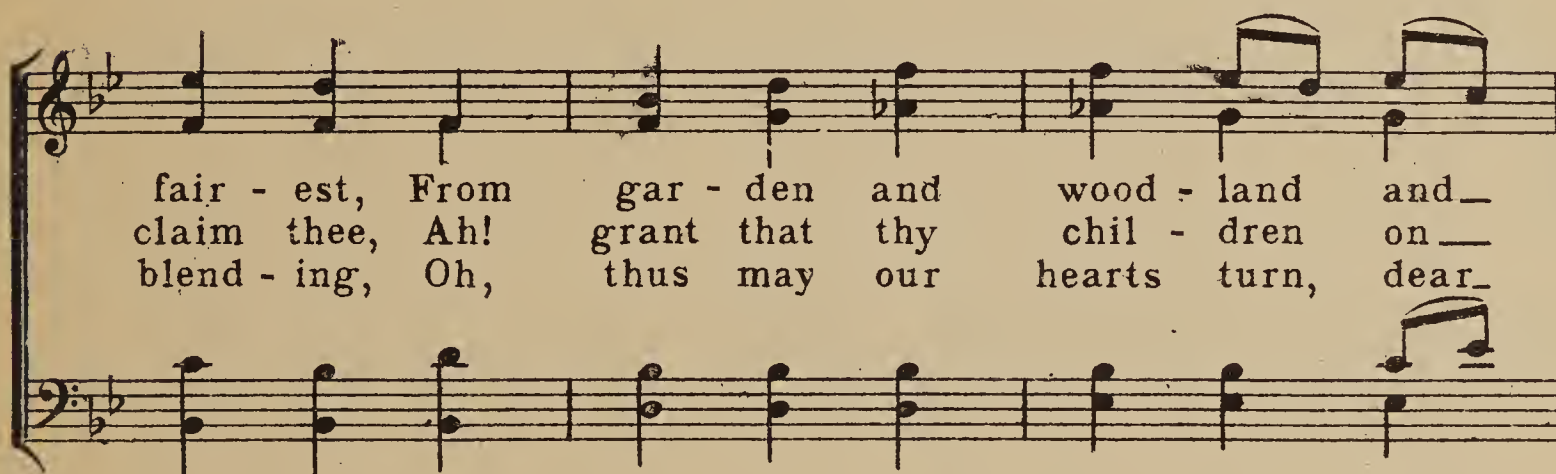
BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

HAYDN

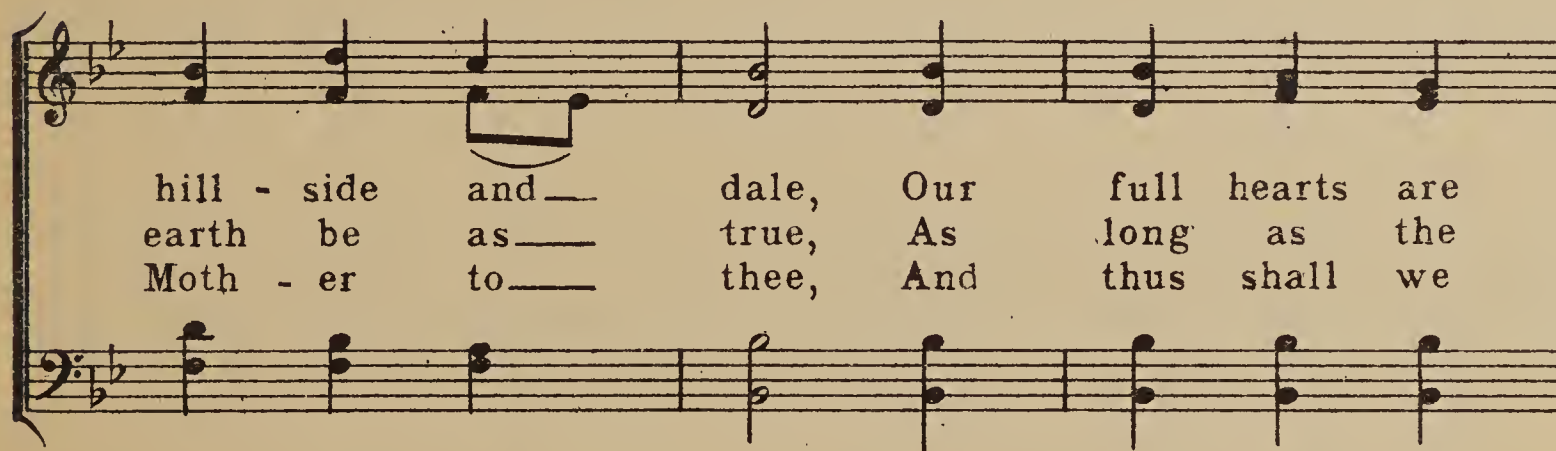
First tune



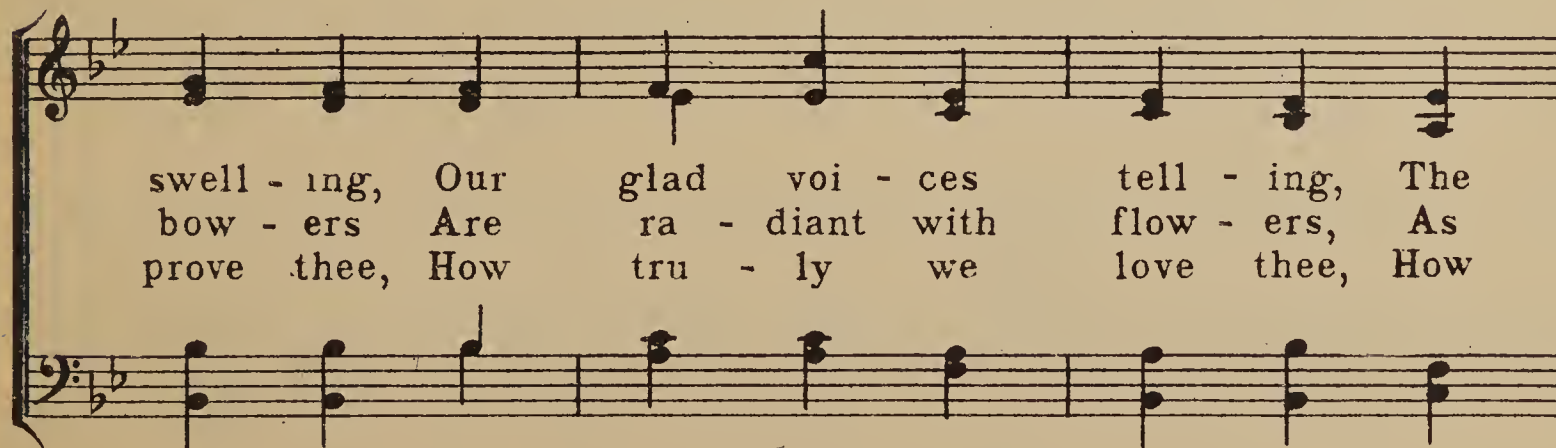
1. Bring flow'rs of the rar - est, Bring blos - soms the
 2. Their la - dy they name thee, Their mis - tress pro -
 3. Our voi - ces as - cend - ing, In har - mo - ny



fair - est, From gar - den and wood - land and
 claim thee, Ah! grant that thy chil - dren on
 blend - ing, Oh, thus may our hearts turn, dear



hill - side and dale, Our full hearts are
 earth be as true, As long as the
 Moth - er to thee, And thus shall we



swell - ing, Our glad voi - ces tell - ing, The
 bow - ers Are ra - diant with flow - ers, As
 prove thee, How tru - ly we love thee, How

praise of the lov - li - est — Flow'r of the Vale.
 long as the az - ure shall keep its bright hue.
 dark with - out Ma - ry life's jour - ney would be.

O Ma - ry, we crown thee with

blos - soms. to - day, — Queen of the

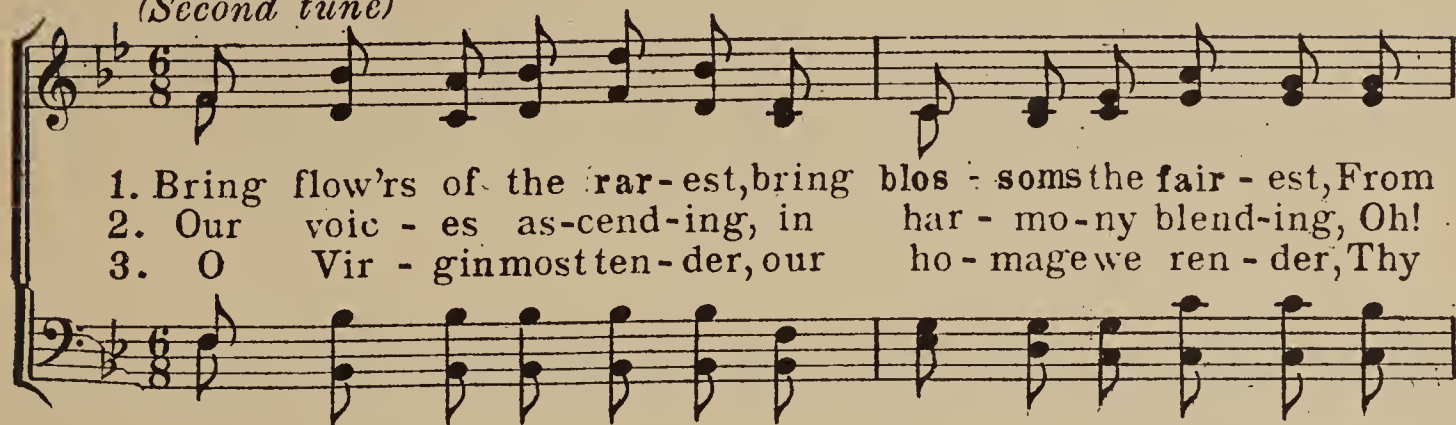
An - gels — and — Queen of the — May.

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

92

Andante (♩. = 56)

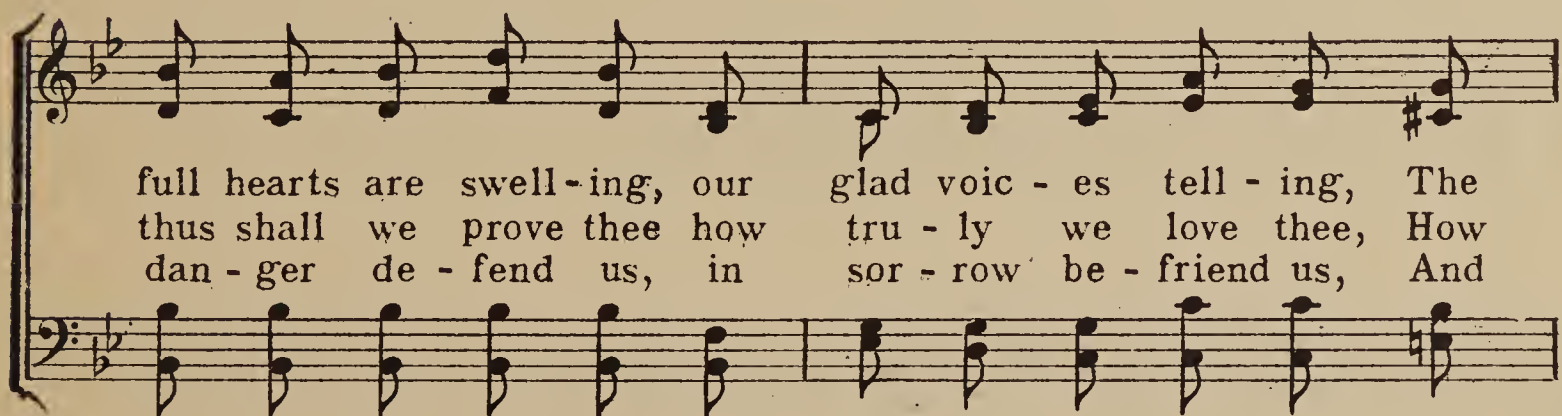
(Second tune)



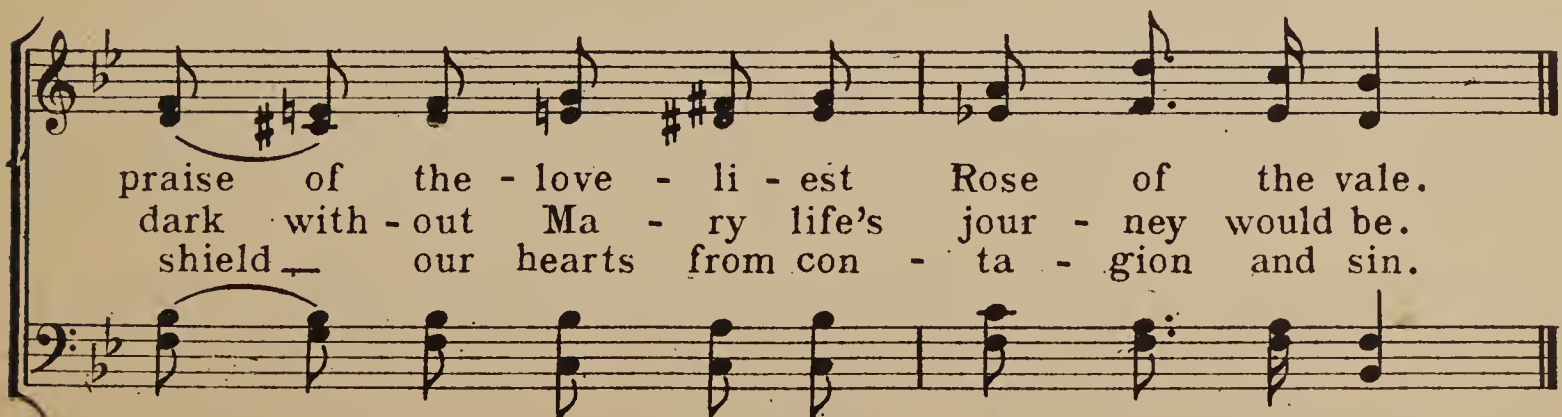
1. Bring flow'rs of the rar-est, bring blos - soms the fair - est, From
 2. Our voic - es as-cend-ing, in har - mo - ny blend-ing, Oh!
 3. O Vir - gin most ten - der, our ho - mage we ren - der, Thy



gar - den and wood-land and hill - side and vale; Our
 thus may our hearts turn dear Moth - er, to thee; Oh!
 love and pro - tec - tion, sweet Moth - er, to win; In



full hearts are swell-ing, our glad voic - es tell - ing, The
 thus shall we prove thee how tru - ly we love thee, How
 dan - ger de - fend us, in sor - row be - friend us, And



praise of the - love - li - est Rose of the vale.
 dark with - out Ma - ry life's jour - ney would be.
 shield — our hearts from con - ta - gion and sin.

Blessed Virgin Mary

CHORUS

O Ma - ry! we crown thee with blos-soms to - day,

Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May, O

Ma - ry we crown thee with blos - soms to - day,

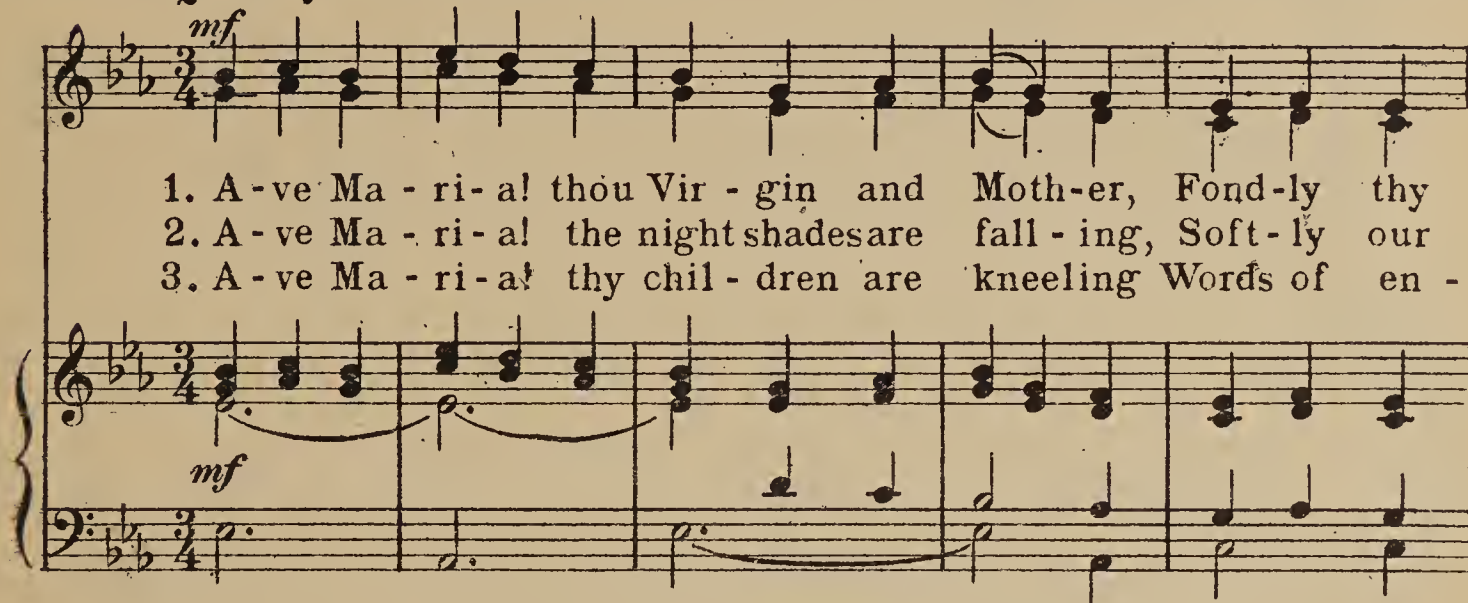
Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May.

AVE MARIA! THOU VIRGIN AND MOTHER

Sister M.
93 (St. Patrick's Hymn Book Dublin 1890)
Quickly

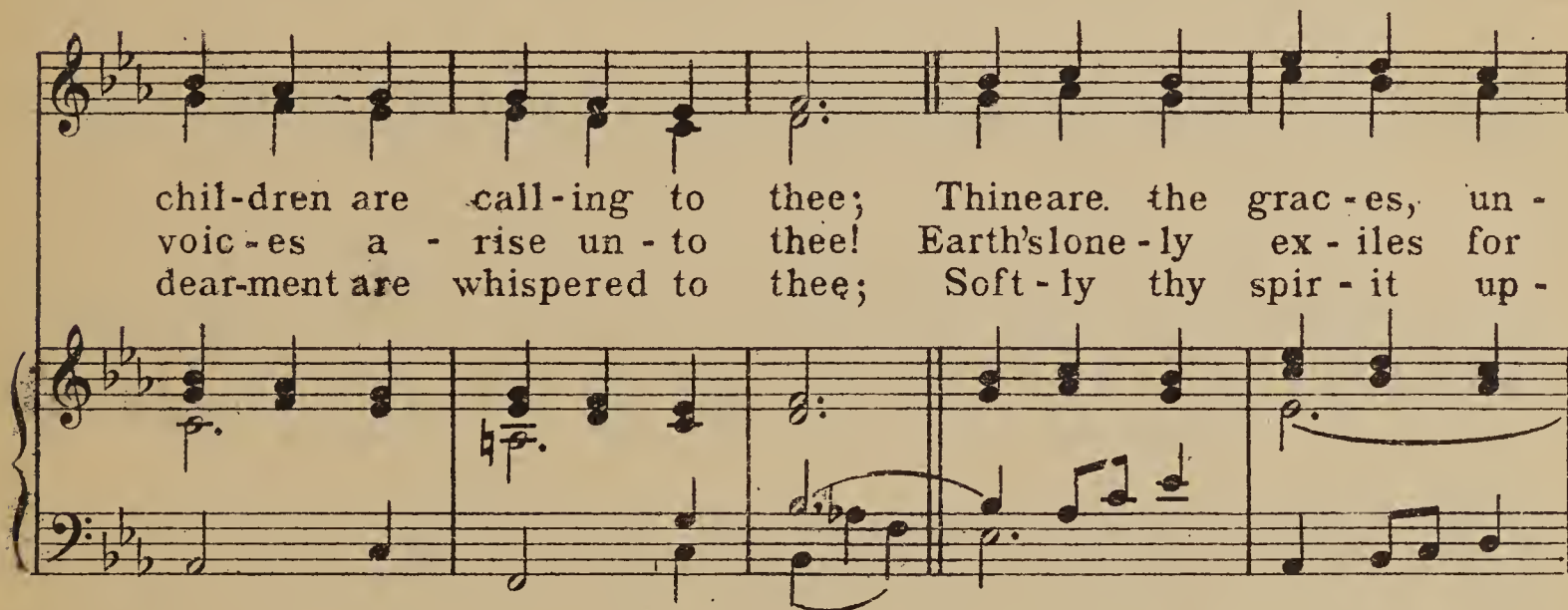
A. EDMONDS TOZER

mf

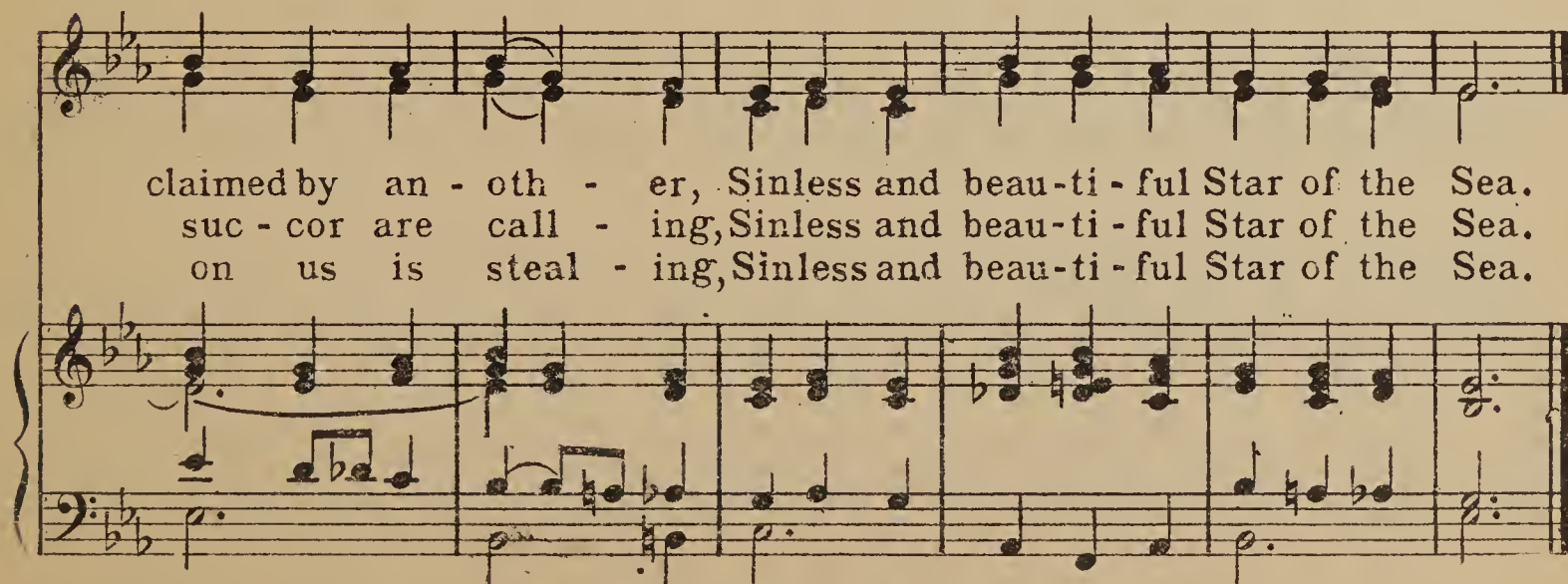


1. A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou Vir - gin and Moth - er, Fond - ly thy
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall - ing, Soft - ly our
3. A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy chil - dren are kneeling Words of en -

mf



chil - dren are call - ing to thee; Thine are the grac - es, un -
voic - es a - rise un - to thee! Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for
dear - ment are whispered to thee; Soft - ly thy spir - it up -

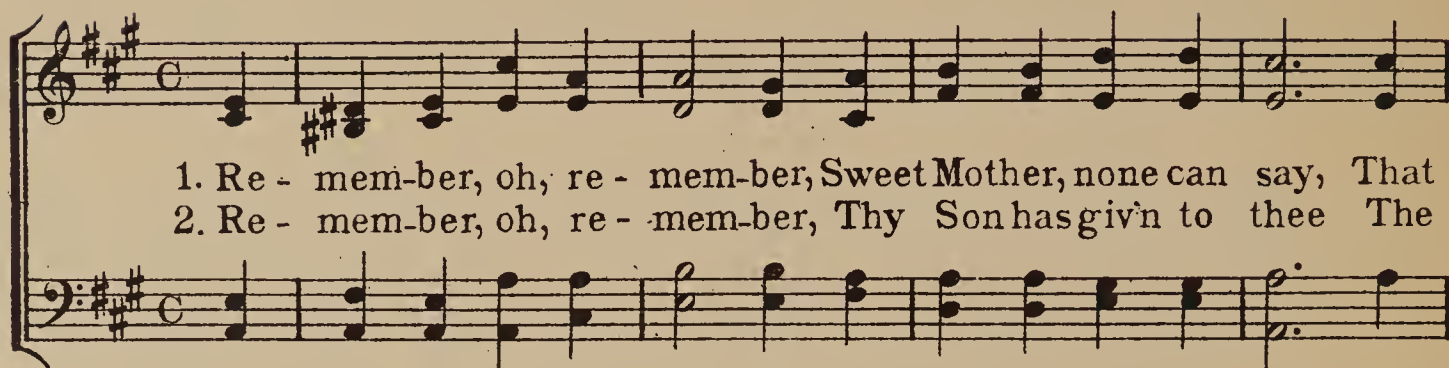


claimed by an - oth - er, Sinless and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.
suc - cor are call - ing, Sinless and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.
on us is steal - ing, Sinless and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.

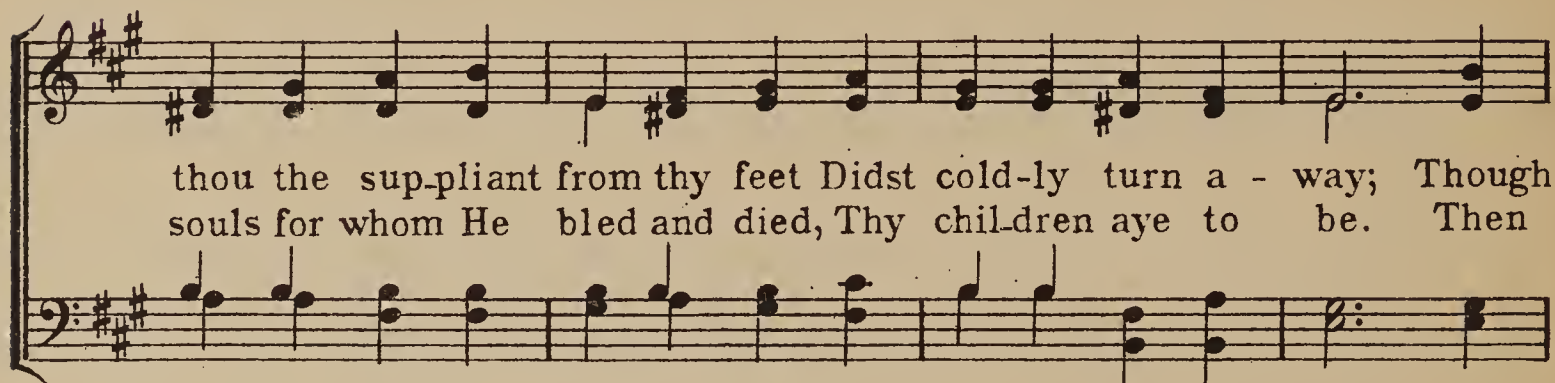
REMEMBER, OH REMEMBER

94

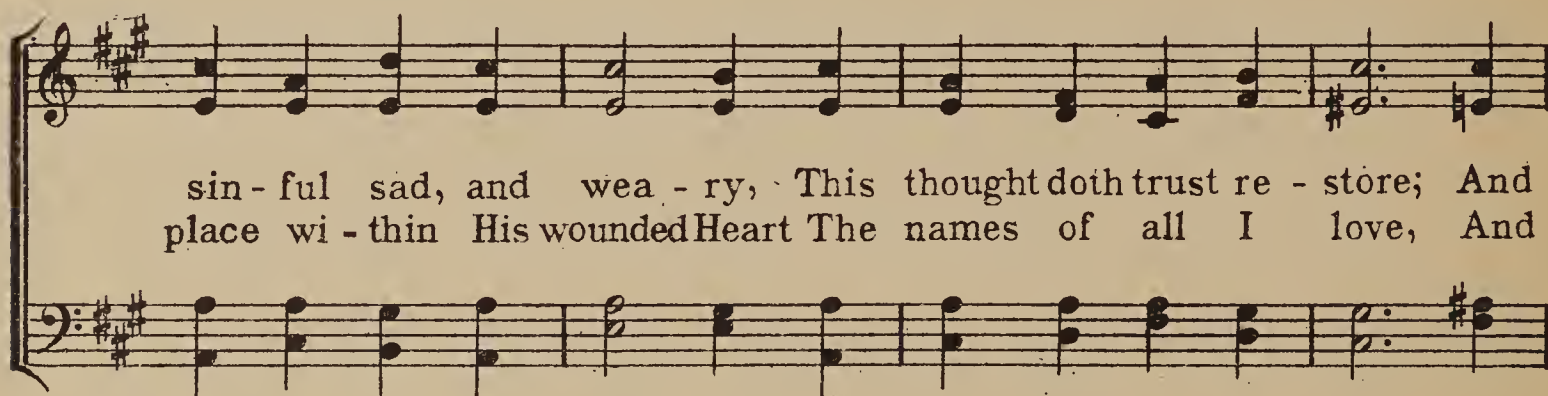
I. SUTTON



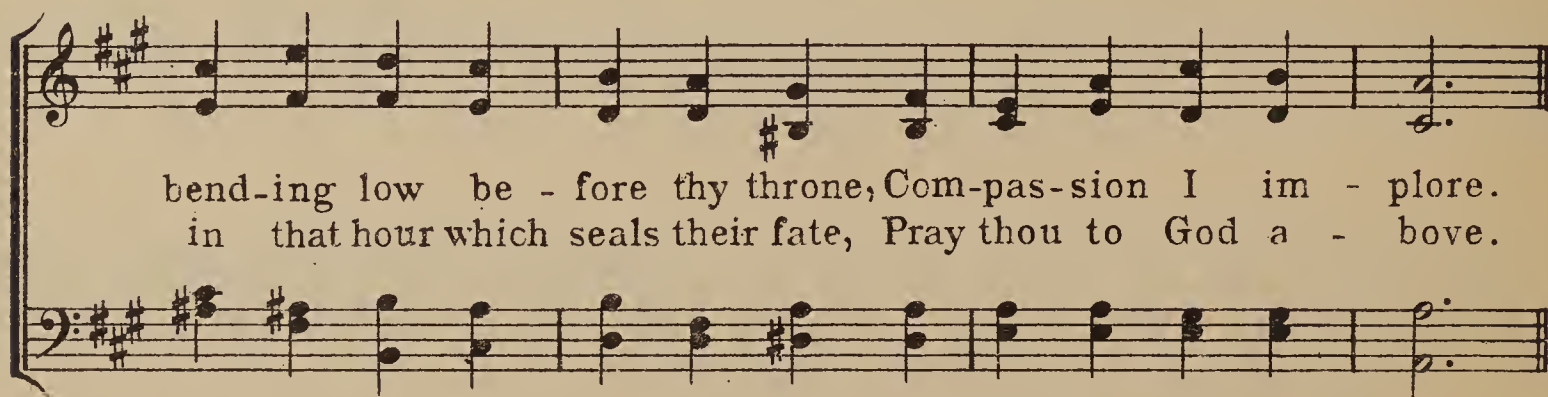
1. Re - mem-ber, oh, re - mem-ber, Sweet Mother, none can say, That
2. Re - mem-ber, oh, re - mem-ber, Thy Son has giv'n to thee The



thou the sup-pliant from thy feet Didst cold-ly turn a - way; Though
souls for whom He bled and died, Thy chil-dren aye to be. Then

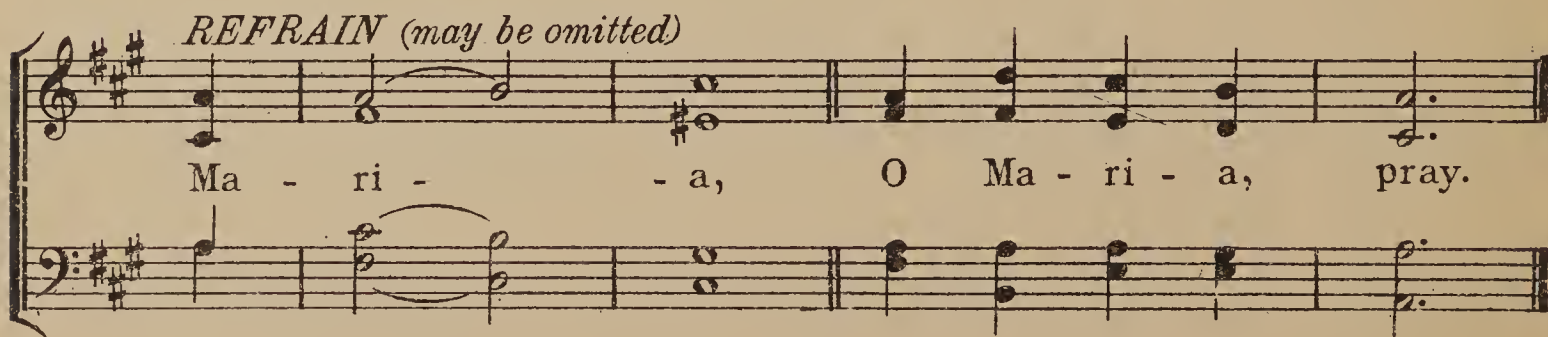


sin - ful sad, and wea - ry, This thought doth trust re - store; And
place wi - thin His wounded Heart The names of all I love, And



bend-ing low be - fore thy throne, Com-pas-sion I im - plore.
in that hour which seals their fate, Pray thou to God a - bove.

REFRAIN (may be omitted)



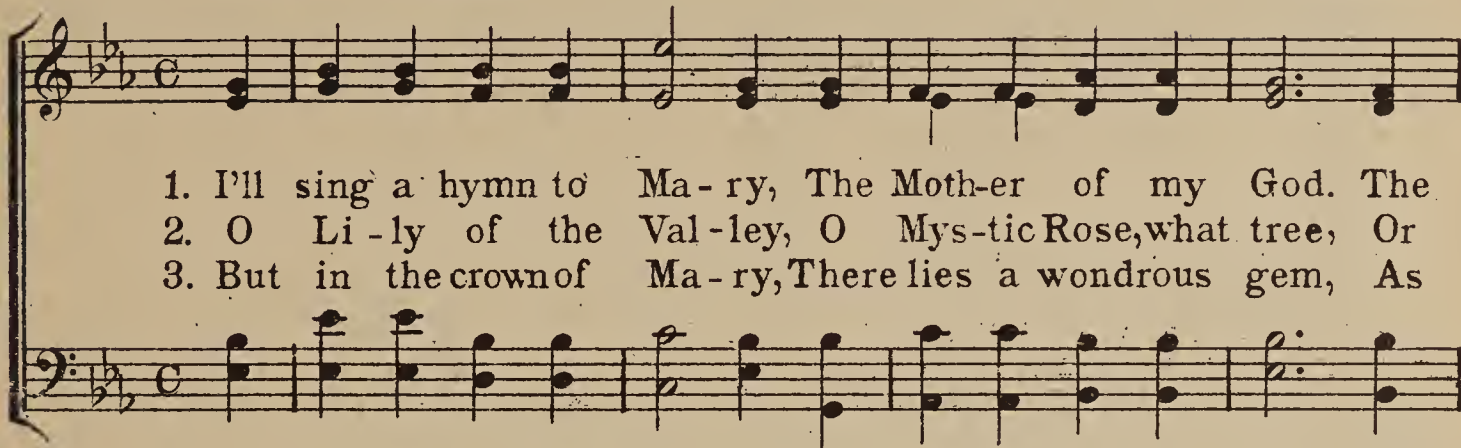
Ma - ri - a, O Ma - ri - a, pray.

I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

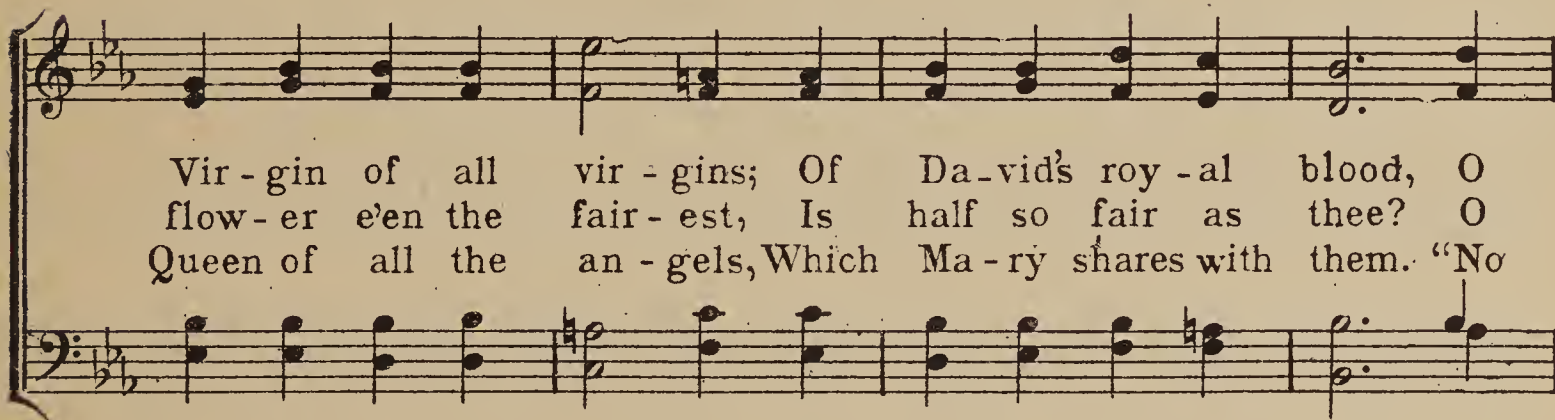
95

Rev. Fr. J. WYZE (1825-1898)

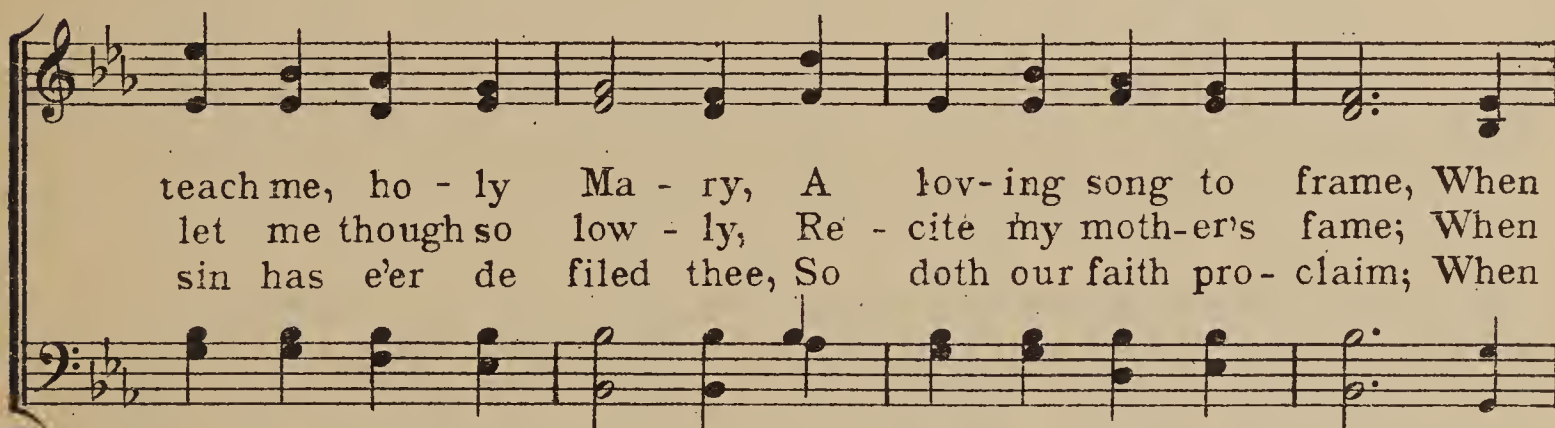
Traditional



1. I'll sing a hymn to Ma-ry, The Moth-er of my God. The
 2. O Li-ly of the Val-ley, O Mys-tic Rose, what tree, Or
 3. But in the crown of Ma-ry, There lies a wondrous gem, As



Vir-gin of all vir-gins; Of Da-vid's roy-al blood, O
 flow-er e'en the fair-est, Is half so fair as thee? O
 Queen of all the an-gels, Which Ma-ry shares with them. "No



teach me, ho-ly Ma-ry, A lov-ing song to frame, When
 let me though so low-ly, Re-cite my moth-er's fame; When
 sin has e'er de-filed thee, So doth our faith pro-claim; When

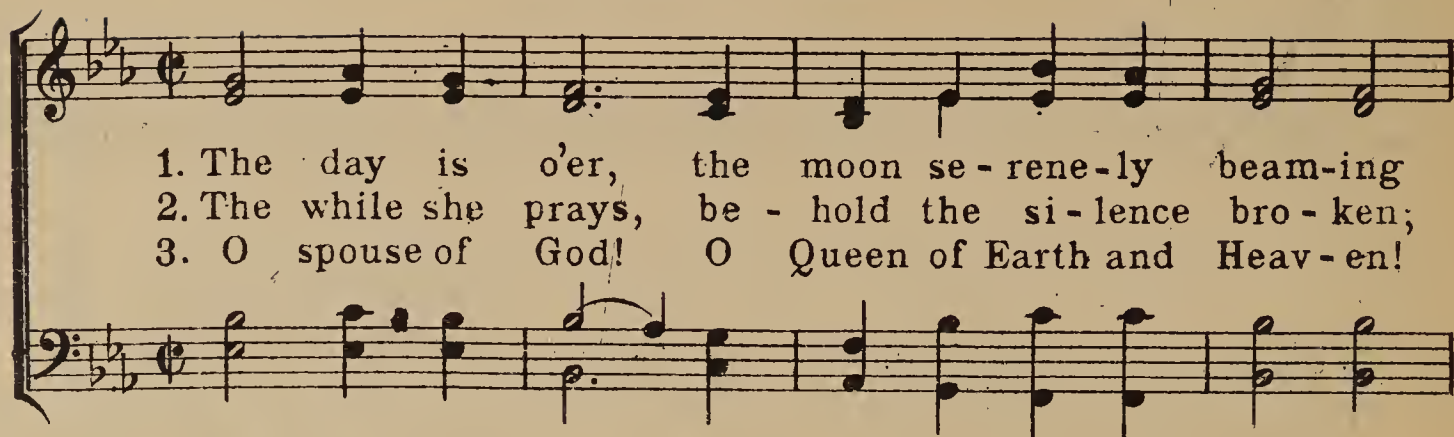


wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.
 wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.
 wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

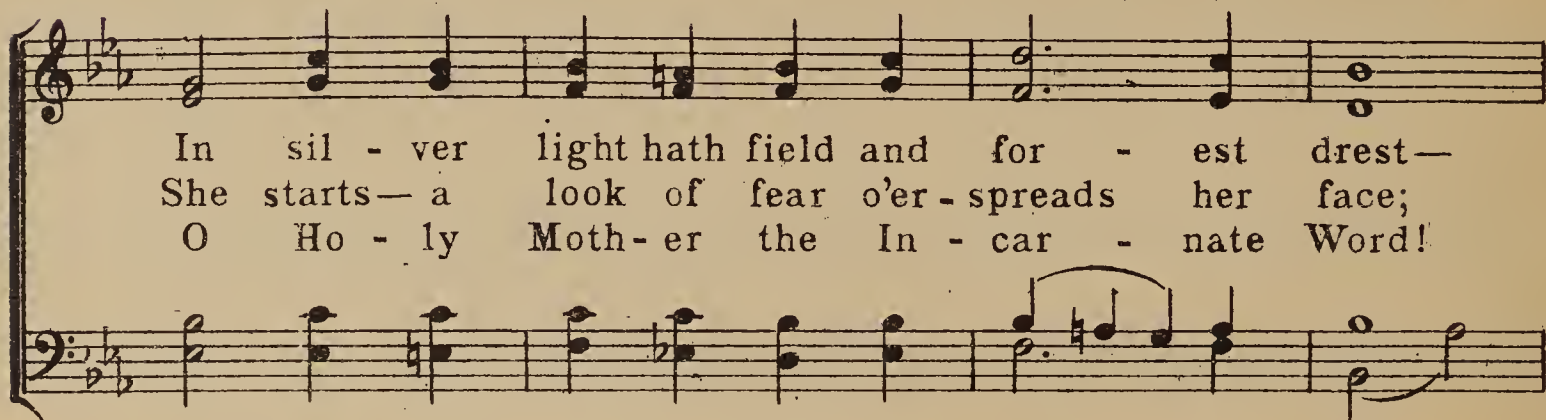
HAIL, FULL OF GRACE

(THE DAY IS O'ER)

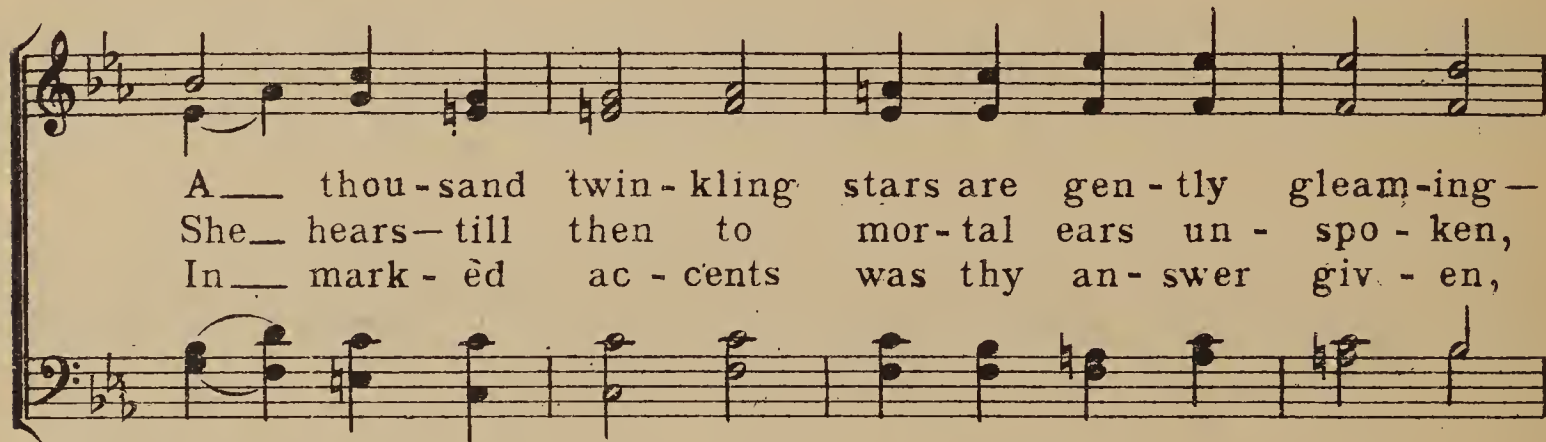
MOIR BROWN



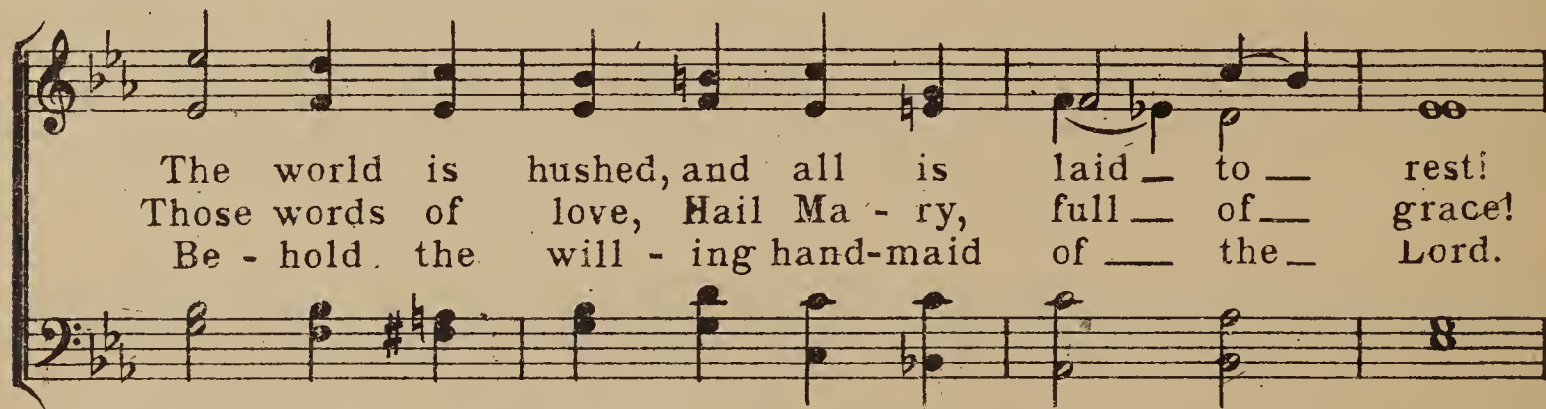
1. The day is o'er, the moon se-re-ne-ly beam-ing
 2. The while she prays, be-hold the si-lence bro-ken;
 3. O spouse of God! O Queen of Earth and Heav-en!



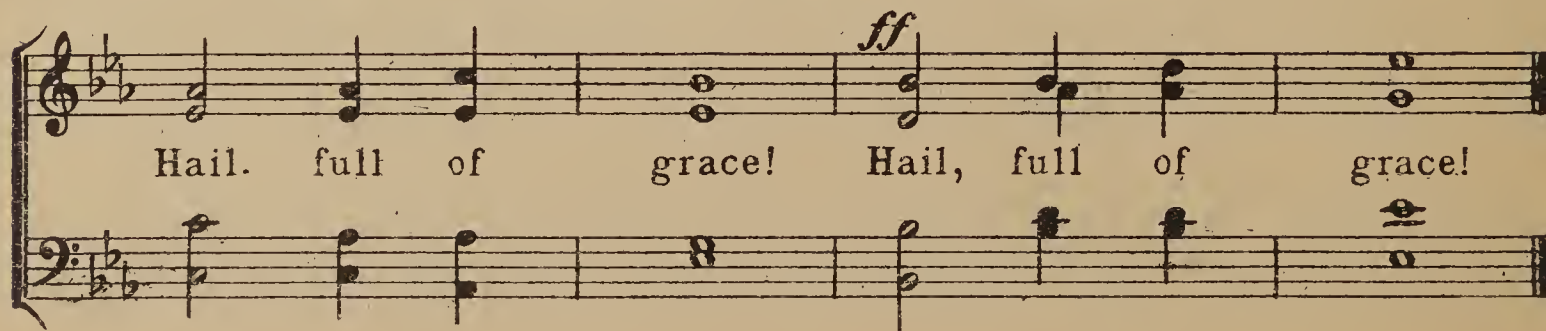
In sil-ver light hath field and for-est drest—
 She starts—a look of fear o'er-spreads her face;
 O Ho-ly Moth-er the In-car-nate Word!



A— thou-sand twin-king stars are gen-tly gleam-ing—
 She— hears—till then to mor-tal ears un-spo-ken,
 In— mark-ed ac-cents was thy an-swer giv-en,



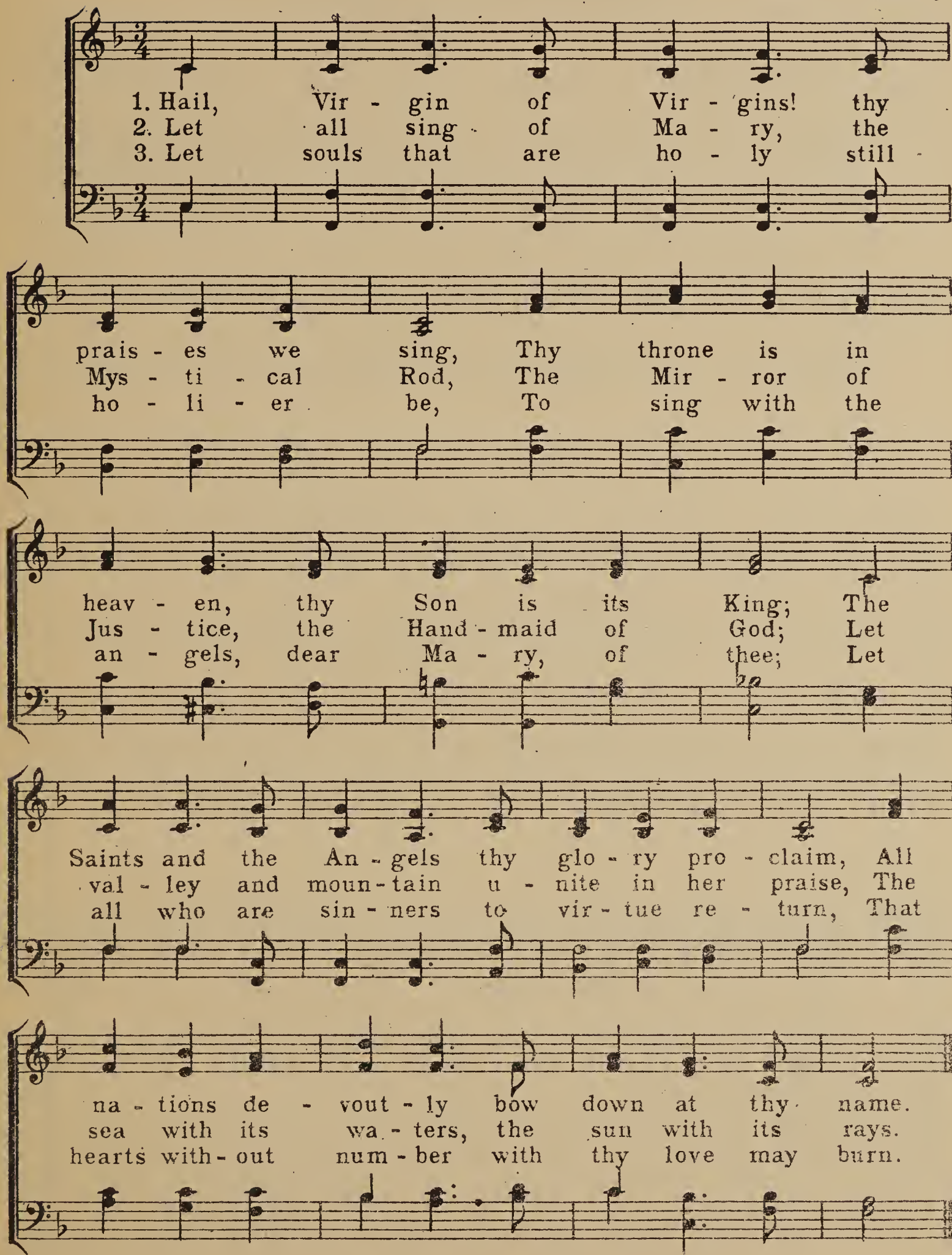
The world is hushed, and all is laid—to rest!
 Those words of love, Hail Ma-ry, full—of—grace!
 Be-hold the will-ing hand-maid of—the—Lord.



Hail. full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

HAIL, VIRGIN OF VIRGINS

Sister of Mercy



1. Hail, Vir - gin of Vir - gins! thy
 2. Let all sing of Ma - ry, the
 3. Let souls that are ho - ly still

prais - es we sing, Thy throne is in
 Mys - ti - cal Rod, The Mir - ror of
 ho - li - er be, To sing with the

heav - en, thy Son is its King; The
 Jus - tice, the Hand - maid of God; Let
 an - gels, dear Ma - ry, of thee; Let

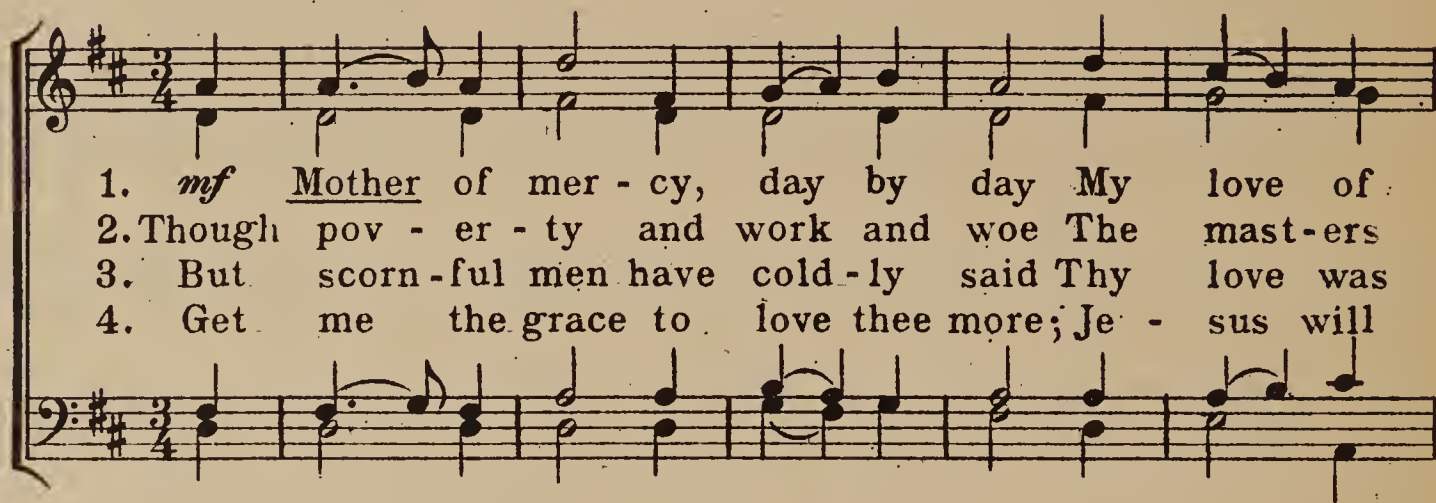
Saints and the An - gels thy glo - ry pro - claim, All
 val - ley and moun - tain u - nite in her praise, The
 all who are sin - ners to vir - tue re - turn, That

na - tions de - vout - ly bow down at thy name.
 sea with its wa - ters, the sun with its rays.
 hearts with - out num - ber with thy love may burn.

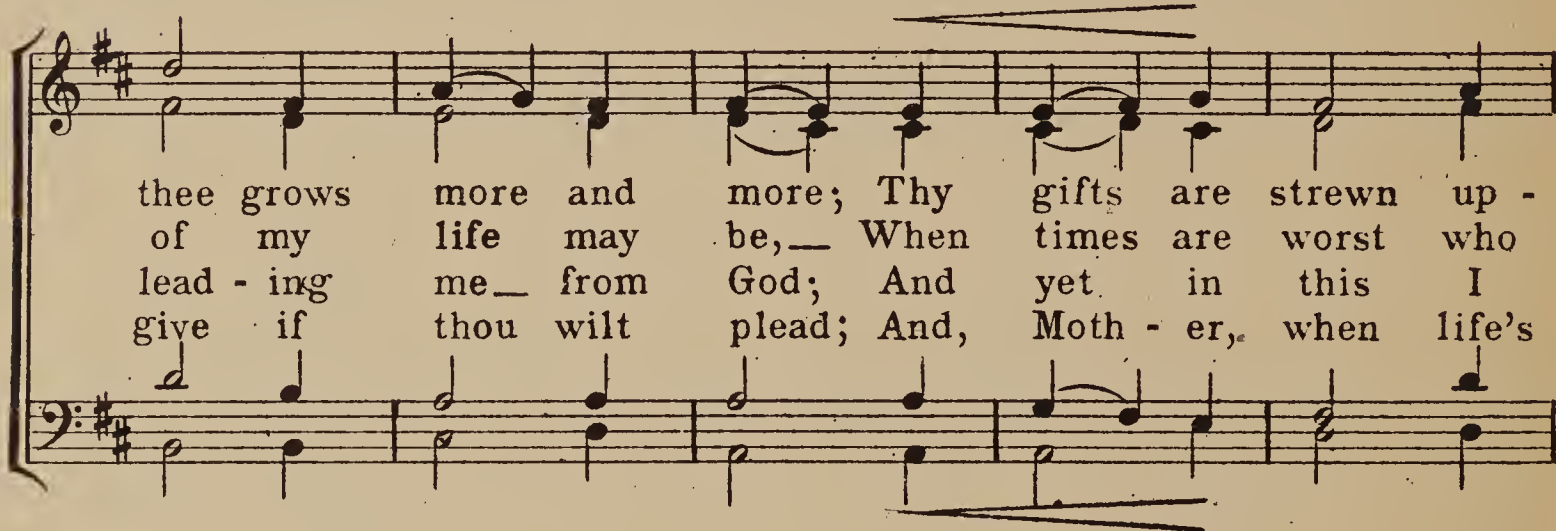
MOTHER OF MERCY

98 Rev. Fr. W. FABER

J. RICHARDSON



1. *mf* Mother of mer - cy, day by day My love of
 2. Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast - ers
 3. But scorn - ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was
 4. Get me the grace to love thee more; Je - sus will



thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up -
 of my life may be, — When times are worst who
 lead - ing me — from God; And yet in this I
 give if thou wilt plead; And, Moth - er, when life's

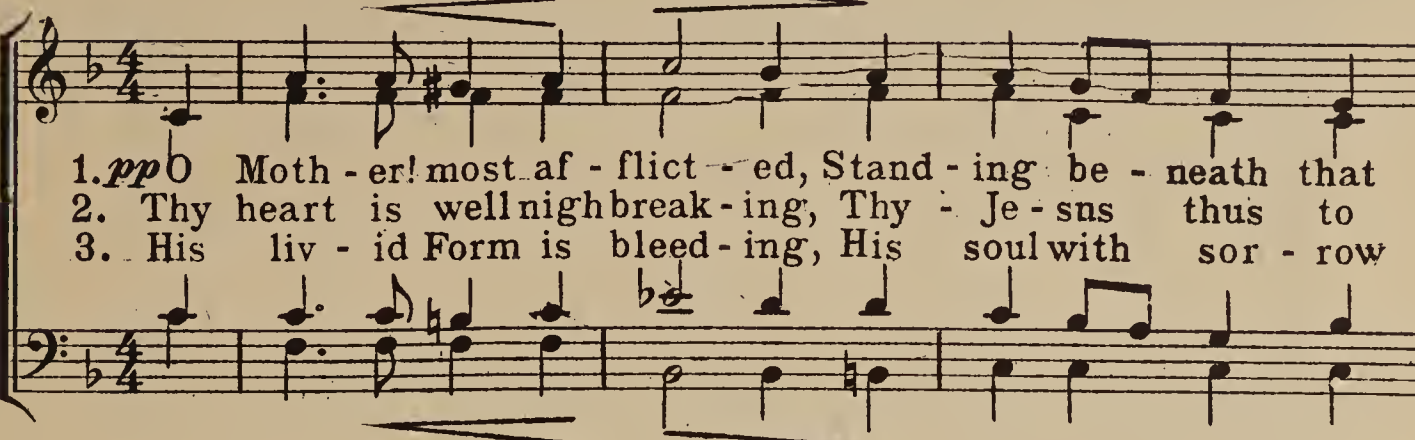


on — my way, Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.
 does not know, Dark - ness is light with love of thee?
 did — but tread, The ver - y path my Sav - iour trod.
 cares are o'er, Oh, I — shall love thee then in - deed.

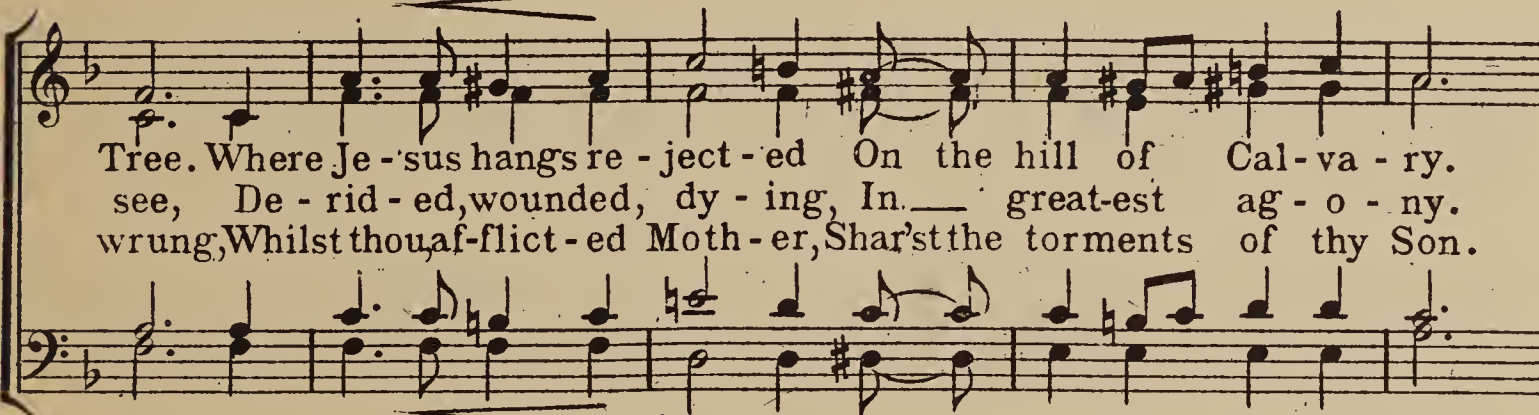
O MOTHER MOST AFFLICTED

99 Catholic Parochial Hymn Book (1873)

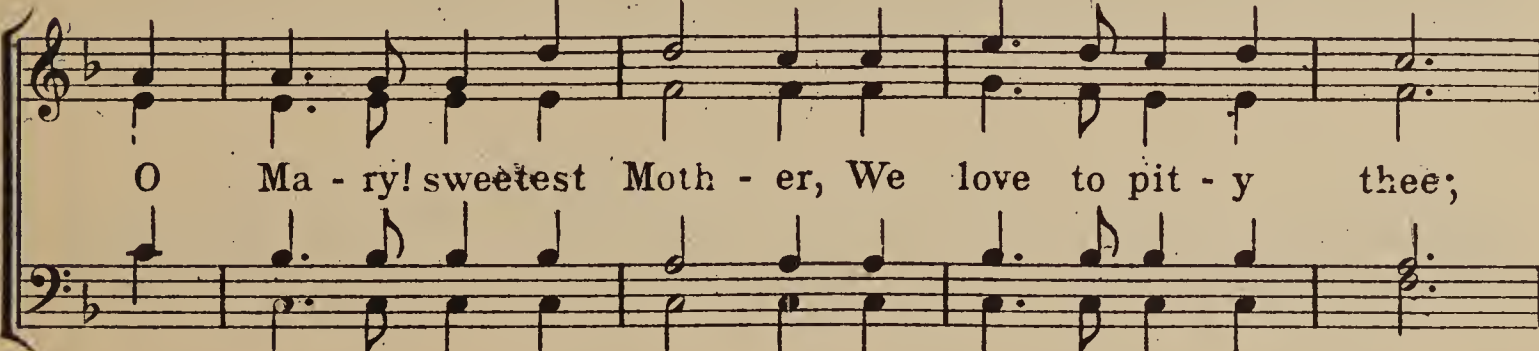
H. C. NIXON




1. *pp* O Moth - er! most af - flict - ed, Stand - ing be - neath that
 2. Thy heart is well nigh break - ing, Thy - Je - sus thus to
 3. His liv - id Form is bleed - ing, His soul with sor - row



Tree. Where Je - sus hangs re - ject - ed On the hill of Cal - va - ry.
 see, De - rid - ed, wounded, dy - ing, In — great - est ag - o - ny.
 wrung, Whilst thou af - flict - ed Moth - er, Shar'st the torments of thy Son.



O Ma - ry! sweetest Moth - er, We love to pit - y thee;



O for the sake of Je - sus Let us thy chil - dren be.

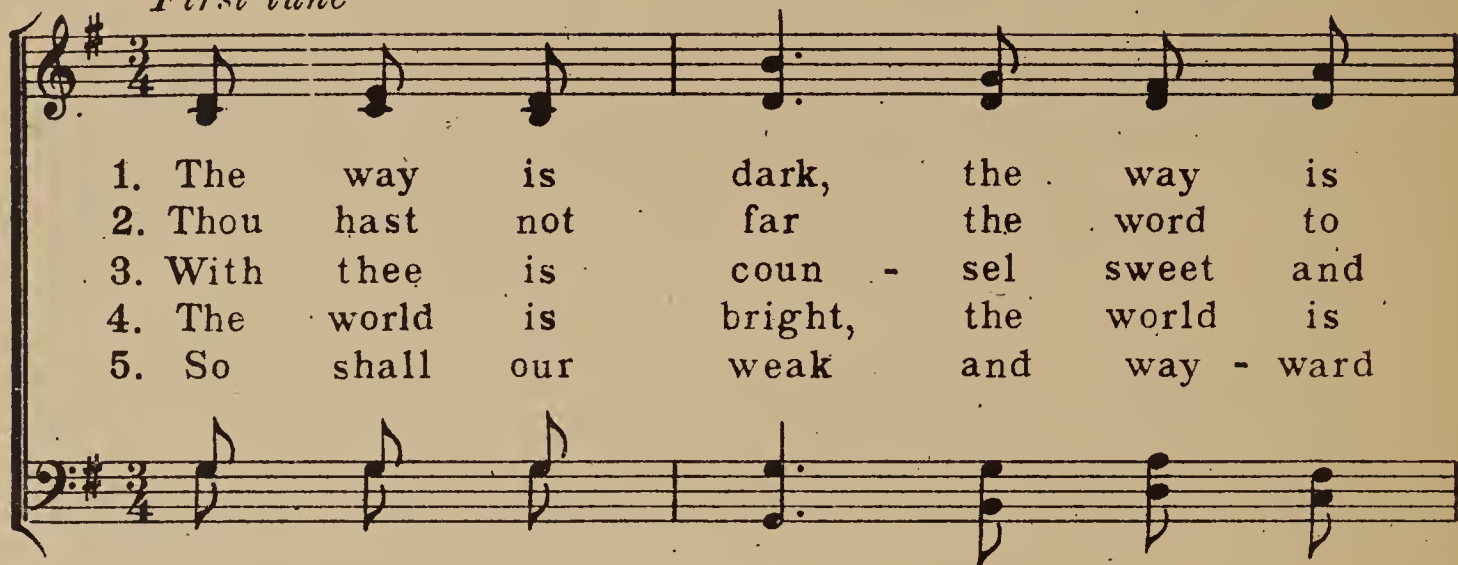
THE WAY IS DARK

100

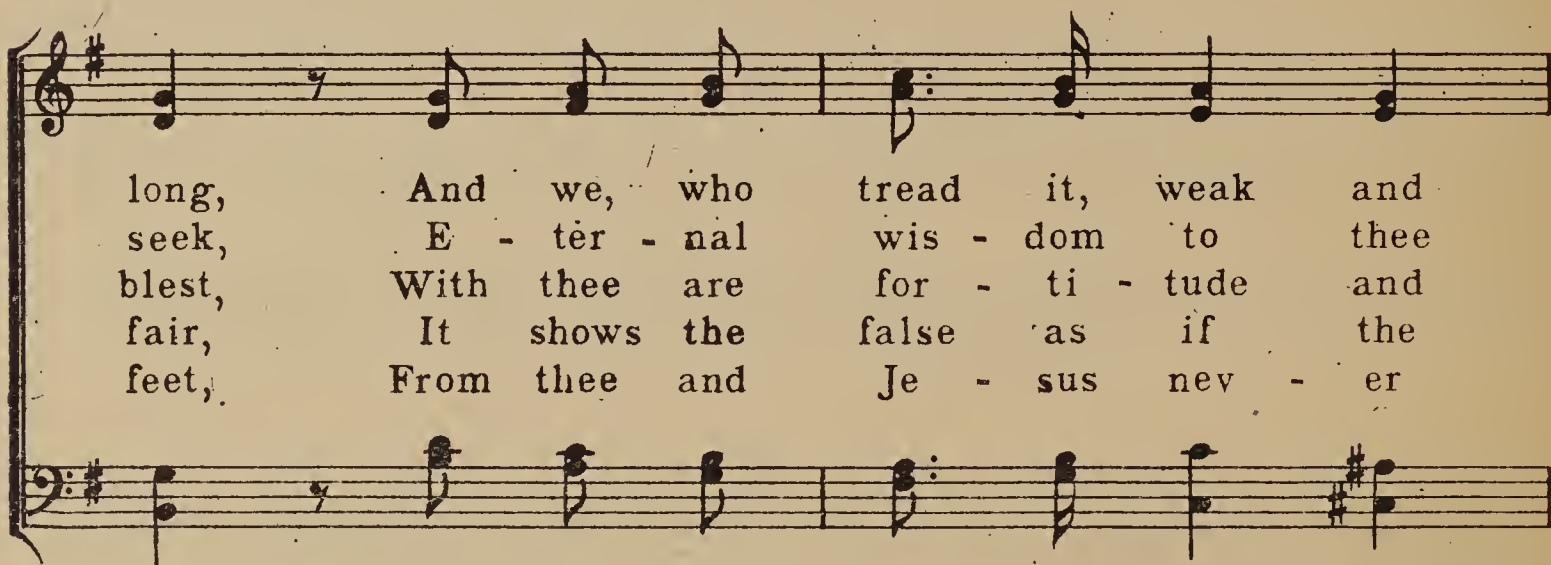
Rev. W. MAHER S. J.

Rev. W. MAHER S. J.

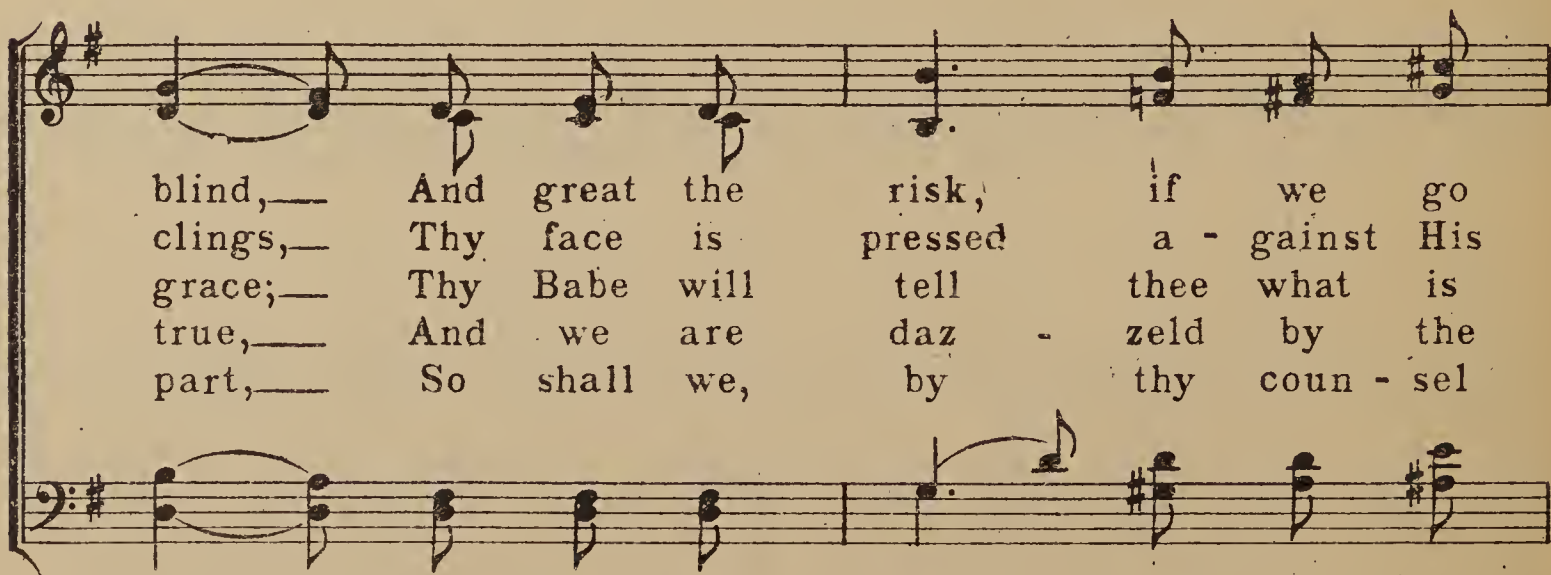
First tune



1. The way is dark, the way is
 2. Thou hast not far the word to
 3. With thee is coun - sel sweet and
 4. The world is bright, the world is
 5. So shall our weak and way - ward

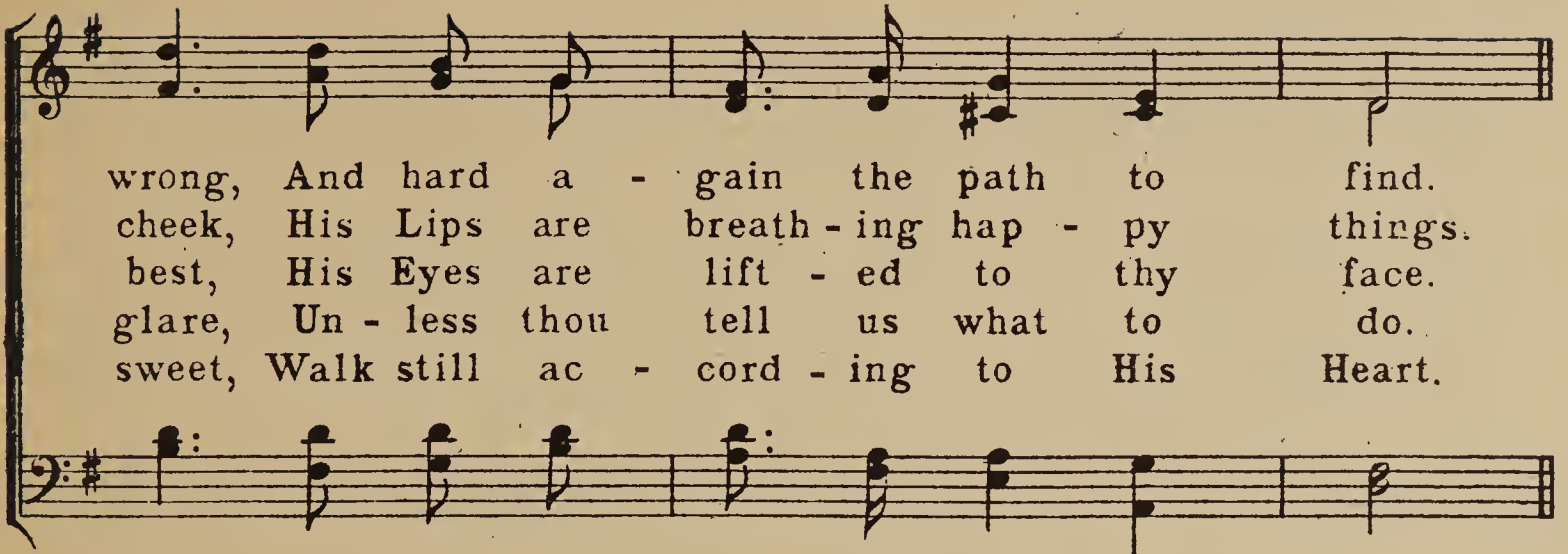


long, And we, who tread it, weak and
 seek, E - ter - nal wis - dom to thee
 blest, With thee are for - ti - tude and
 fair, It shows the false as if the
 feet, From thee and Je - sus nev - er

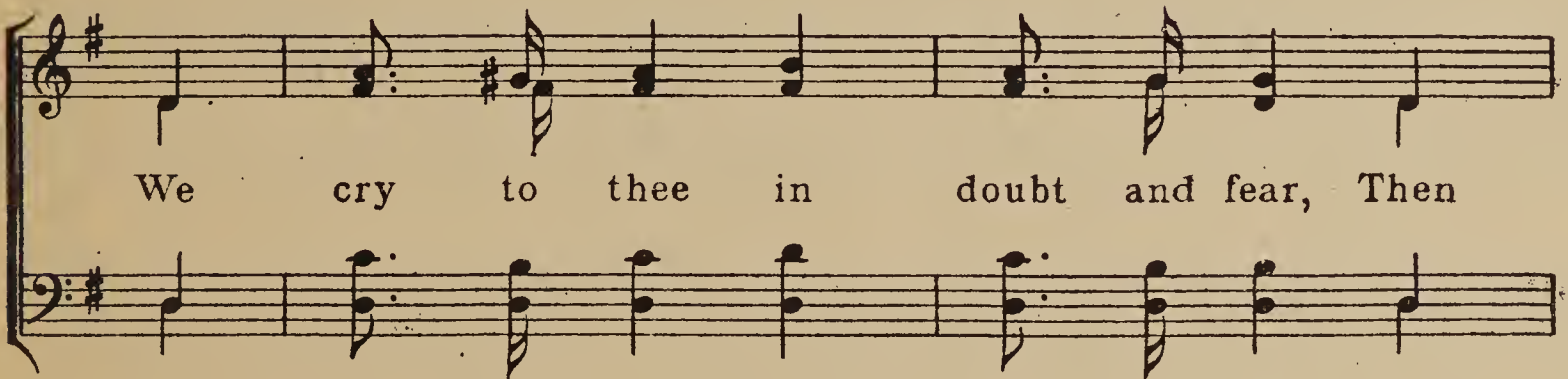


blind,— And great the risk, if we go
 clings,— Thy face is pressed a - gainst His
 grace;— Thy Babe will tell thee what is
 true,— And we are daz - zled by the
 part,— So shall we, by thy coun - sel

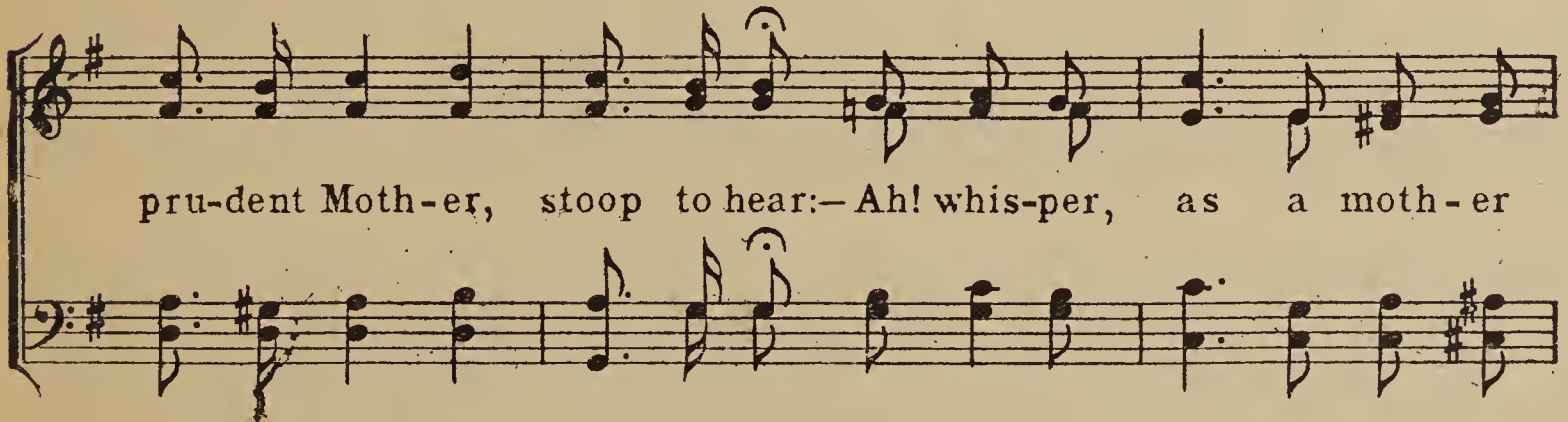
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY



wrong, And hard a - gain the path to find.
cheek, His Lips are breath - ing hap - py things.
best, His Eyes are lift - ed to thy face.
glare, Un - less thou tell us what to do.
sweet, Walk still ac - cord - ing to His Heart.



We cry to thee in doubt and fear, Then



pru-dent Moth-er, stoop to hear:— Ah! whis-per, as a moth-er



should, Thy lov - ing coun - sel wise and good.
Thy lov - ing, lov - ing

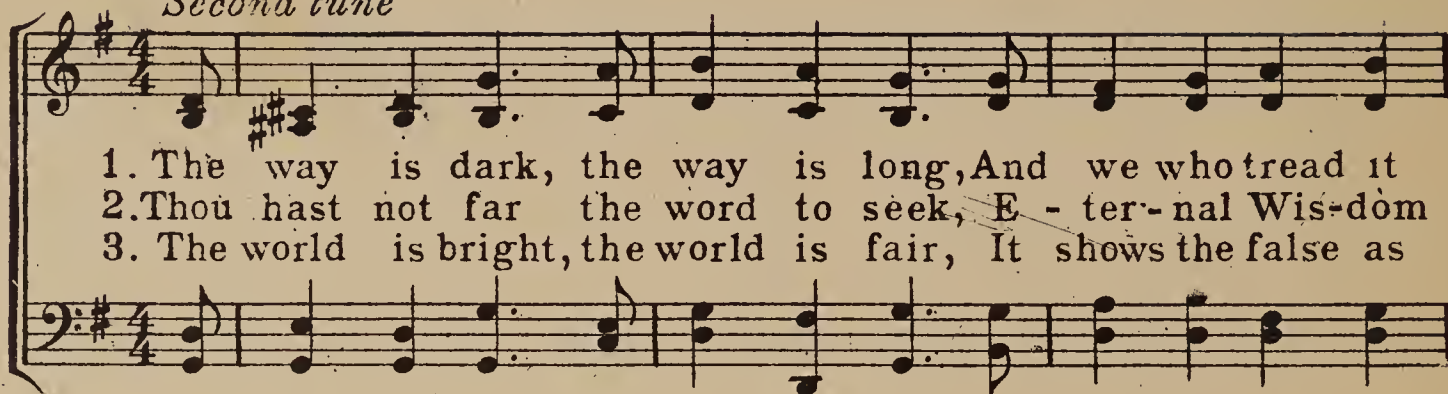
101

THE WAY IS DARK.

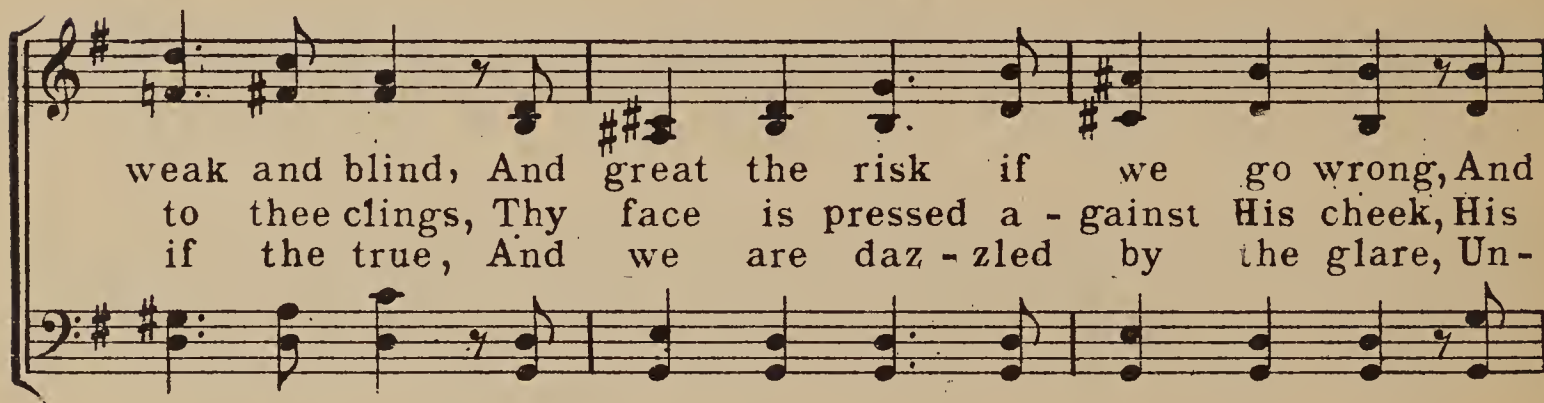
Rev. W. MAHER S. J.

S. N. D.

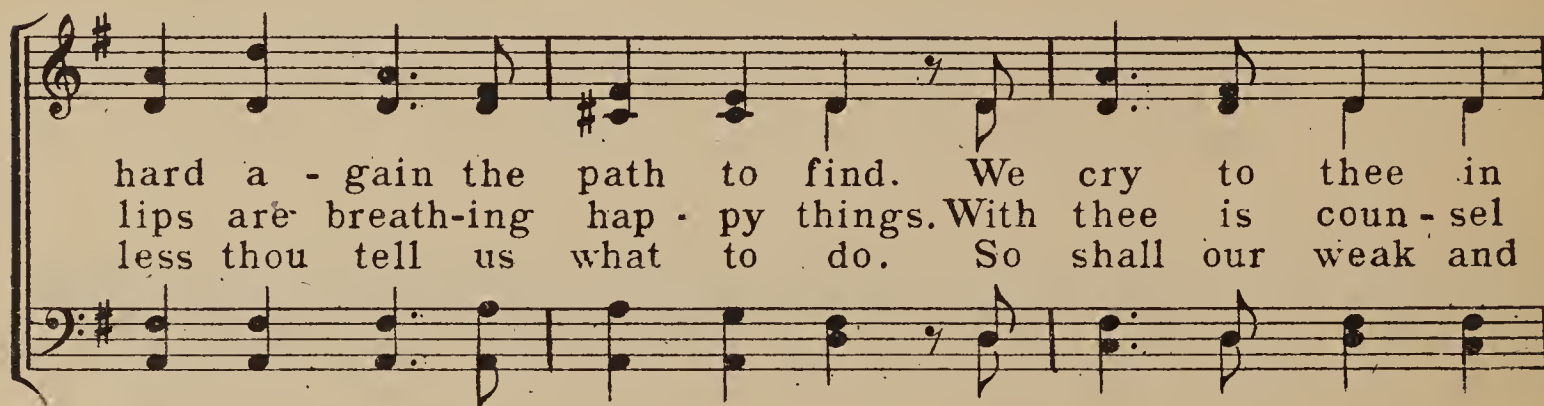
Second tune



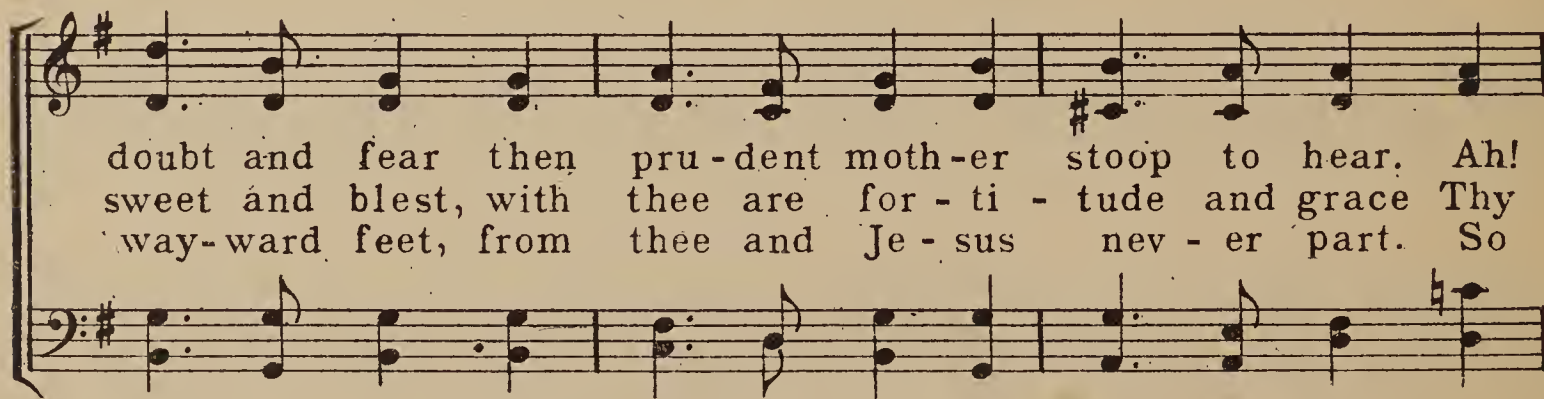
1. The way is dark, the way is long, And we who tread it
 2. Thou hast not far the word to seek, E - ter - nal Wis - dom
 3. The world is bright, the world is fair, It shows the false as



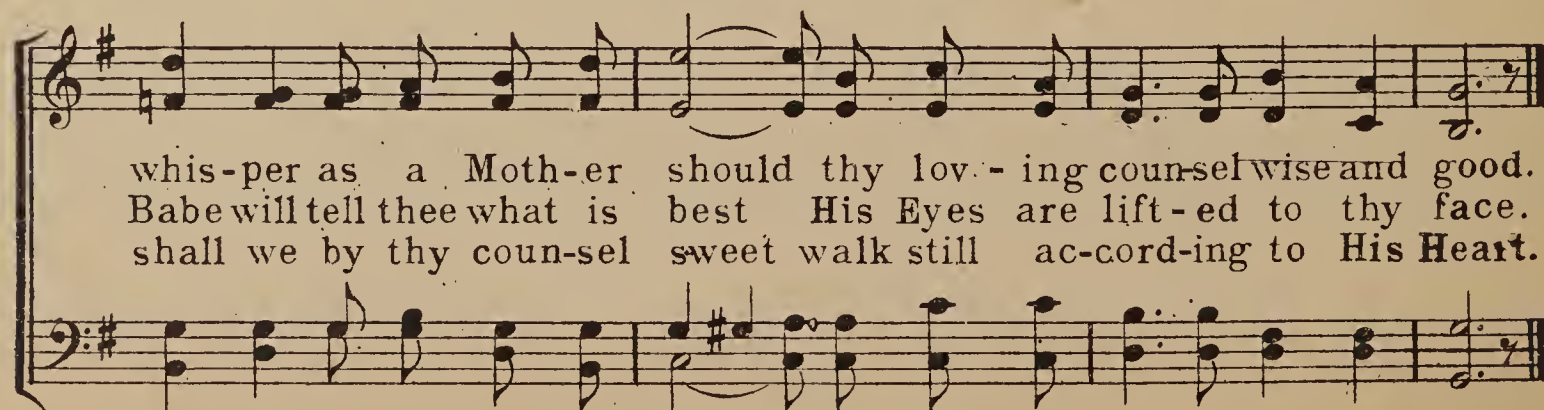
weak and blind, And great the risk if we go wrong, And
 to thee clings, Thy face is pressed a - gainst His cheek, His
 if the true, And we are daz - zled by the glare, Un -



hard a - gain the path to find. We cry to thee in
 lips are breath - ing hap - py things. With thee is coun - sel
 less thou tell us what to do. So shall our weak and



doubt and fear then pru - dent moth - er stoop to hear. Ah!
 sweet and blest, with thee are for - ti - tude and grace Thy
 way - ward feet, from thee and Je - sus nev - er part. So

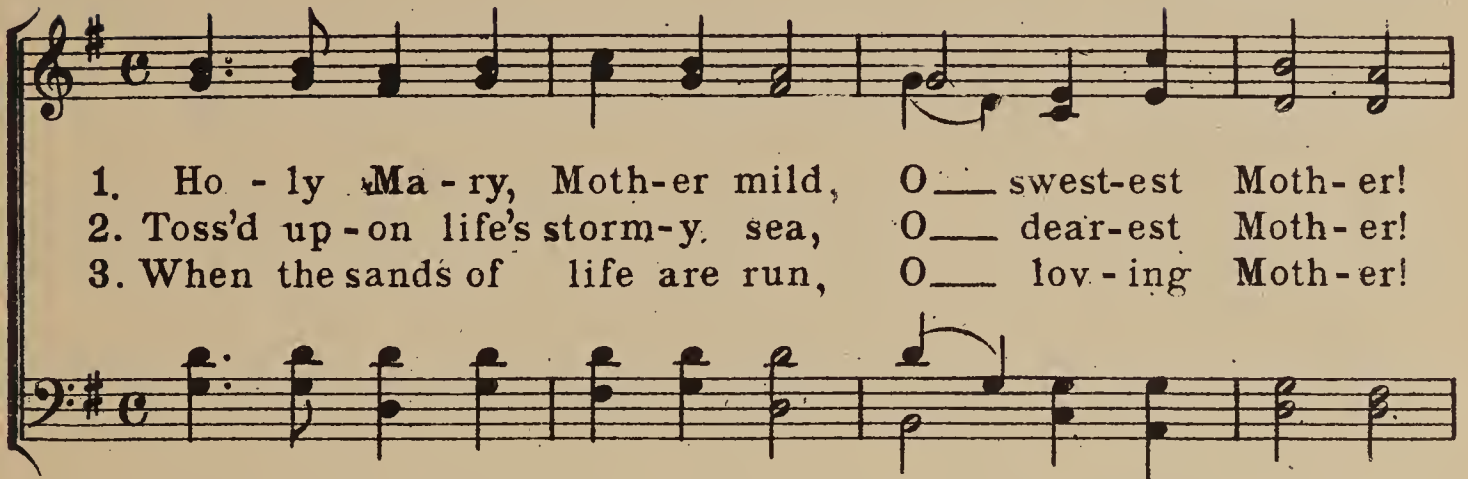


whis - per as a Moth - er should thy lov - ing counsel wise and good.
 Babewill tell thee what is best His Eyes are lift - ed to thy face.
 shall we by thy coun - sel sweet walk still ac - cord - ing to His Heart.

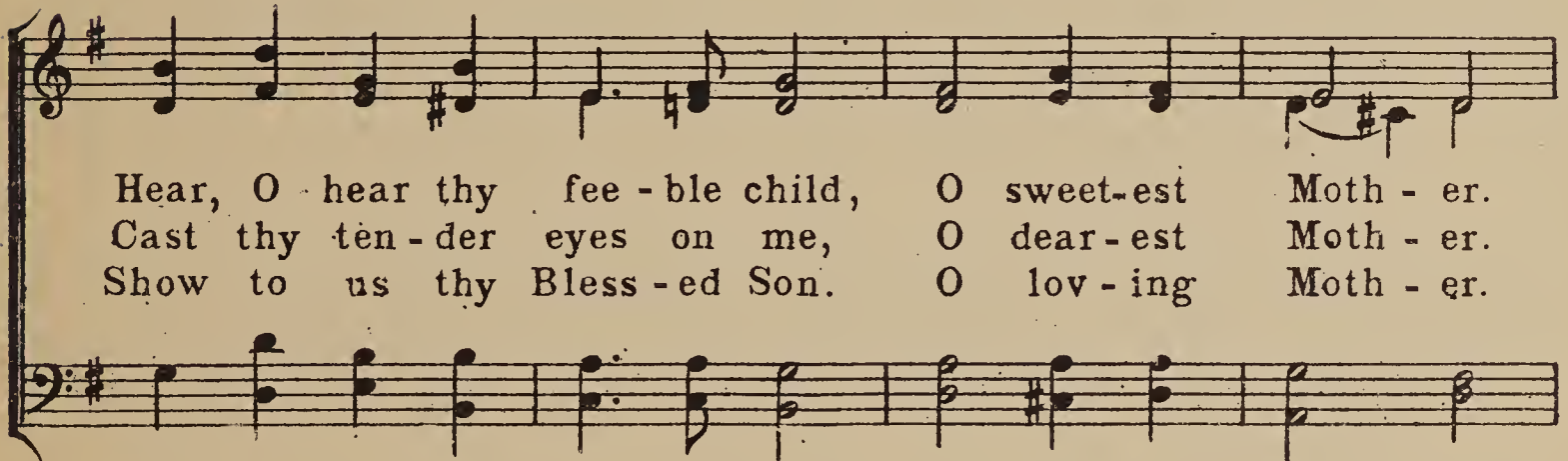
HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD

102

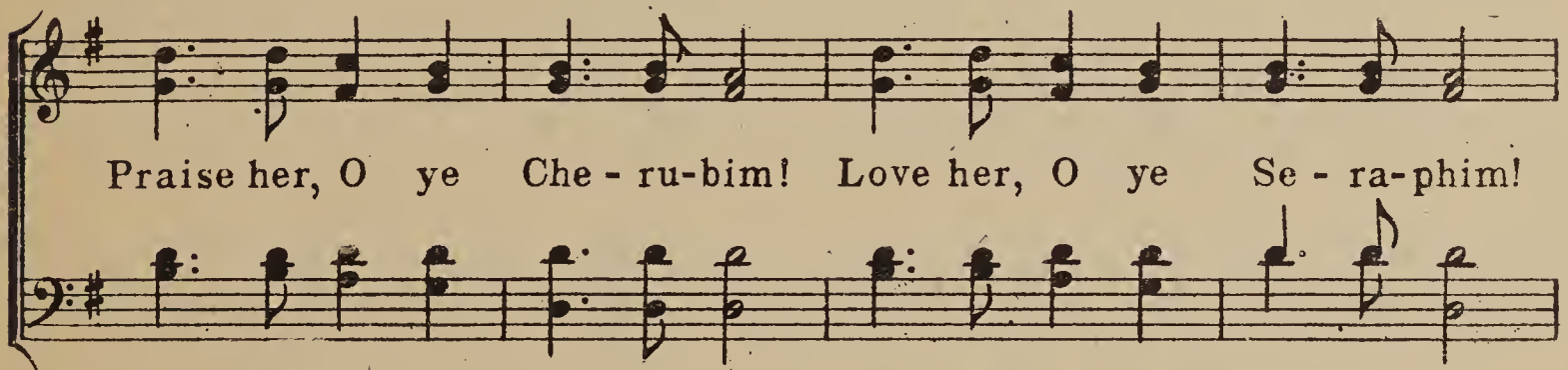
MARY MOIR



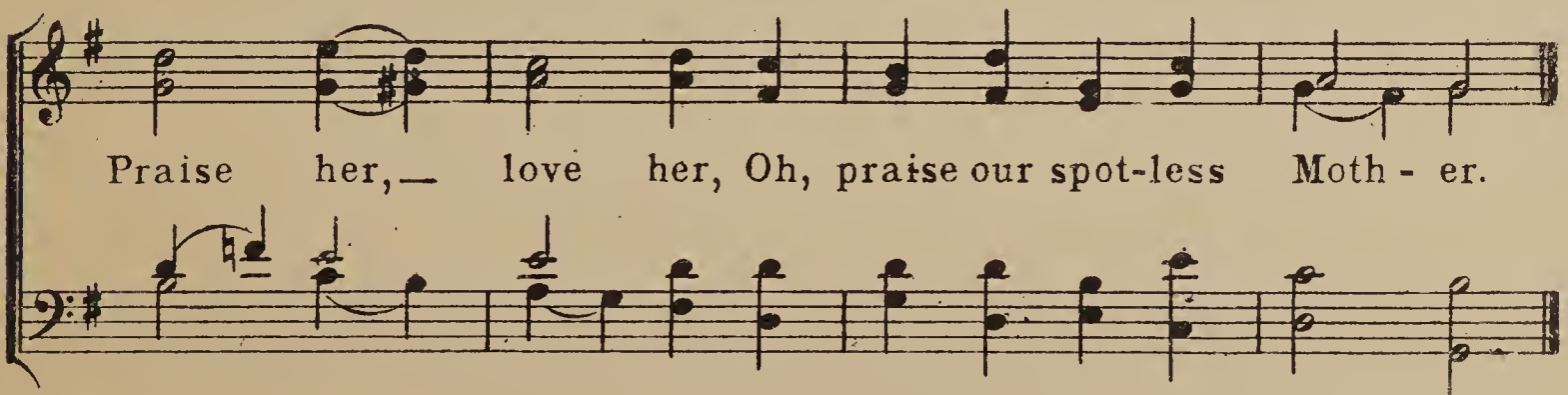
1. Ho - ly Ma - ry, Moth - er mild, O — sweet - est Moth - er!
 2. Toss'd up - on life's storm - y. sea, O — dear - est Moth - er!
 3. When the sands of life are run, O — lov - ing Moth - er!



Hear, O hear thy fee - ble child, O sweet - est Moth - er.
 Cast thy ten - der eyes on me, O dear - est Moth - er.
 Show to us thy Bless - ed Son. O lov - ing Moth - er.



Praise her, O ye Che - ru - bim! Love her, O ye Se - ra - phim!

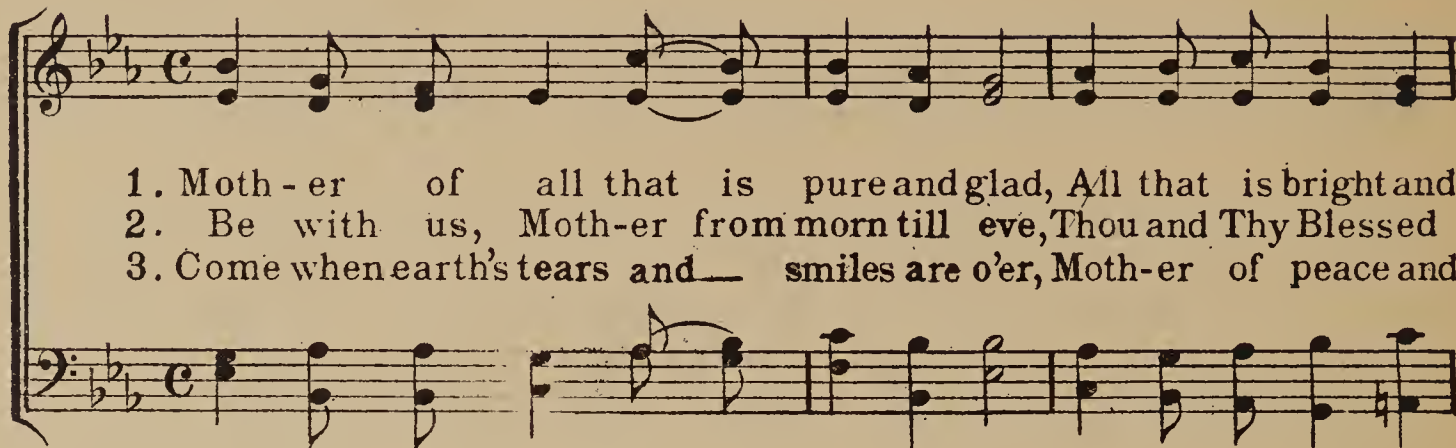


Praise her, — love her, Oh, praise our spot - less Moth - er.

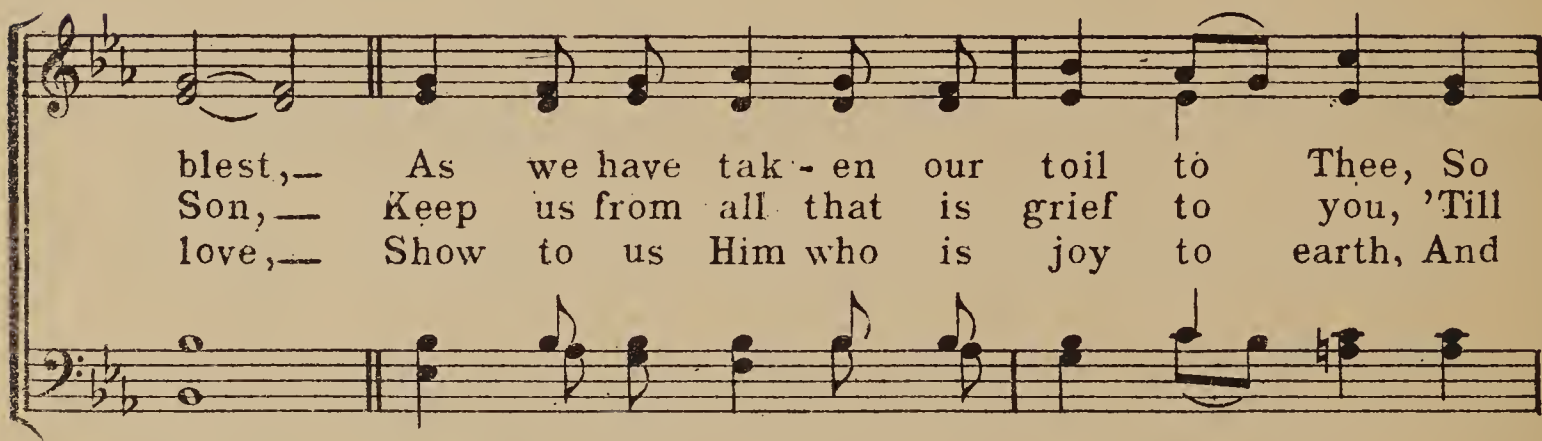
MOTHER OF ALL THAT IS PURE AND GLAD

103

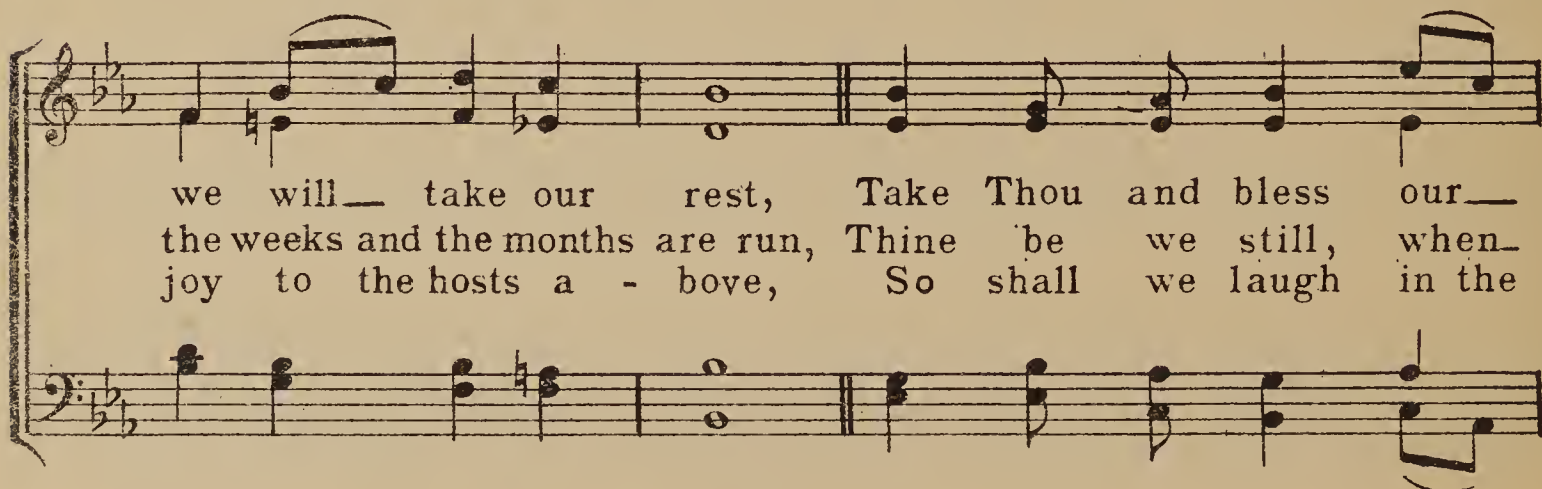
C. VALE



1. Moth - er of all that is pure and glad, All that is bright and
 2. Be with us, Moth - er from morn till eve, Thou and Thy Blessed
 3. Come when earth's tears and — smiles are o'er, Moth - er of peace and



blest, — As we have tak - en our toil to Thee, So
 Son, — Keep us from all that is grief to you, 'Till
 love, — Show to us Him who is joy to earth, And



we will — take our rest, Take Thou and bless our —
 the weeks and the months are run, Thine be we still, when —
 joy to the hosts a - bove, So shall we laugh in the



hol - i - day O Cau - sa — No - strae Lae - ti - ti - ae.
 grave or gay, O Cau - sa — No - strae Lae - ti - ti - ae.
 lat - ter day, O Cau - sa — No - strae Lae - ti - ti - ae.

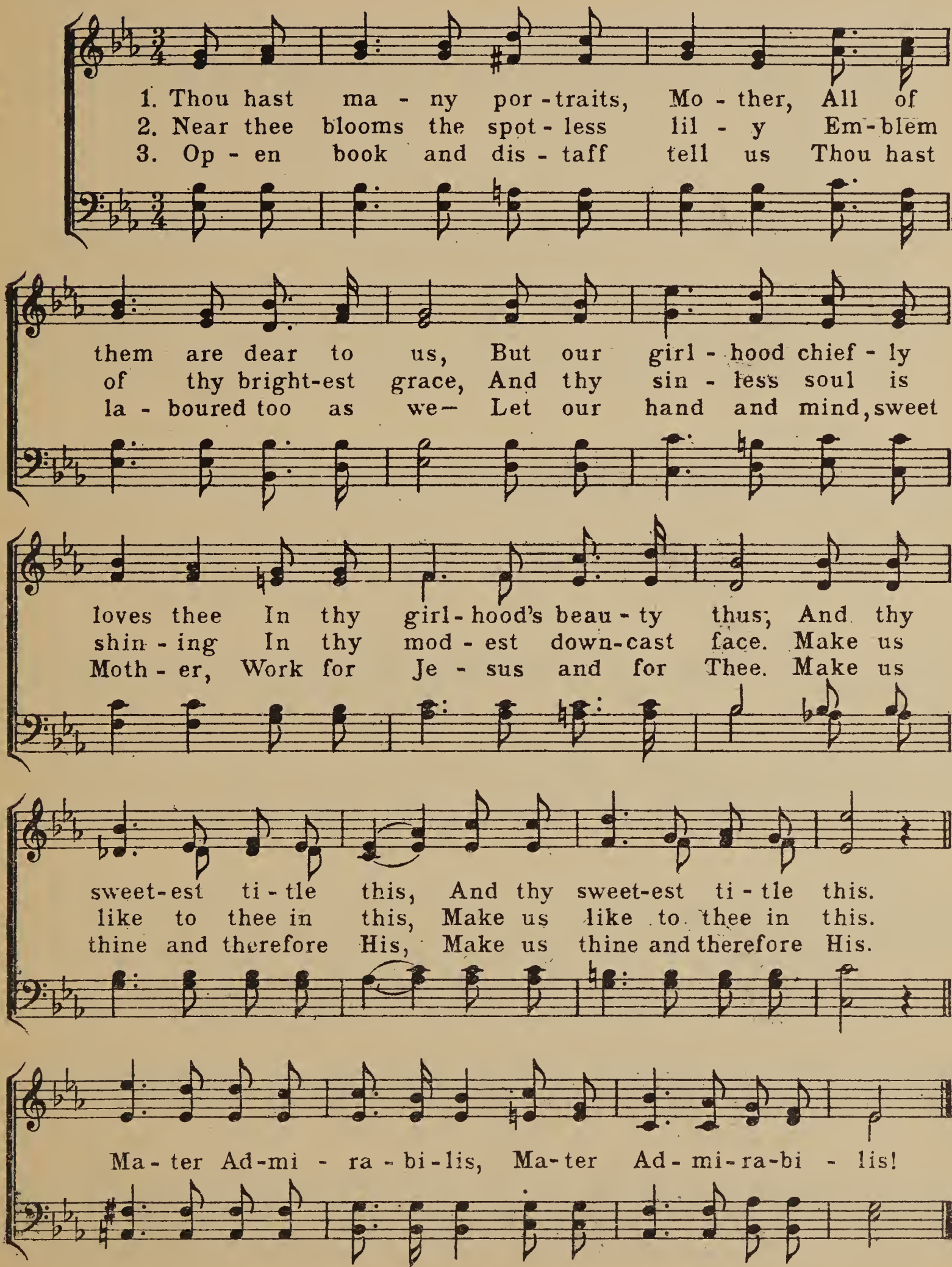
104

THOU HAST MANY PORTRAITS

(MATER ADMIRABILIS)

S. N. D.

S. N. D.



1. Thou hast ma - ny por - traits, Mo - ther, All of
 2. Near thee blooms the spot - less lil - y Em - blem
 3. Op - en book and dis - taff tell us Thou hast

them are dear to us, But our girl - hood chief - ly
 of thy bright - est grace, And thy sin - less soul is
 la - boured too as we - Let our hand and mind, sweet

loves thee In thy girl - hood's beau - ty thus; And thy
 shin - ing In thy mod - est down - cast face. Make us
 Moth - er, Work for Je - sus and for Thee. Make us

sweet - est ti - tle this, And thy sweet - est ti - tle this.
 like to thee in this, Make us like to thee in this.
 thine and therefore His, Make us thine and therefore His.

Ma - ter Ad - mi - ra - bi - lis, Ma - ter Ad - mi - ra - bi - lis!

105

MOTHER OF CHRIST*

S. N. D.

S. N. D.

(First setting)

1. Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ,
 2. Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ,
 3. Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ, I

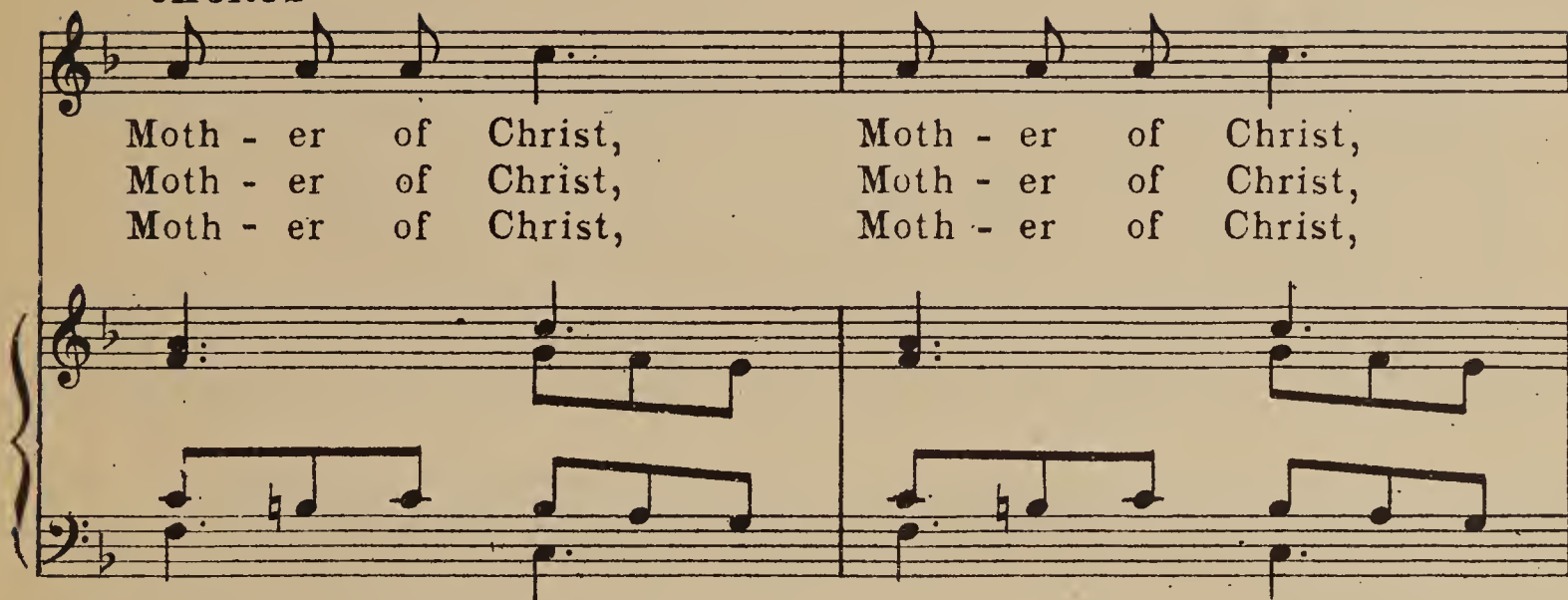
What shall I ask of Thee? I do not sigh for the
 What shall I do for Thee? I will love thy Son with the
 toss on a storm - y sea, — O lift thy Child as a

wealth of earth, For the joys that fade and flee; But,
 whole of my strength, My on - ly King shall He be. Yes,
 Bea - con Light To the port where I fain would be. And,

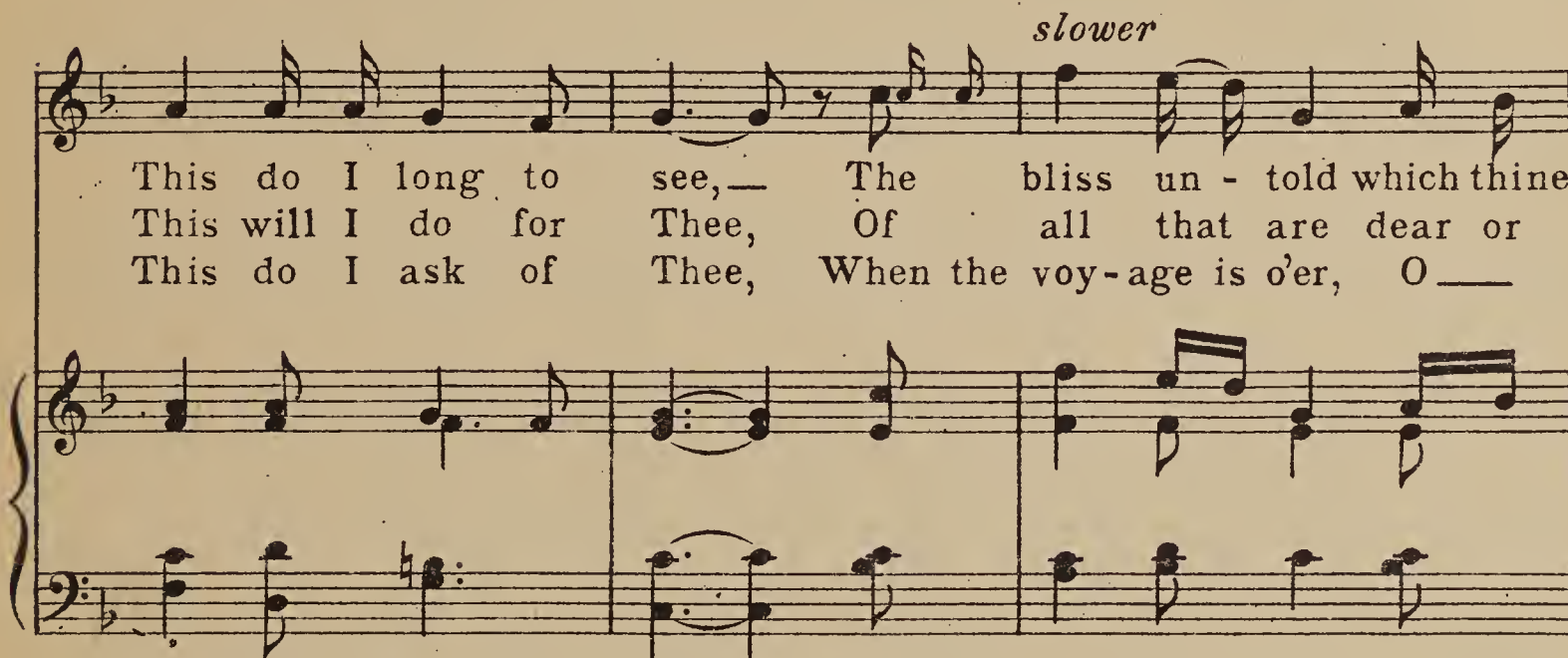
* Both settings of this hymn are published separately — McLaughlin & Reilly Co. Edition No. 274

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

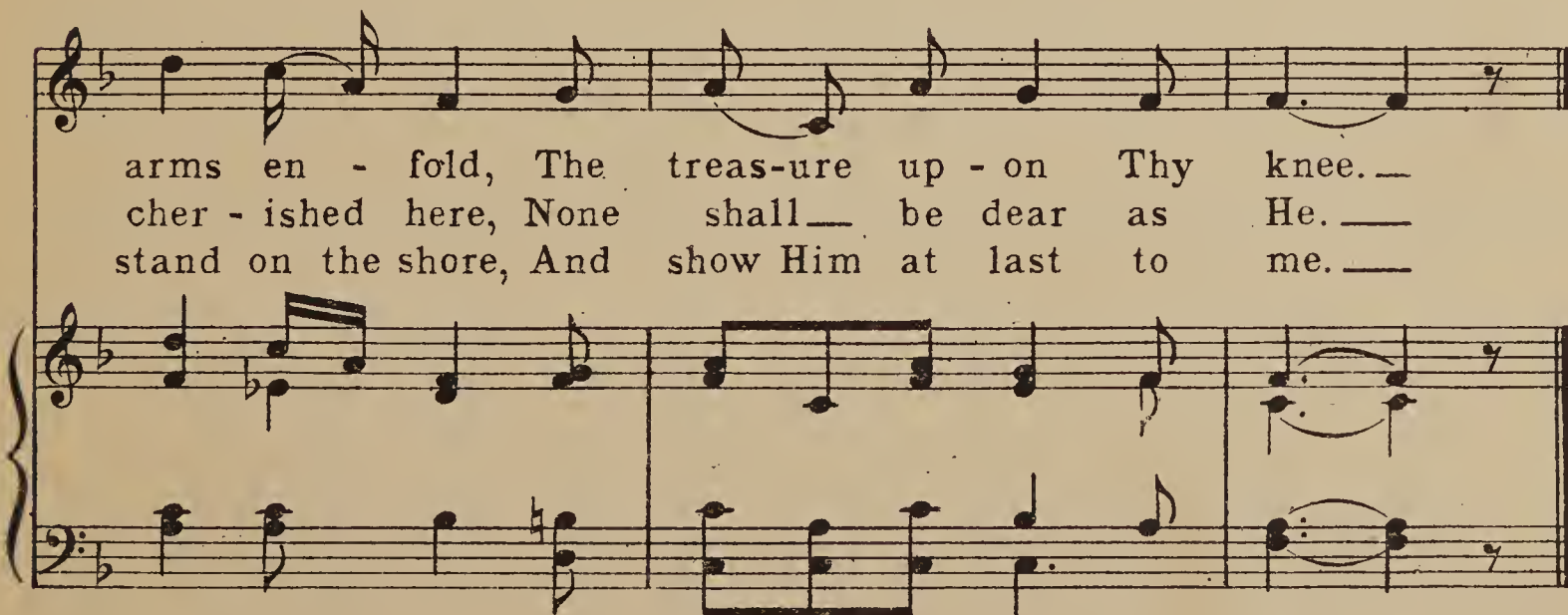
CHORUS



Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ,
Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ,
Moth - er of Christ, Moth - er of Christ,



slower
This do I long to see,— The bliss un - told which thine
This will I do for Thee, Of all that are dear or
This do I ask of Thee, When the voy-age is o'er, O—

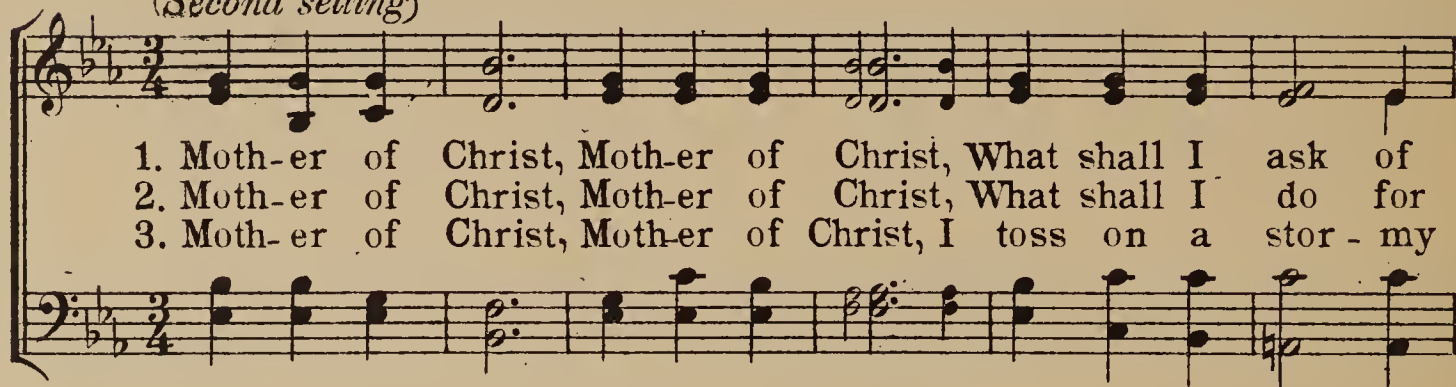


arms en - fold, The treas-ure up - on Thy knee.—
cher - ished here, None shall— be dear as He.—
stand on the shore, And show Him at last to me.—

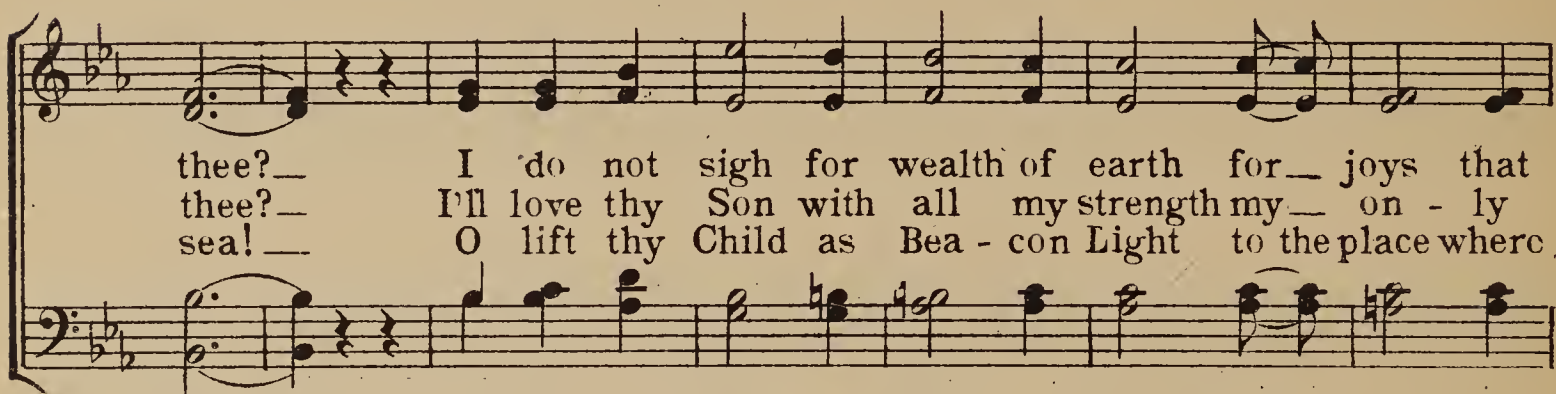
MOTHER OF CHRIST

Sisters of Notre Dame

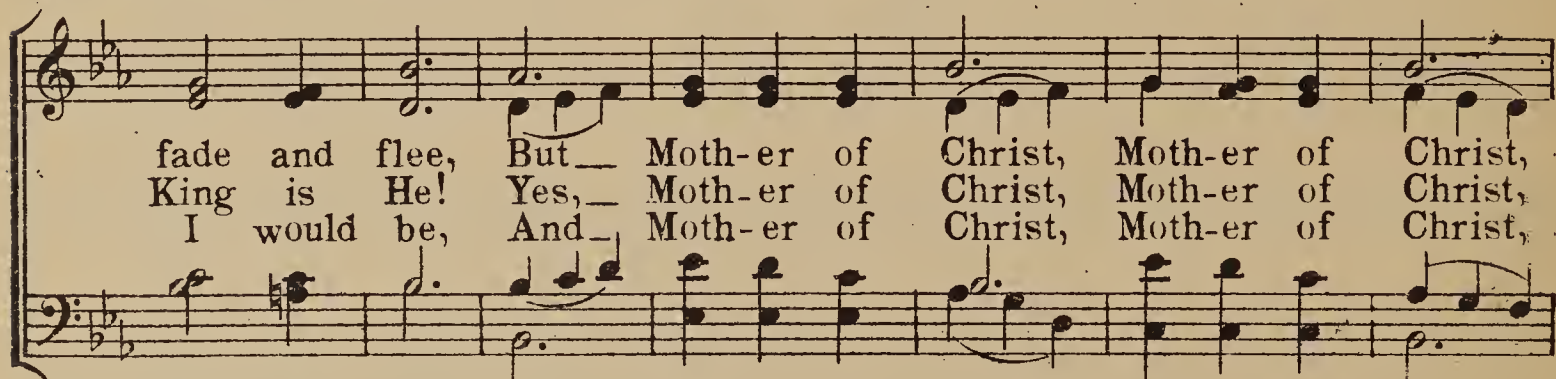
(Second setting)



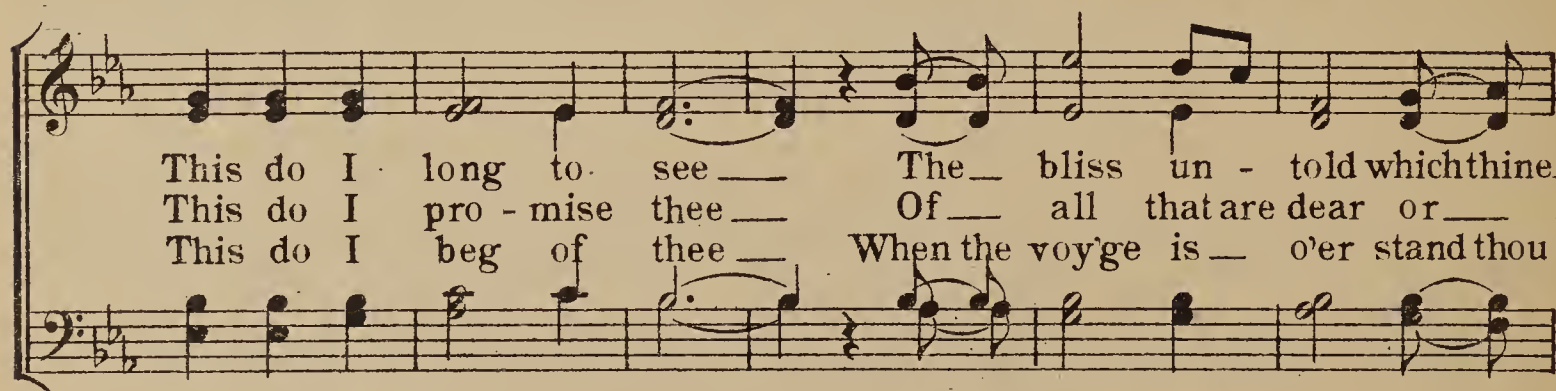
1. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I ask of
 2. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I do for
 3. Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, I toss on a stor-my



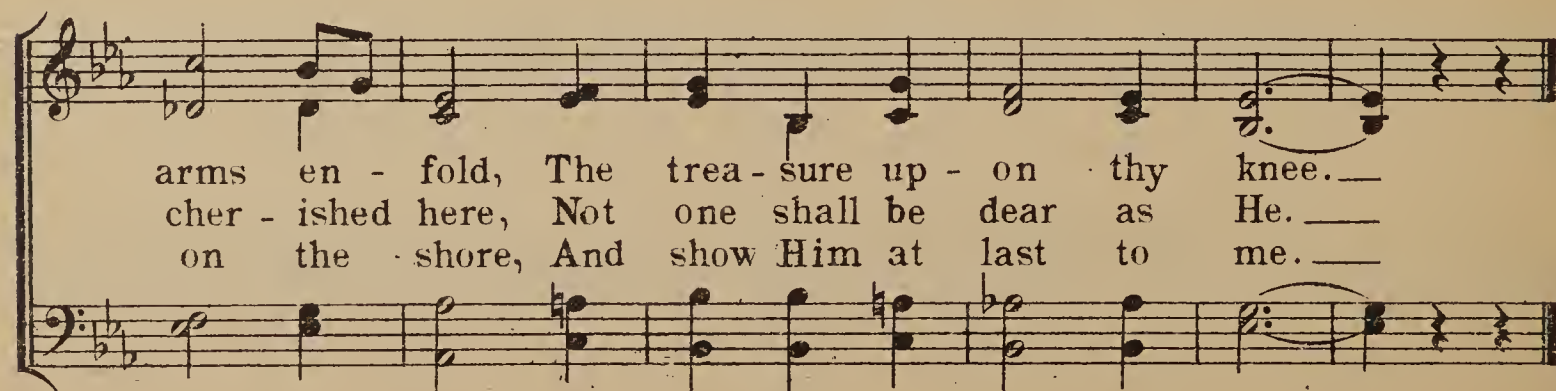
thee?— I do not sigh for wealth of earth for— joys that
 thee?— I'll love thy Son with all my strength my— on - ly
 sea!— O lift thy Child as Bea - con Light to the place where



fade and flee, But— Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ,
 King is He! Yes,— Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ,
 I would be, And— Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ,



This do I long to see— The— bliss un - told which thine.
 This do I pro - mise thee— Of— all that are dear or—
 This do I beg of thee— When the voyge is— o'er stand thou.



arms en - fold, The trea - sure up - on thy knee.—
 cher - ished here, Not one shall be dear as He.—
 on the shore, And show Him at last to me.—


107

QUEEN AND MOTHER

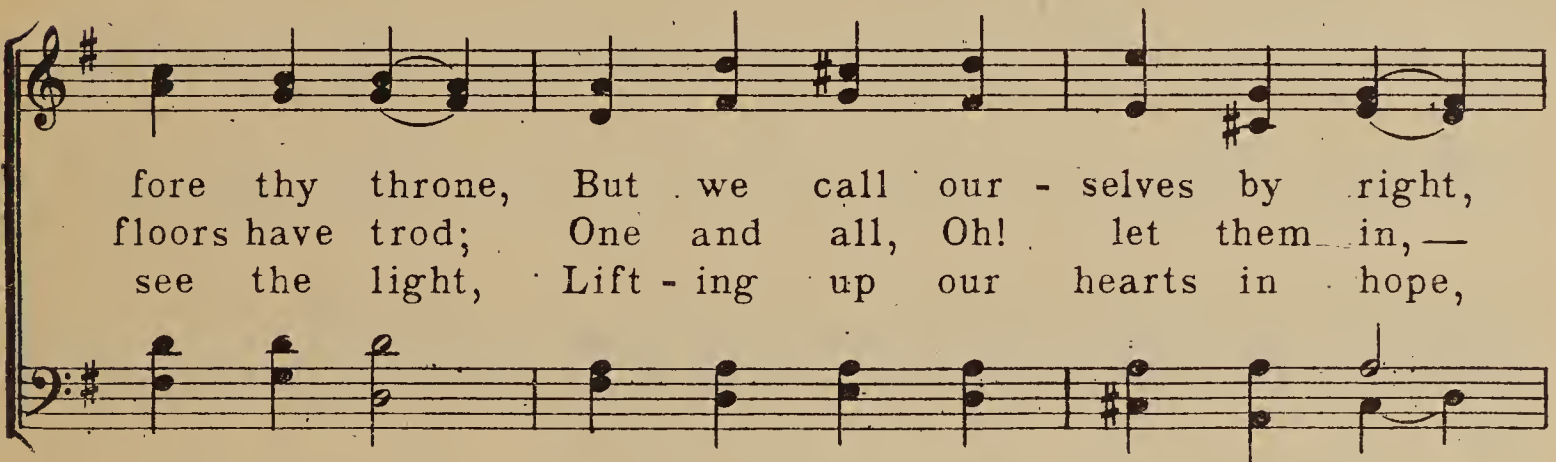
Srs. N.D.

Traditional

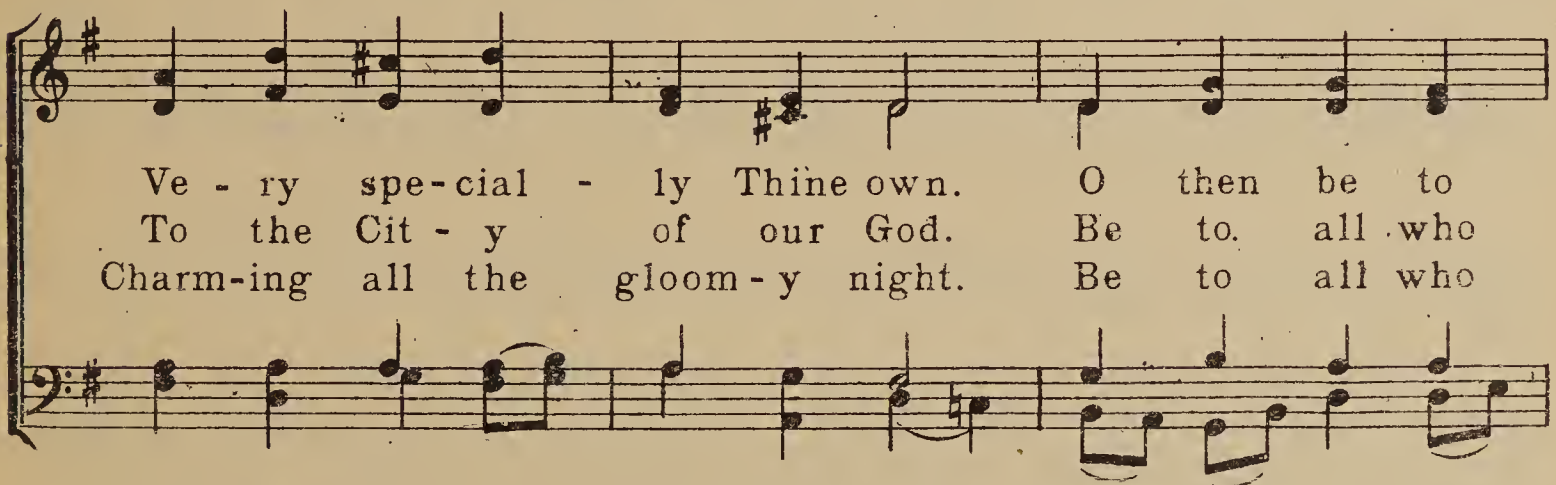
First tune



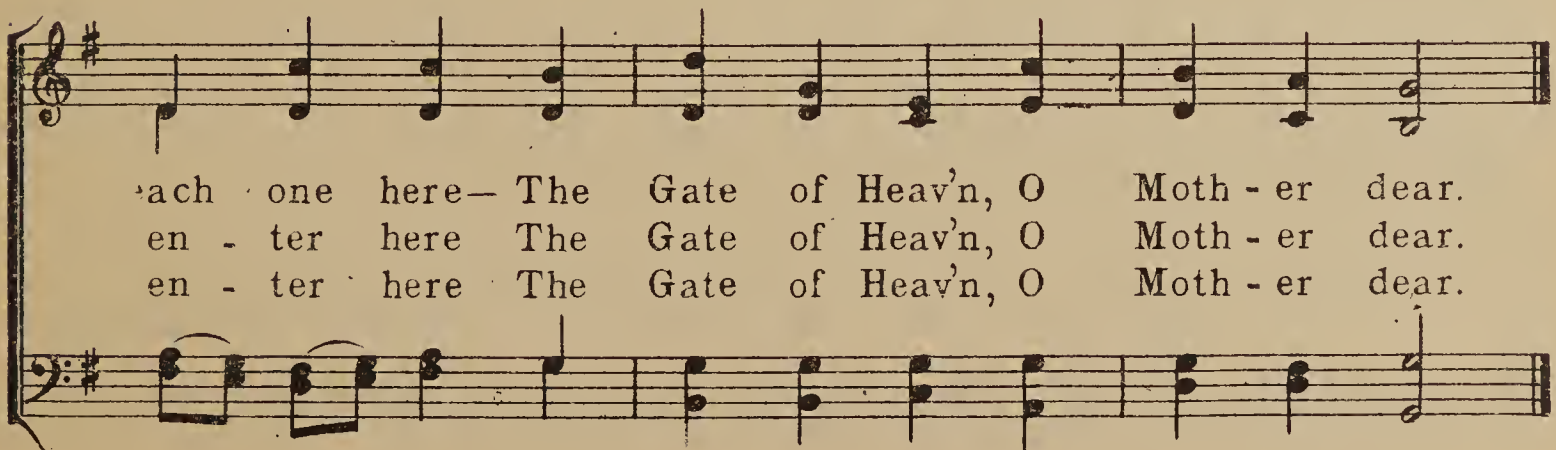
1. Queen and Moth-er, - ma - ny hearts Cast them-selves be -
 2. Oth - er hearts this home have loved; Oth - er feet its
 3. Op - en stand O por - tal blest, That we still may



fore thy throne, But we call our - selves by right,
 floors have trod; One and all, Oh! let them in, —
 see the light, Lift - ing up our hearts in hope,



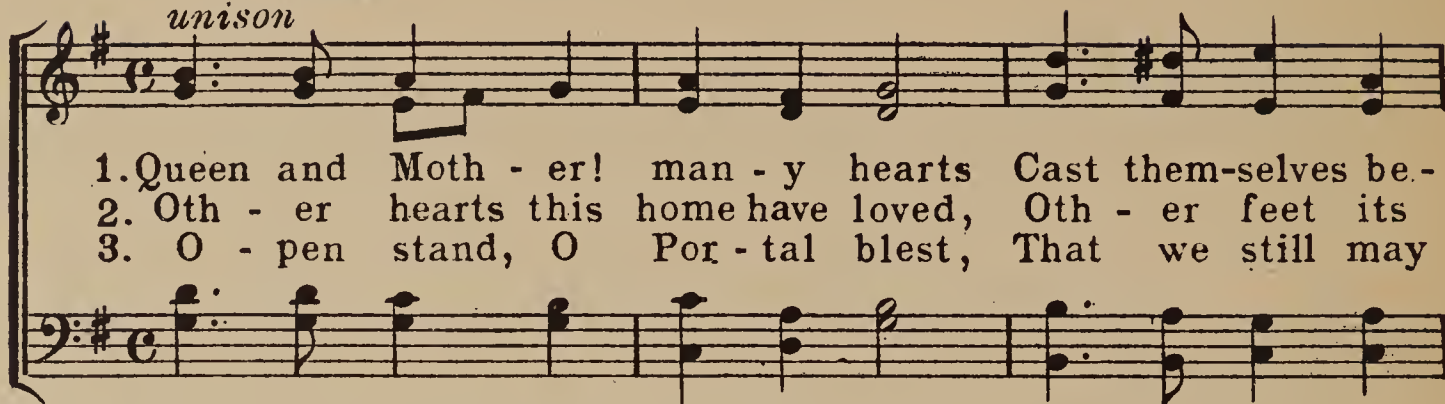
Ve - ry spe - cial - ly Thine own. O then be to
 To the Cit - y of our God. Be to all who
 Charm - ing all the gloom - y night. Be to all who



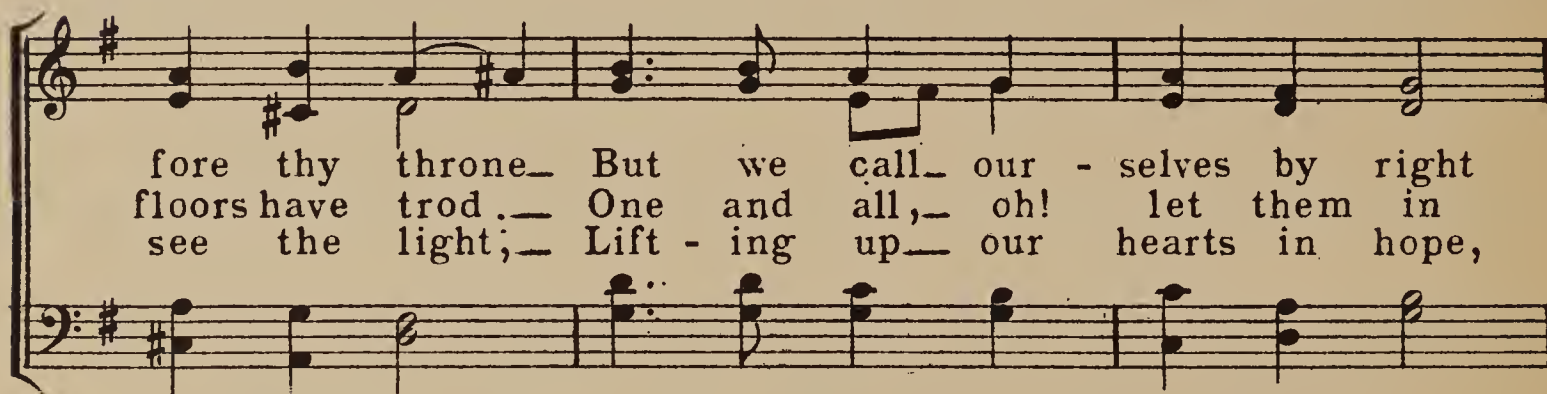
each one here— The Gate of Heav'n, O Moth - er dear.
 en - ter here The Gate of Heav'n, O Moth - er dear.
 en - ter here The Gate of Heav'n, O Moth - er dear.

QUEEN AND MOTHER

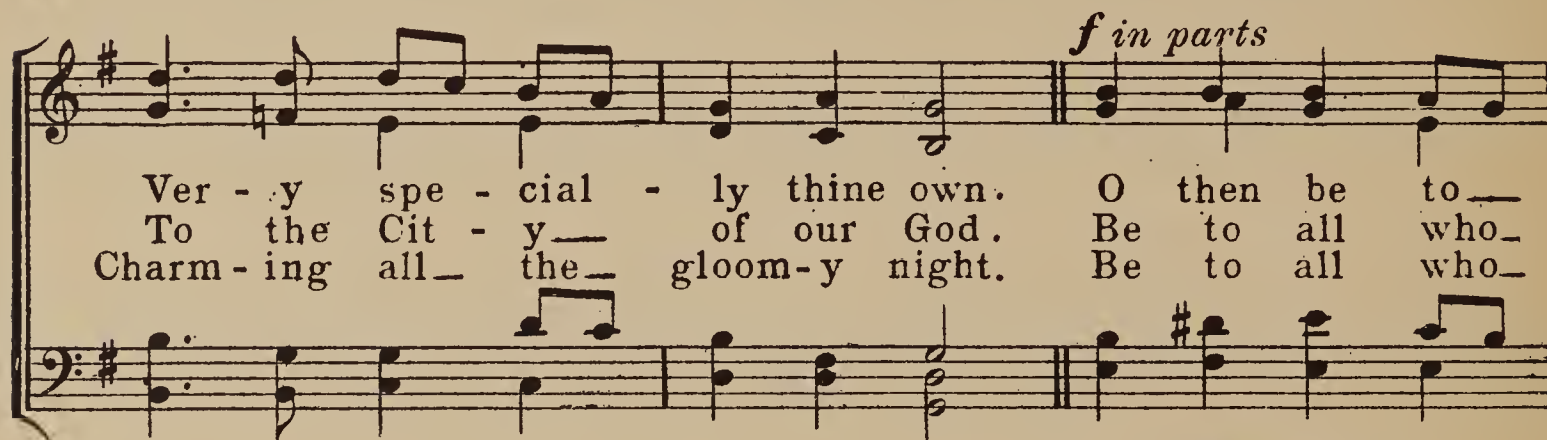
Music S. N. D.

Second tune
unison


1. Queen and Moth - er! man - y hearts Cast them-selves be -
 2. Oth - er hearts this home have loved, Oth - er feet its
 3. O - pen stand, O Por - tal blest, That we still may



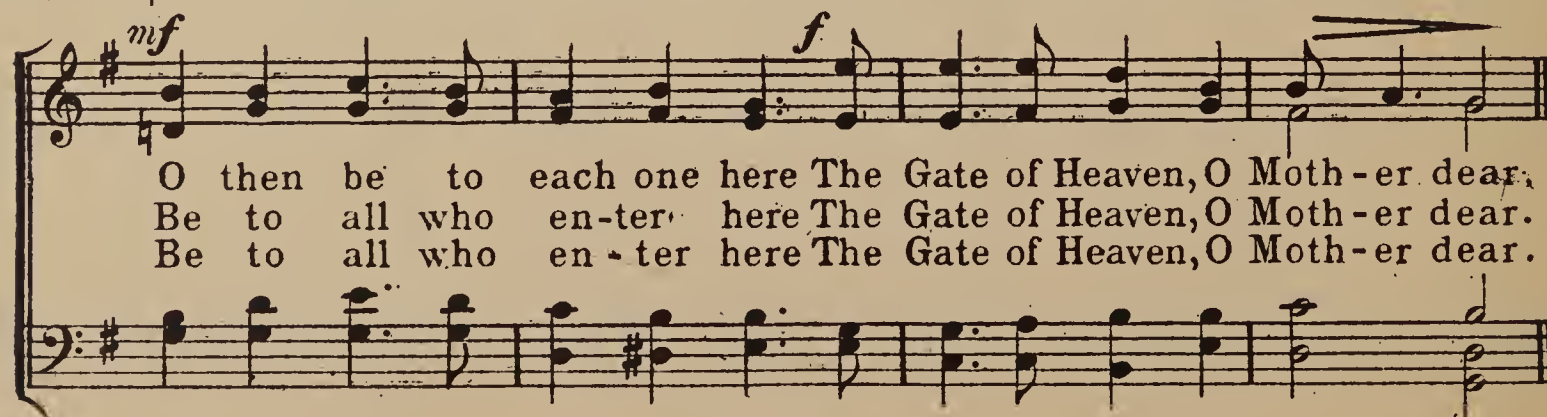
fore thy throne. But we call our - selves by right
 floors have trod. One and all, oh! let them in
 see the light; Lift - ing up our hearts in hope,



f in parts
 Ver - y spe - cial - ly thine own. O then be to -
 To the Cit - y of our God. Be to all who
 Charm - ing all the gloom - y night. Be to all who



p
 each one here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear.
 en - ter here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear.
 en - ter here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear.



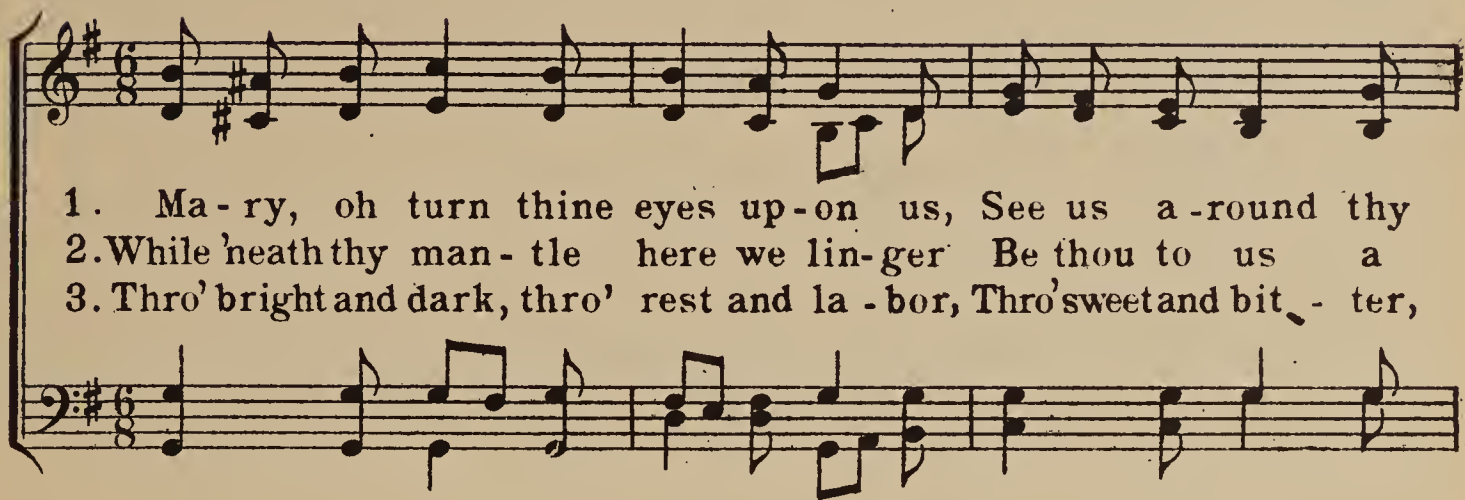
mf *f*
 O then be to each one here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear,
 Be to all who en - ter here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear.
 Be to all who en - ter here The Gate of Heaven, O Moth - er dear.

MARY, OH TURN THINE EYES

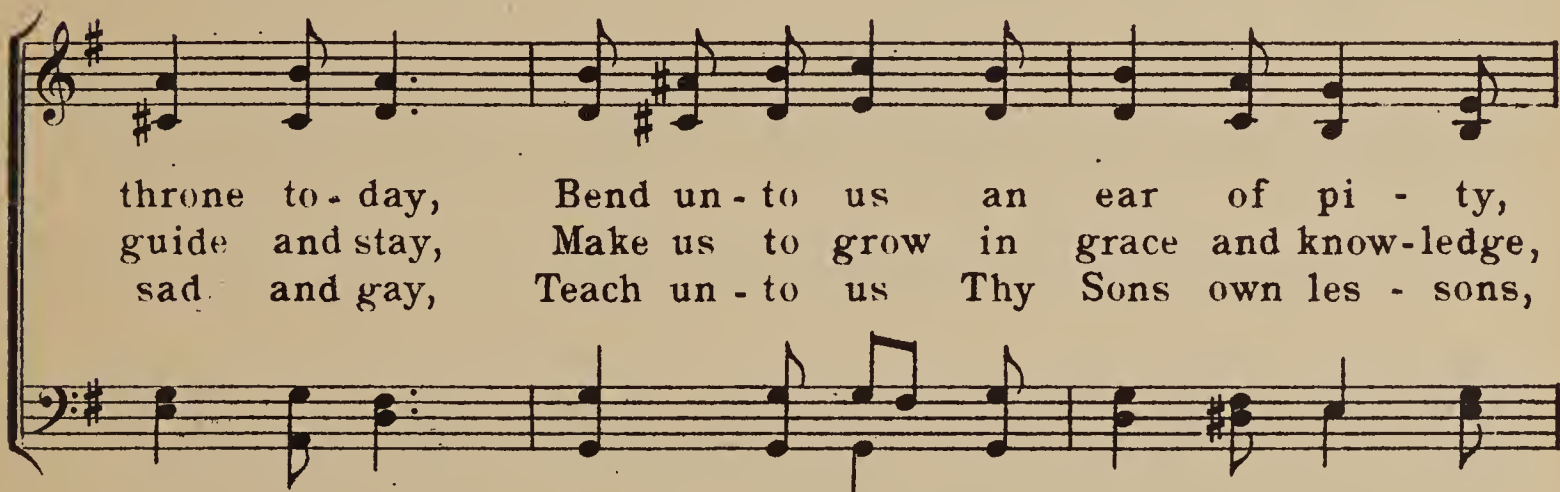
(SEDES SAPIENTIAE)

109

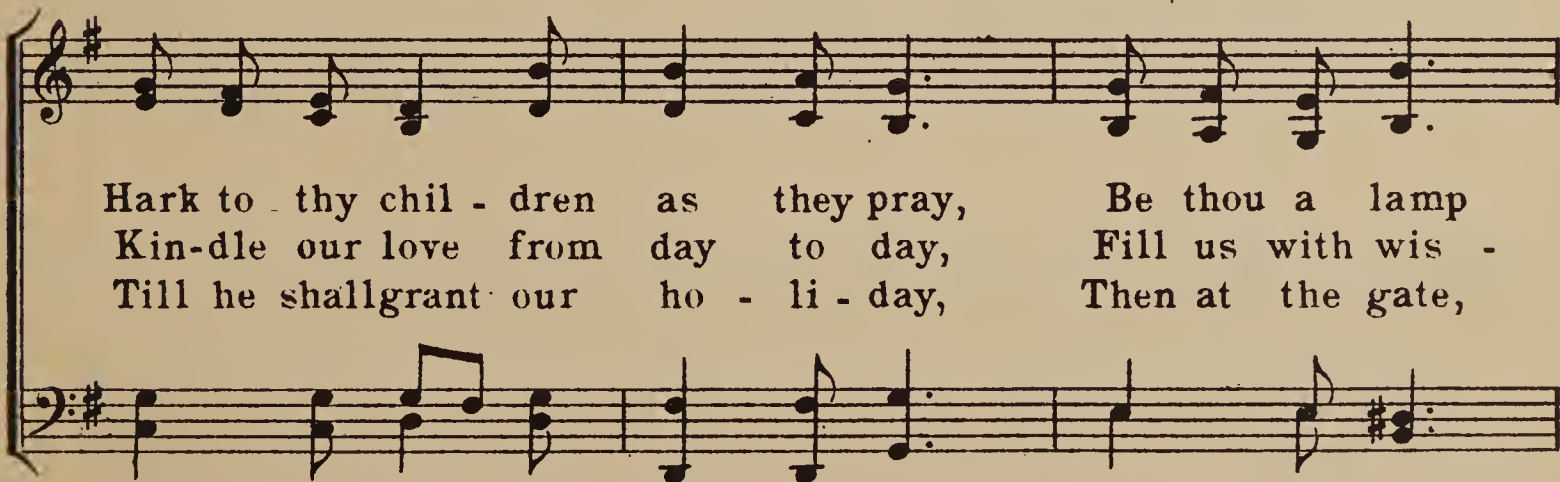
S. N. D.



1. Ma-ry, oh turn thine eyes up-on us, See us a-round thy
 2. While 'neath thy man-tle here we lin-ger Be thou to us a
 3. Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest and la-bor, Thro' sweet and bit-ter,




throne to-day, Bend un-to us an ear of pi-ty,
 guide and stay, Make us to grow in grace and know-ledge,
 sad and gay, Teach un-to us Thy Sons own les-sons,



Hark to thy chil-dren as they pray, Be thou a lamp
 Kin-dle our love from day to day, Fill us with wis-
 Till he shall grant our ho-li-day, Then at the gate,

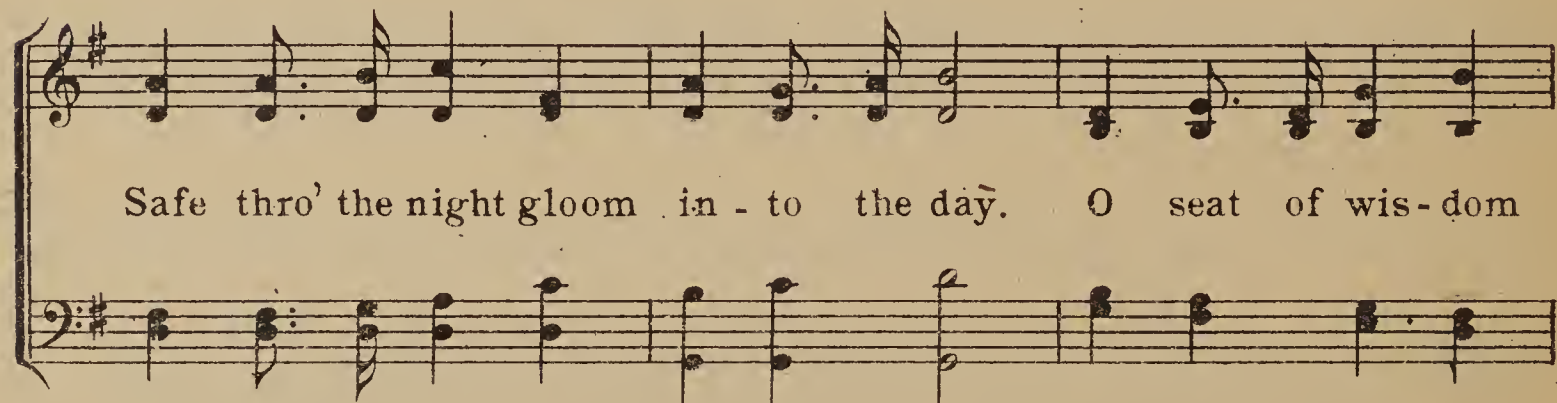
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY



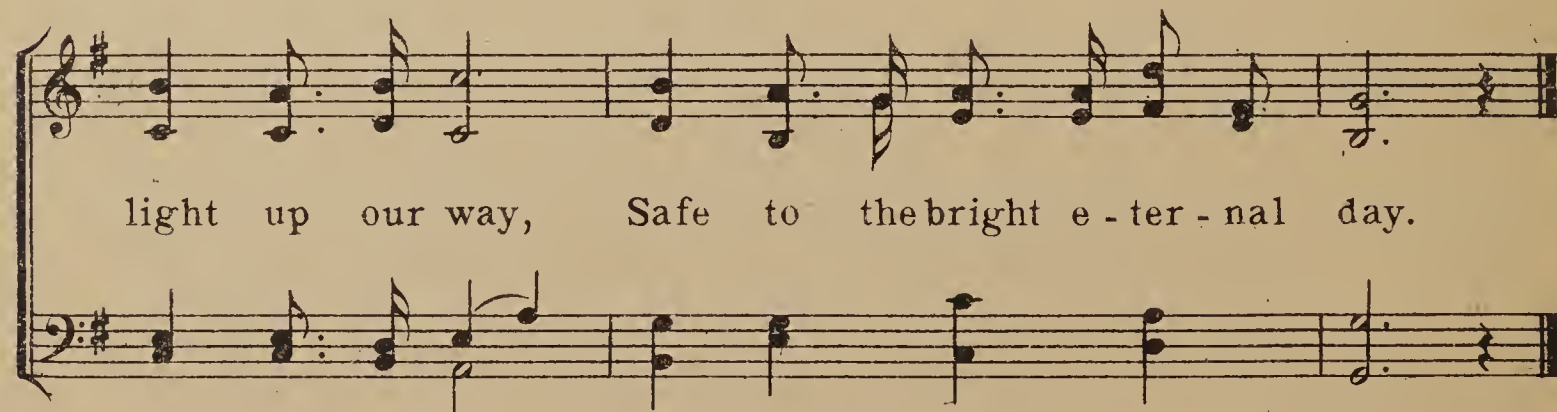
un - to our foot - steps O Se-des Sa - pi - en - ti - ae.
 dom and with coun - sel, O Se-des Sa - pi - en - ti - ae.
 ah! bid us wel - come O Se-des Sa - pi - en - ti - ae.



O seat of wis - dom light up our way,



Safe thro' the night gloom in - to the day. O seat of wis-dom

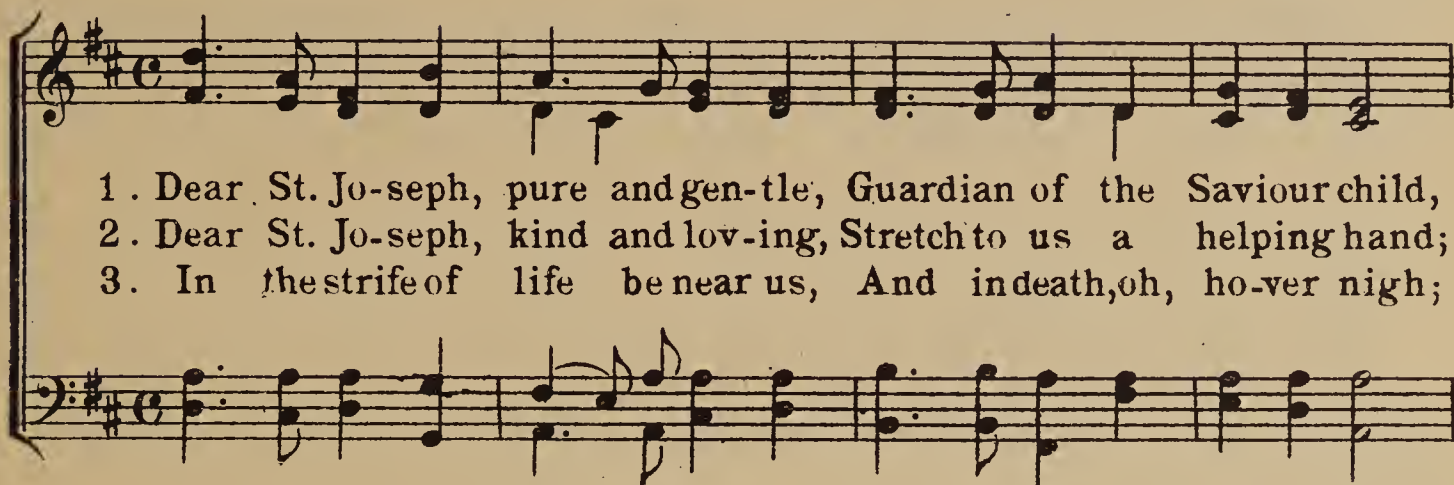


light up our way, Safe to the bright e - ter - nal day.

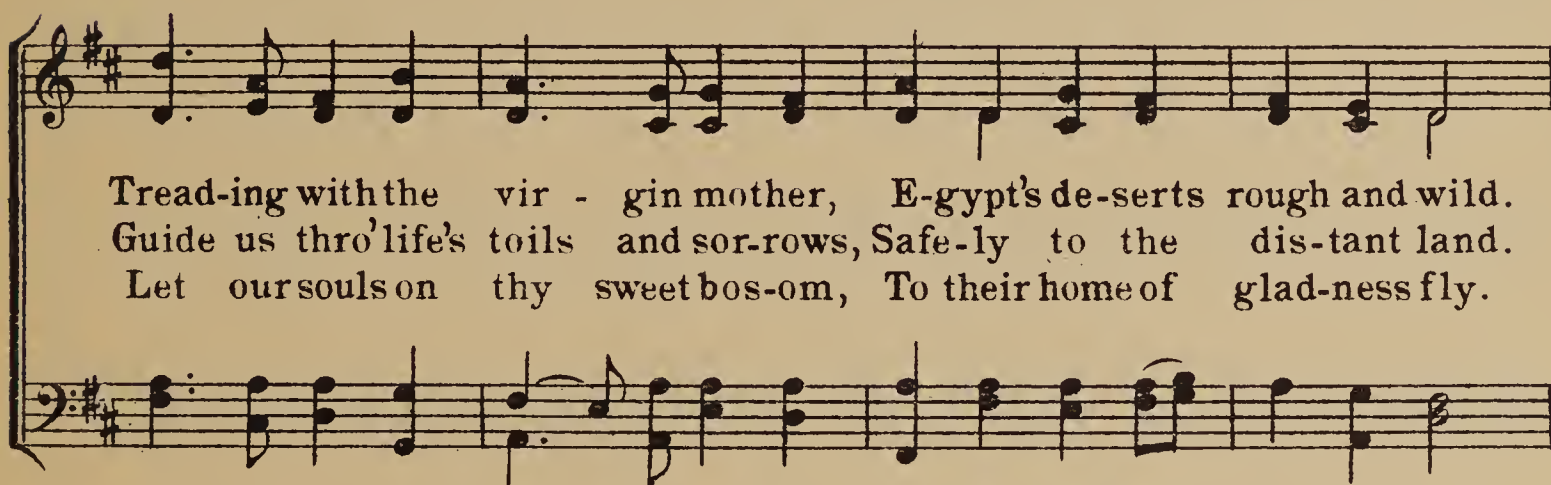
DEAR ST. JOSEPH, PURE AND GENTLE

110 Rev. F.W. FABER.

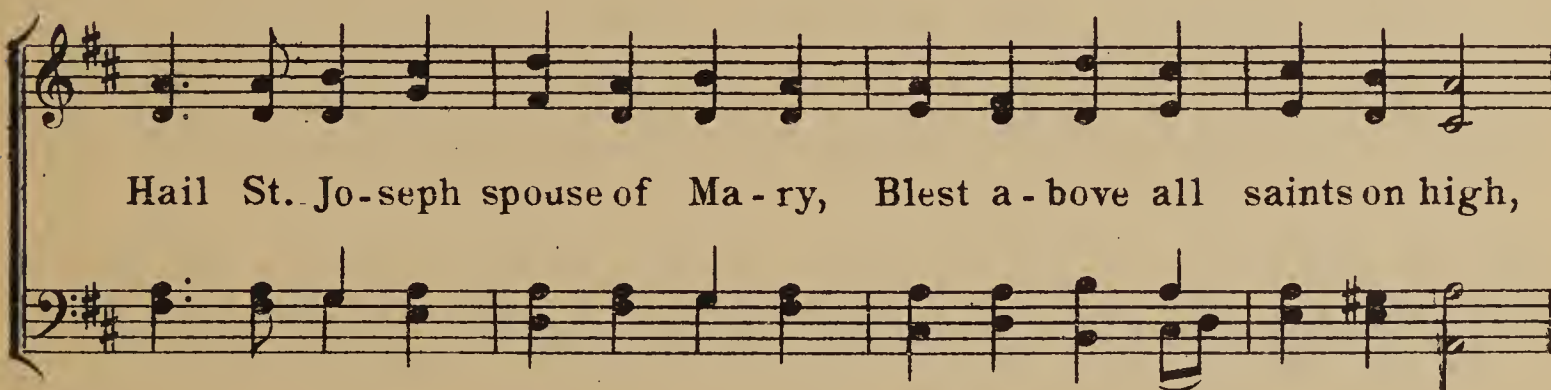
Traditional



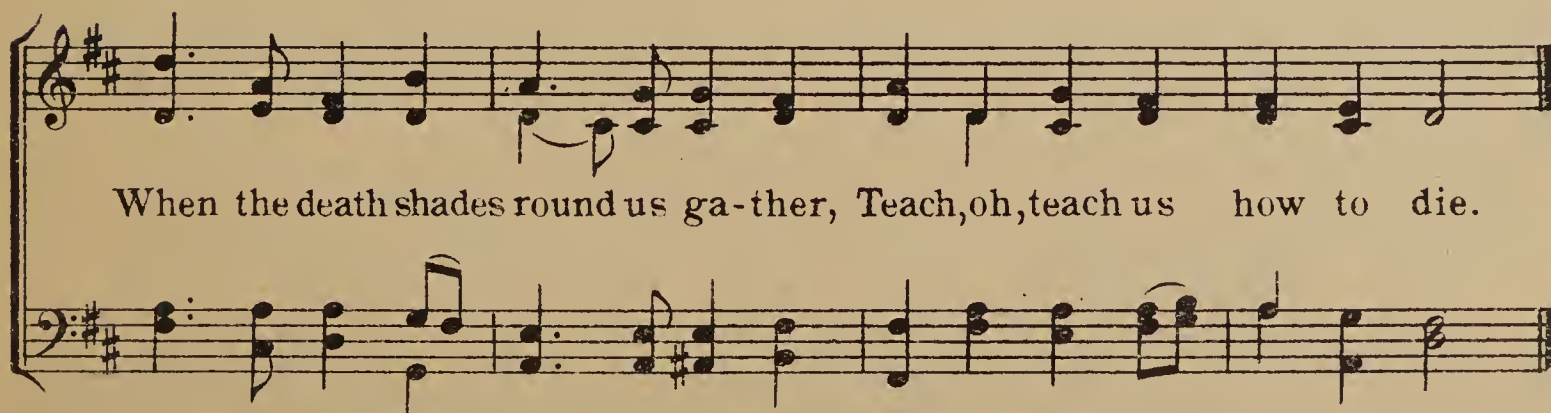
1. Dear St. Jo-seph, pure and gen-tle, Guardian of the Saviour child,
 2. Dear St. Jo-seph, kind and lov-ing, Stretch to us a helping hand;
 3. In the strife of life be near us, And in death, oh, ho-ver nigh;



Tread-ing with the vir - gin mother, E-gypt's de-serts rough and wild.
 Guide us thro' life's toils and sor-rows, Safe-ly to the dis-tant land.
 Let our souls on thy sweet bos-om, To their home of glad-ness fly.



Hail St. Jo-seph spouse of Ma-ry, Blest a-bove all saints on high,

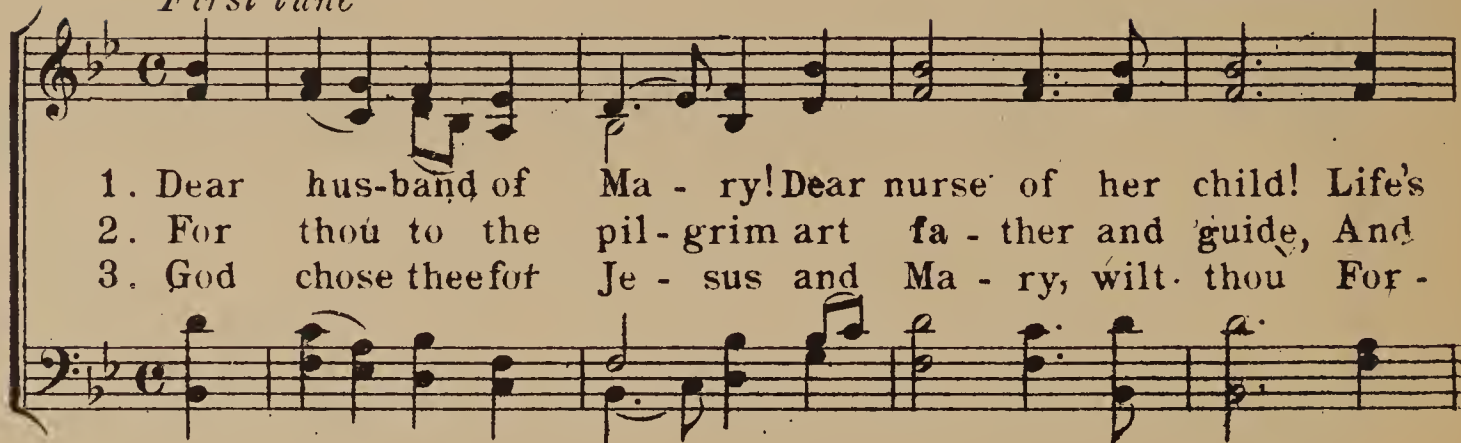


When the death shades round us ga-ther, Teach, oh, teach us how to die.

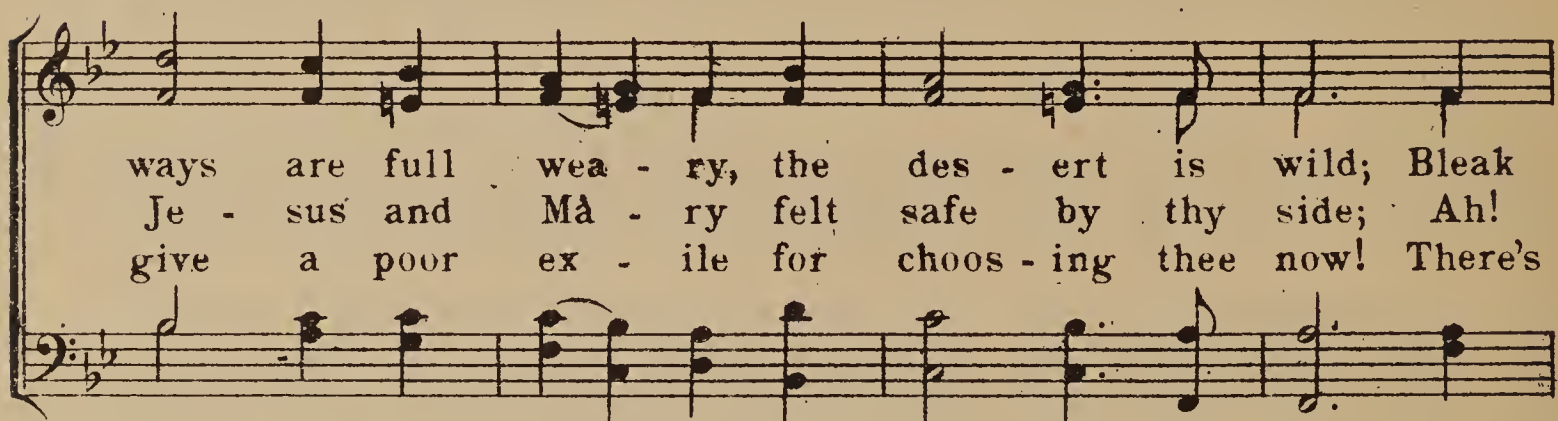
111

DEAR HUSBAND OF MARY

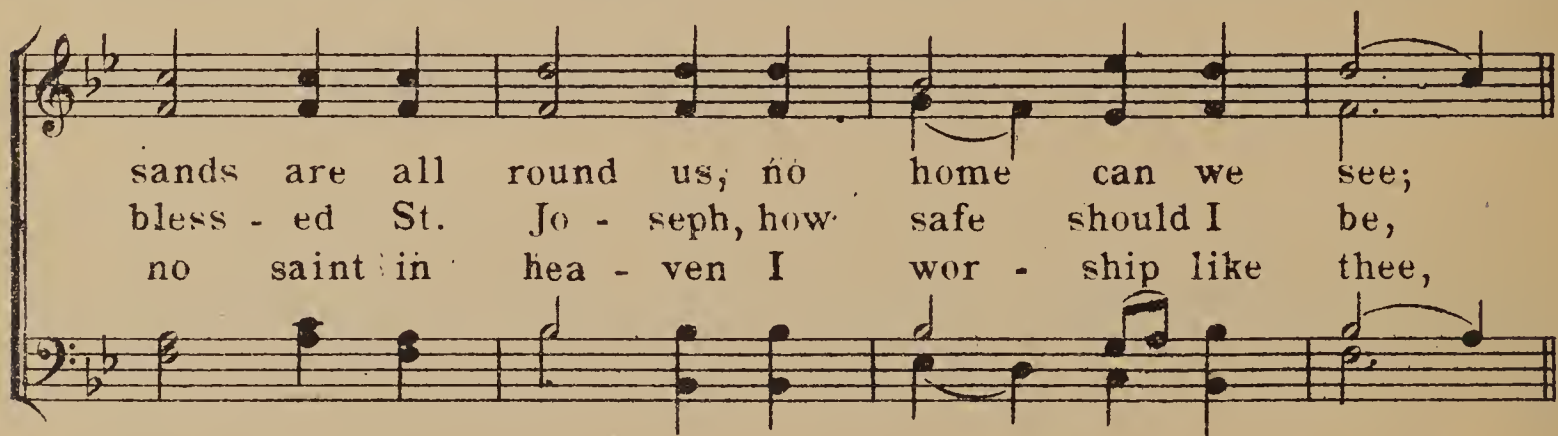
MATTHEWS

First tune


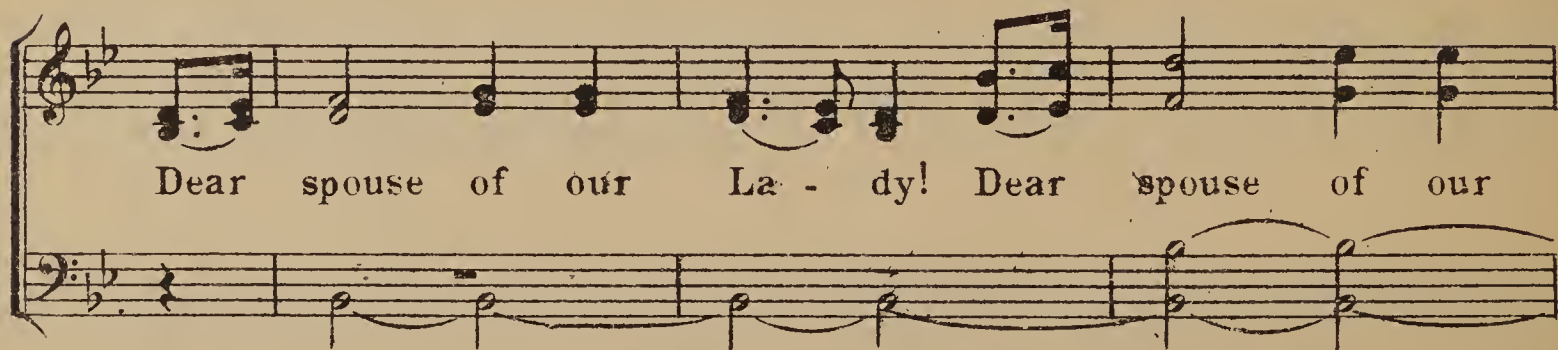
1. Dear hus-band of Ma - ry! Dear nurse of her child! Life's
 2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa - ther and guide, And
 3. God chose thee for Je - sus and Ma - ry, wilt thou For -



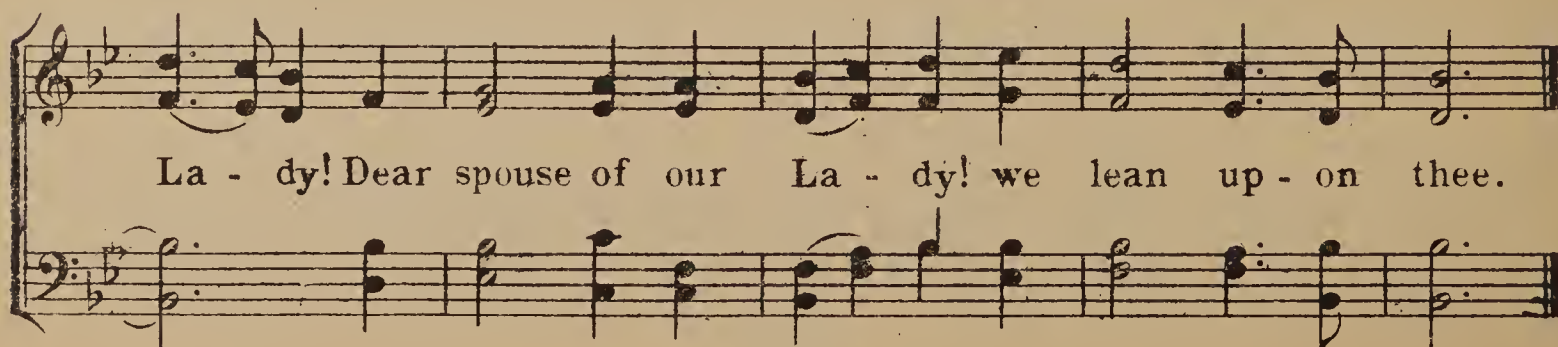
ways are full wea - ry, the des - ert is wild; Bleak
 Je - sus and Ma - ry felt safe by thy side; Ah!
 give a poor ex - ile for choos - ing thee now! There's



sands are all round us, no home can we see;
 bless - ed St. Jo - seph, how safe should I be,
 no saint in hea - ven I wor - ship like thee,



Dear spouse of our La - dy! Dear spouse of our



La - dy! Dear spouse of our La - dy! we lean up - on thee.

DEAR HUSBAND OF MARY

112

From "Trier Gesangbuch" 1872

Second tune

1. *mf* Dear hus - band of Ma - ry! Dear nurse of her
 2. *cresc.* For thou to the pil - grim art fa - ther and
 3. *f* O bless - ed Saint Jo - seph! how great was thy

child! Life's ways are full wea - ry, the des - ert is
 guide, And Je - sus and Ma - ry felt safe by thy
 worth, The one chos - en shad - ow of God up - on

wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we
 side; Ah, Bless - ed St. Jo - seph, how safe I should
 earth, The fa - ther of Je - sus! Ah, then wilt thou

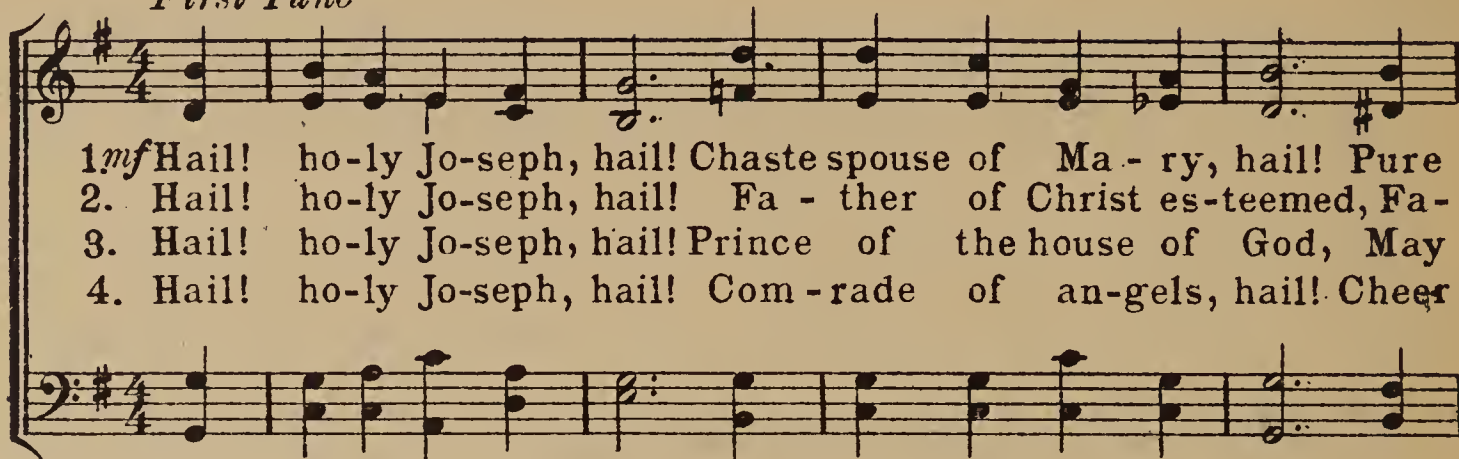
see; Dear spouse of our La - dy, we lean up - on thee.
 be, Dear spouse of our La - dy, if thou wert with me!
 be, Dear spouse of our La - dy, a fa - ther to me?

113

HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

H. WHITEHEAD

First Tune


1. *mf* Hail! ho-ly Jo-seph, hail! Chaste spouse of Ma-ry, hail! Pure
 2. Hail! ho-ly Jo-seph, hail! Fa-ther of Christ es-teemed, Fa-
 3. Hail! ho-ly Jo-seph, hail! Prince of the house of God, May
 4. Hail! ho-ly Jo-seph, hail! Com-rade of an-gels, hail! Cheer



as the lil-y flower— In E-den's peace-ful vale.
 ther be thou to those— Thy Fos-ter-Son re-deemed.
 His best grac-es be— By thy sweet hands be-stowed.
 thou the hearts that faint,— And guide the steps that fail.

114

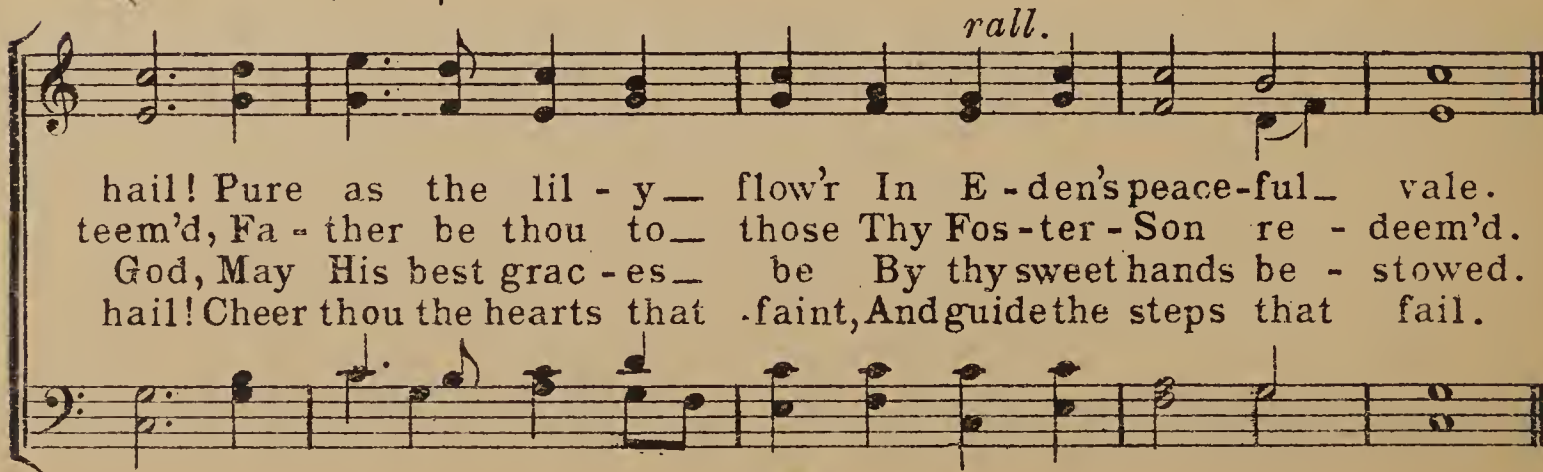
HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

MOIR BROWN

Second Tune


1. Hail, Ho-ly Jo-seph, hail!— Chaste spouse of Ma-ry,
 2. Hail, Ho-ly Jo-seph, hail!— Fa-ther of Christ es-
 3. Hail, Ho-ly Jo-seph, hail!— Prince of the house of
 4. Hail, Ho-ly Jo-seph, hail!— Com-rade of an-gels,



hail! Pure as the lil-y— flow'r In E-den's peace-ful— vale.
 teem'd, Fa-ther be thou to— those Thy Fos-ter-Son re-deem'd.
 God, May His best grac-es— be By thy sweet hands be-stowed.
 hail! Cheer thou the hearts that faint, And guide the steps that fail.

115

HOLY PATRON! THEE SALUTING

Moderato

1. Ho - ly pa - tron! thee sa - lut - ing, Here we
 2. World - ly dan - gers for them fear - ing, Youth - ful
 3. Through this life, O watch a - round us, Fill with

meet with hearts sin - cere; Blest Saint Jo - seph, all u -
 hearts to thee we bring, Grant in vir - tue per - se
 love our ev - 'ry breath, And when part - ing fears sur -

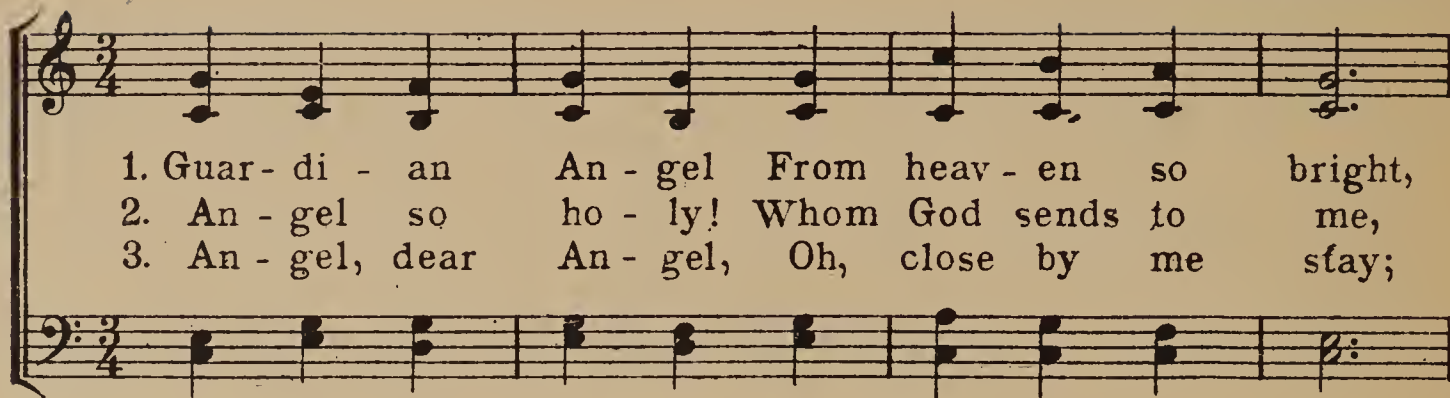
nit - ing, Call on thee to hear our pray'r.
 ver - ing, Vice may ne'er their bo - soms sting.
 round us, Guide us through the toils of death.

CHORUS

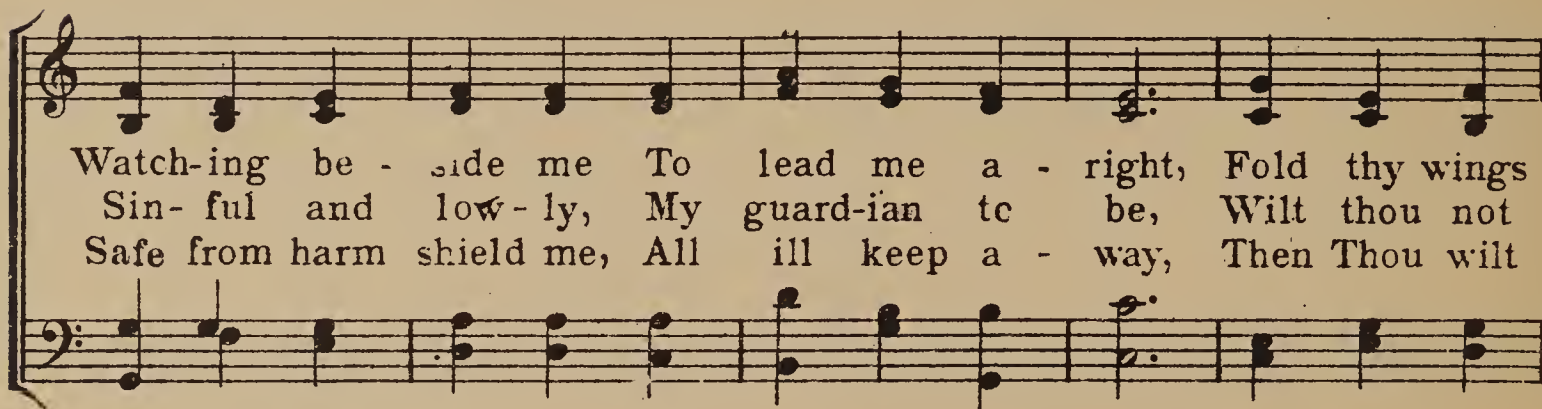
p Hap - py Saint; in bliss a - dor - ing Je - sus, Sa - viour of man - kind;
 Hear thy chil - dren thee im - plor - ing, May we thy pro - tec - tion find.

GUARDIAN ANGEL

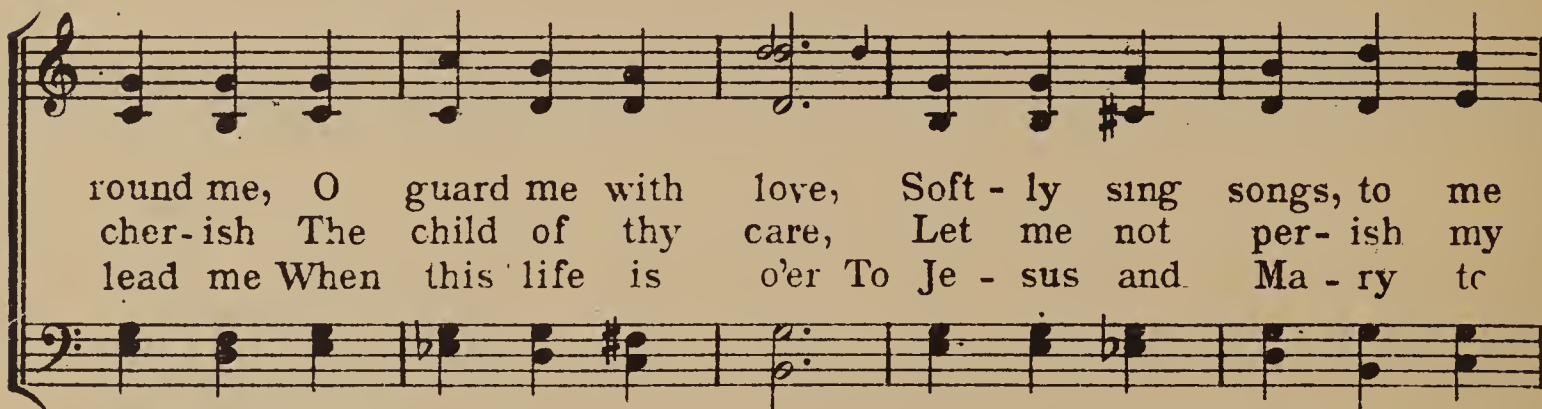
E. MADDEN



1. Guar - di - an An - gel From heav - en so bright,
 2. An - gel so ho - ly! Whom God sends to me,
 3. An - gel, dear An - gel, Oh, close by me stay;



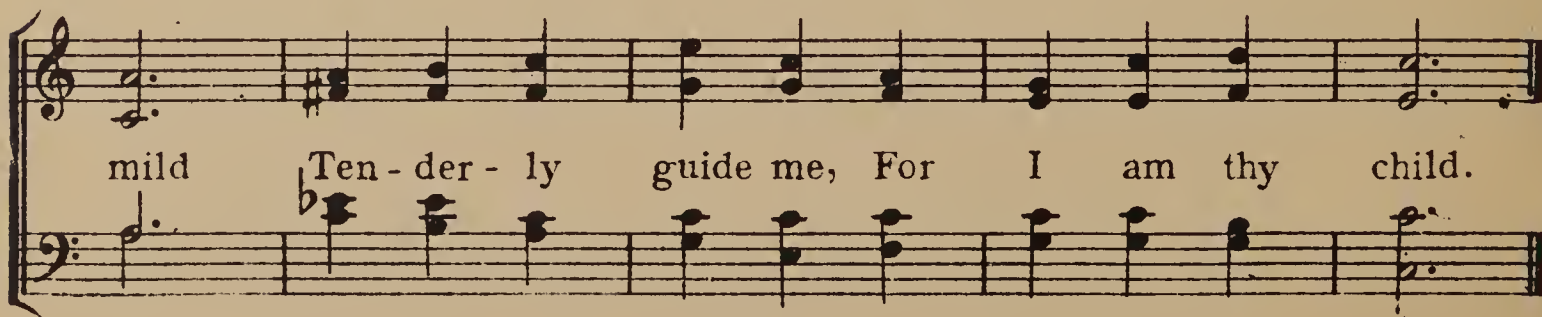
Watch-ing be - side me To lead me a - right, Fold thy wings
 Sin-ful and low-ly, My guard-ian to be, Wilt thou not
 Safe from harm shield me, All ill keep a - way, Then Thou wilt



round me, O guard me with love, Soft - ly sing songs, to me
 cher-ish The child of thy care, Let me not per-ish my
 lead me When this life is o'er To Je - sus and Ma - ry to



of Heav'n a - bove.
 trust is thy prayer. Beau-ti - ful An-gel, My guar-dian so
 praise ev - er - more.



mild Ten - der - ly guide me, For I am thy child.

O ANGEL DEAR

PHILIP BERNARD

1. O An-gel dear, I know full well Thy ten-der care and
 2. Dear An-gel, when my heart is glad, Lift up my thoughts to

love for me, Oh, guard and guide me till I dwell For ev - er safe in
 high-er bliss; And help me when my soul is sad. The cross with faith and

heav'n with thee. Dear An-gel guide my feet I come Each
 love to kiss. Dear An-gel in temp-ta-tion's hour, Oh—

mo - ment clo - ser to the brink. It may be —
 whis - per soft - ly in mine ear Be brave, nor —

I am near-er home To - day, dear An - gel than I think.
 fear the tempter's pow'r, Thy guar-dian An - gel stand-eth near.

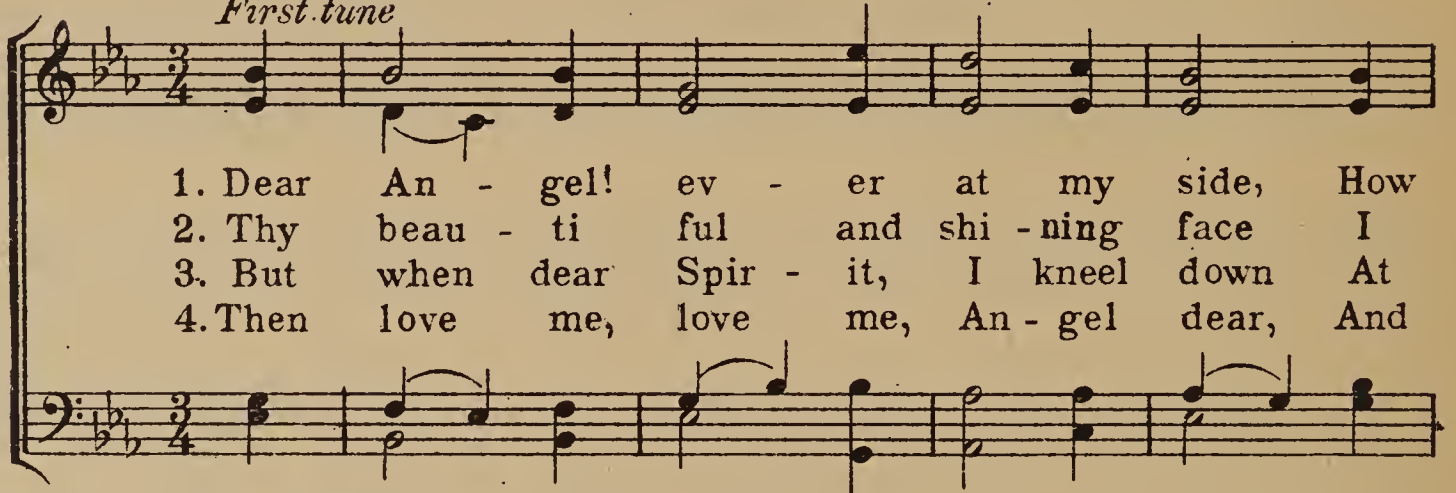
DEAR ANGEL! EVER AT MY SIDE

118

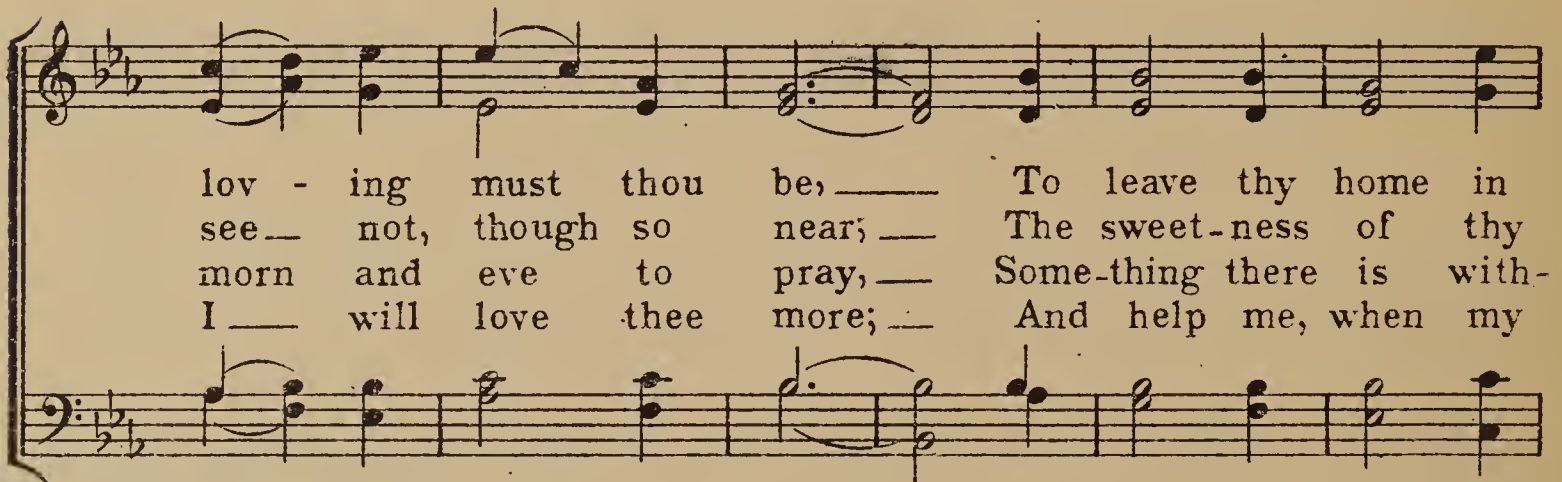
Rev. F. W. FABER

Rt. Rev. Mgr. CROOKALL

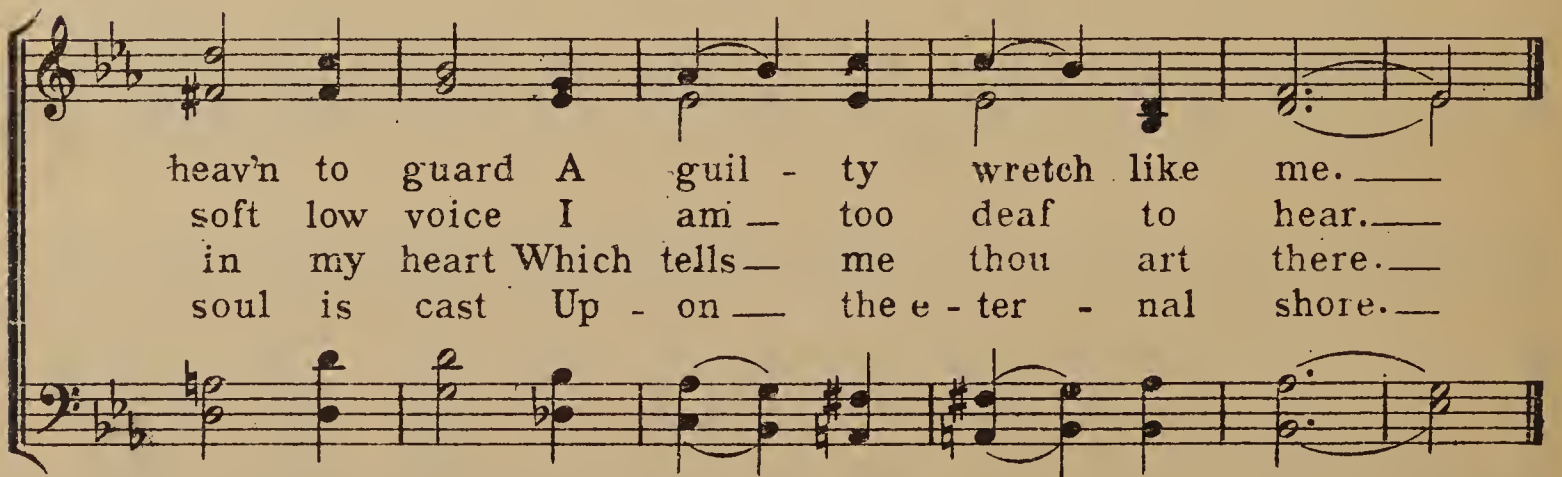
First tune



1. Dear An - gel! ev - er at my side, How
 2. Thy beau - ti ful and shi - ning face I
 3. But when dear Spir - it, I kneel down At
 4. Then love me, love me, An - gel dear, And



lov - ing must thou be, — To leave thy home in
 see — not, though so near; — The sweet-ness of thy
 morn and eve to pray, — Some-thing there is with-
 I — will love thee more; — And help me, when my



heav'n to guard A guil - ty wretch like me. —
 soft low voice I am — too deaf to hear. —
 in my heart Which tells — me thou art there. —
 soul is cast Up - on — the e - ter - nal shore. —

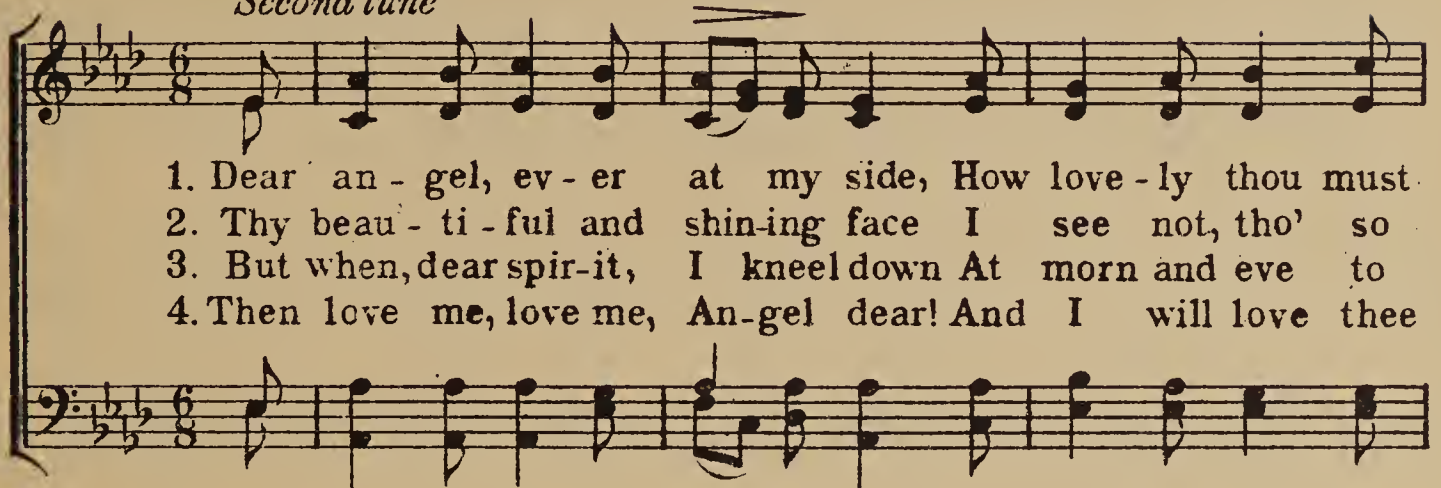
119

DEAR ANGEL! EVER AT MY SIDE

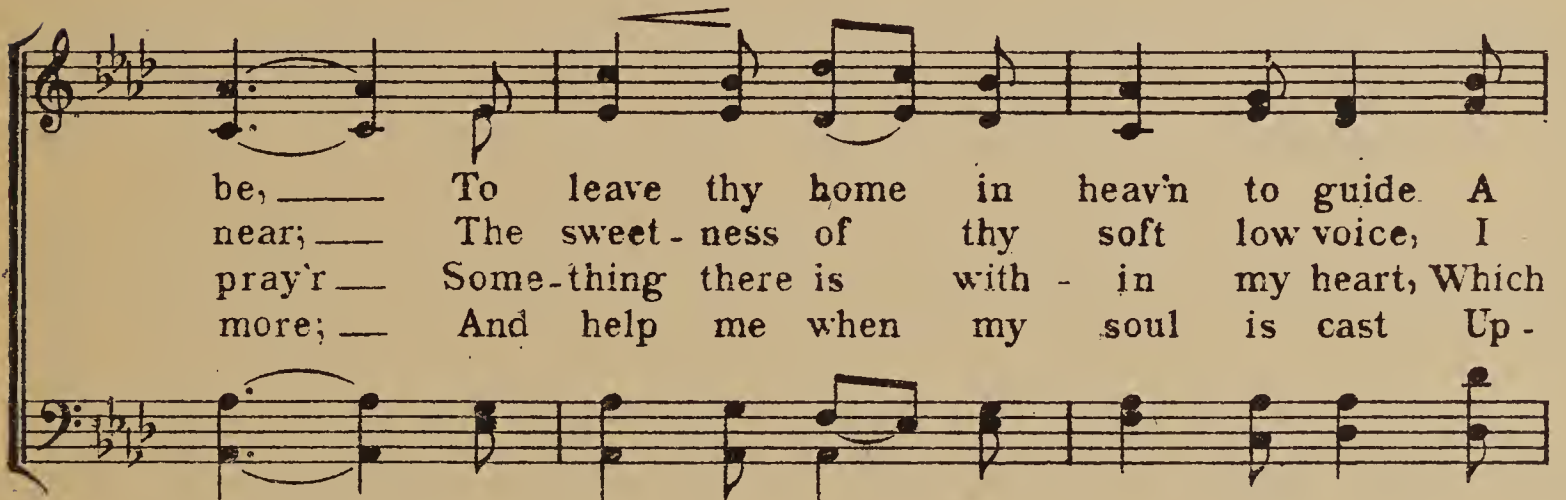
Rev. F.W. FABER

Moderato (♩=112)

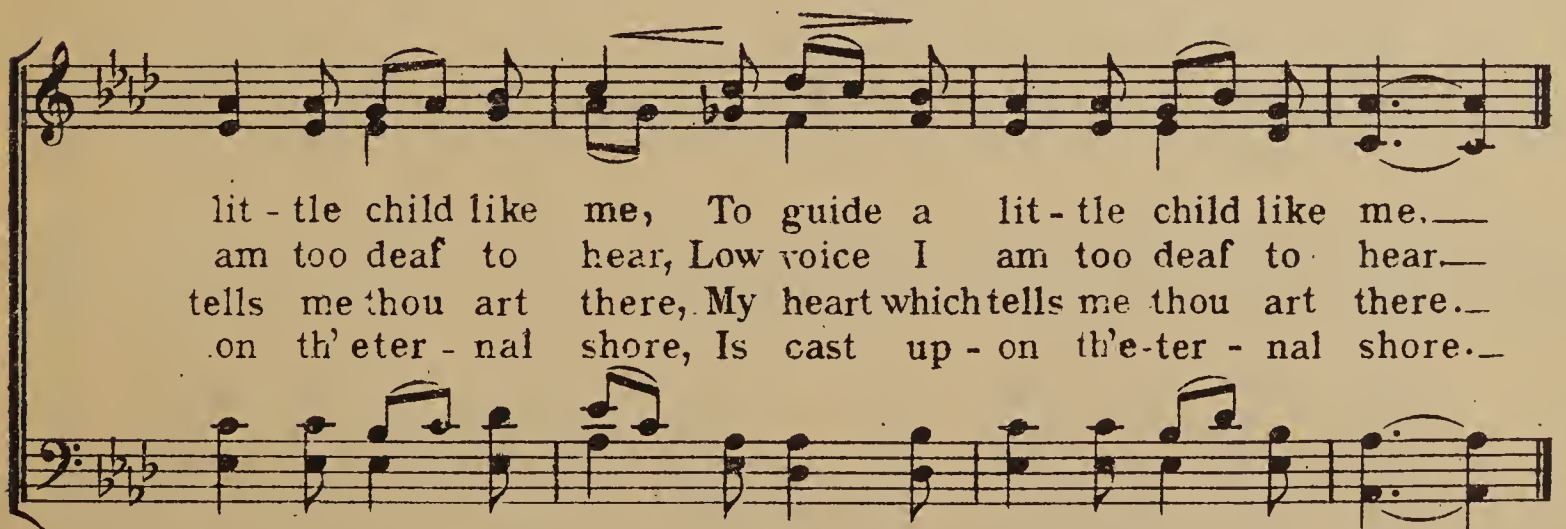
Second tune



1. Dear an - gel, ev - er at my side, How love - ly thou must
 2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so
 3. But when, dear spir - it, I kneel down At morn and eve to
 4. Then love me, love me, An - gel dear! And I will love thee



be, — To leave thy home in heav'n to guide A
 near; — The sweet - ness of thy soft low voice, I
 pray'r — Some - thing there is with - in my heart, Which
 more; — And help me when my soul is cast Up -



lit - tle child like me, To guide a lit - tle child like me. —
 am too deaf to hear, Low voice I am too deaf to hear. —
 tells me thou art there, My heart which tells me thou art there. —
 on th' eter - nal shore, Is cast up - on th'e - ter - nal shore. —

OH LORD OF HOSTS

120

S. N. D.

p

1. Oh Lord of Hosts be mind-ful of our plead-ing
 2. Shep-herd of Souls! the wolves are all a-round us;
 3. One might-y voice from all the Church as-cend-eth,

O let our pray'r find fa-vour in thy sight
 Whis-per a-gain, "O fear not lit-tle flock!"
 "Pray for us sin-ners, ho-ly Ma-ry, now."

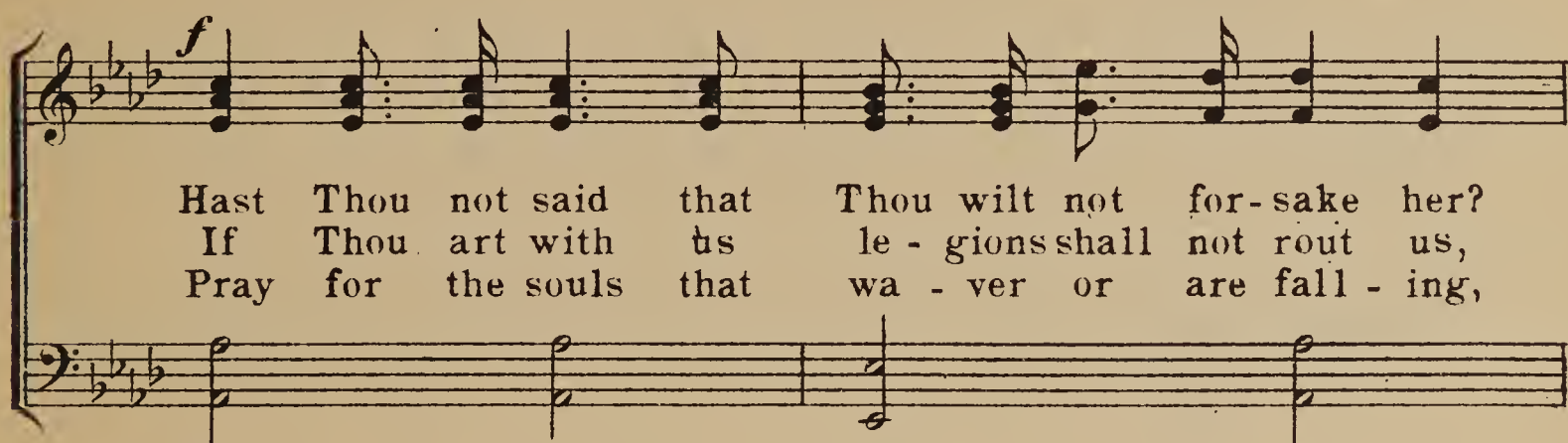
Hark to Thy Church tri-um-phant in-ter-ce-ding
 Je-sus our King! the en-e-my sur-round us;
 Lift up your eyes, for God His suc-cour send-eth,

Pi-ty Thy Church that groan-eth in the fight.
 Tell us Thy for-tress stands up-on a rock.
 Ma-ry hath placed her hand up-on the prow

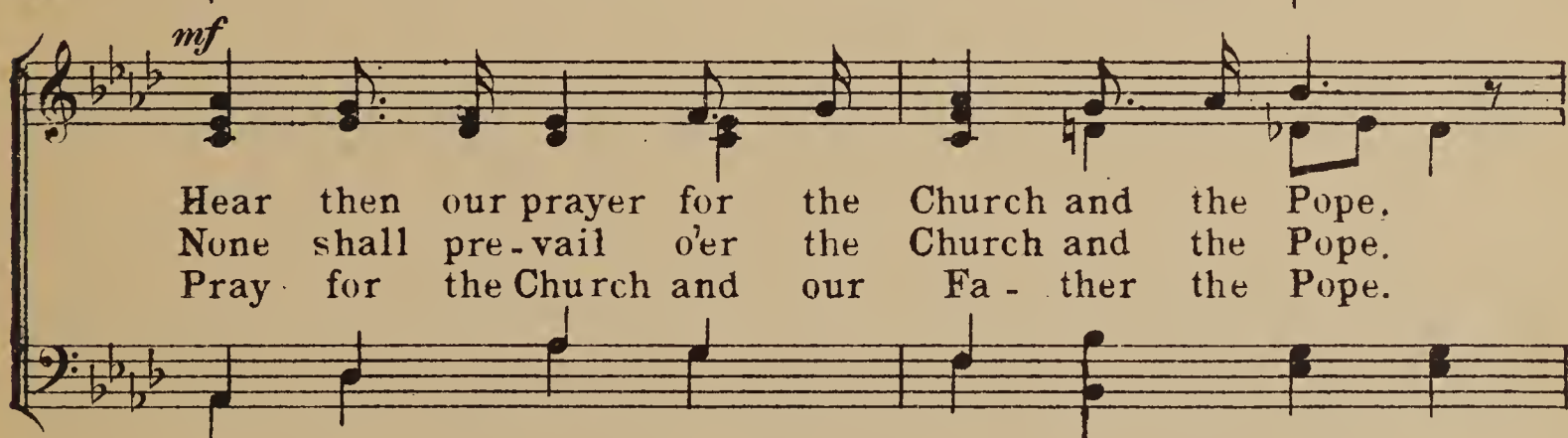
O God of truth no bat-tle line can shake her,
 Show us Thine An-gel camp-ing round a-bout us;
 Star of the Sea! the Church of Christ is call-ing,



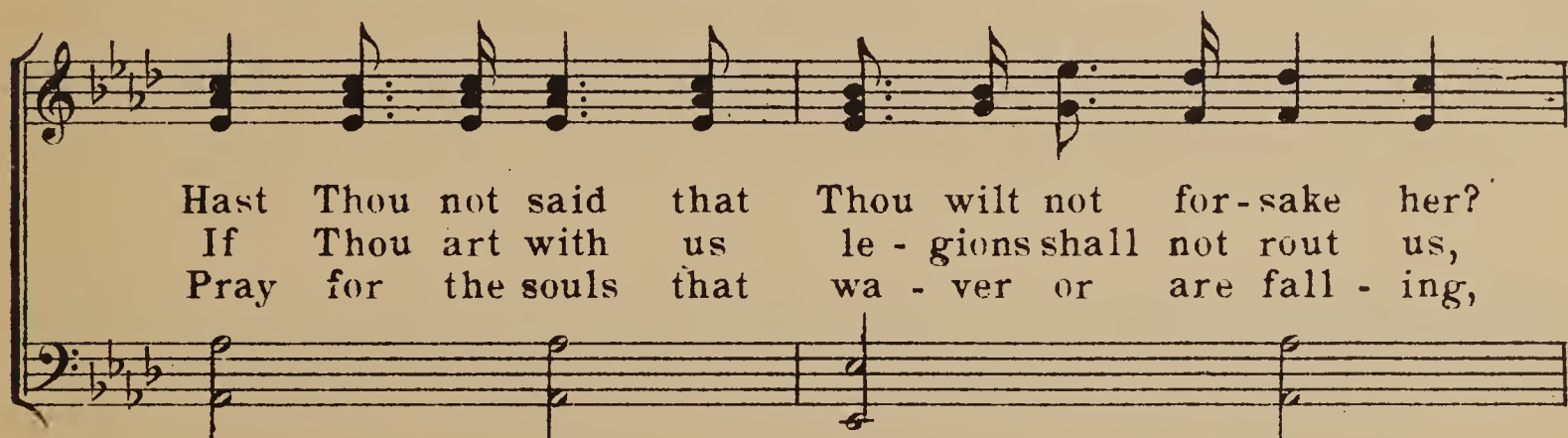
Trust - ing in Thee she shall not lose her hope:
 Strength-en our hearts in Faith and Love and Hope,
 Thou art her life her sweet-ness and her hope,



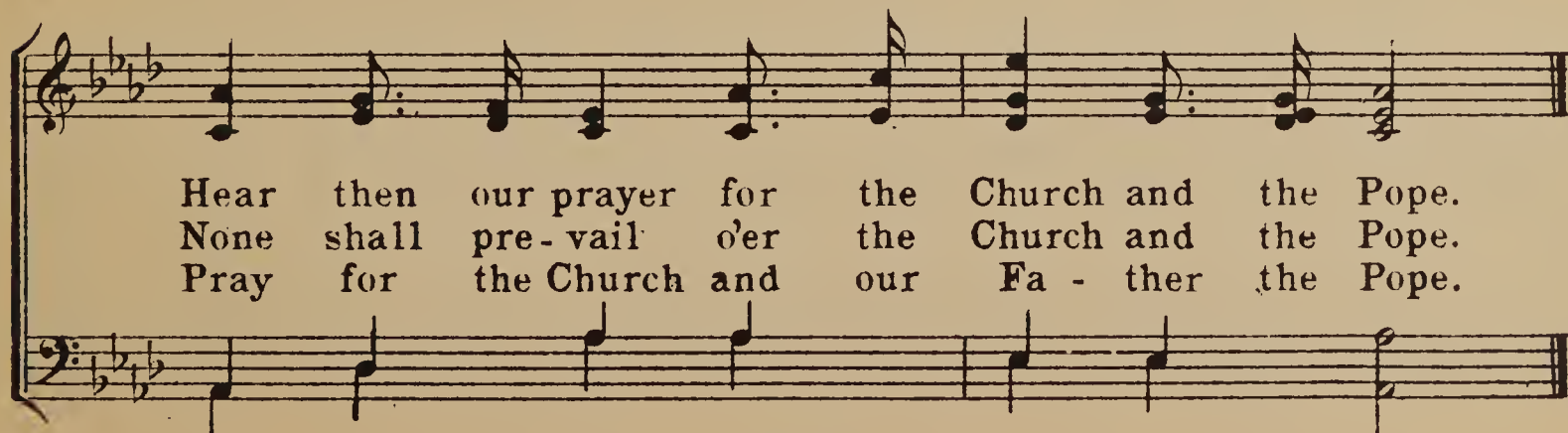
Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not for-sake her?
 If Thou art with us le - gions shall not rout us,
 Pray for the souls that wa - ver or are fall - ing,



Hear then our prayer for the Church and the Pope,
 None shall pre-vail o'er the Church and the Pope.
 Pray for the Church and our Fa - ther the Pope.



Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not for-sake her?
 If Thou art with us le - gions shall not rout us,
 Pray for the souls that wa - ver or are fall - ing,



Hear then our prayer for the Church and the Pope.
 None shall pre-vail o'er the Church and the Pope.
 Pray for the Church and our Fa - ther the Pope.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

121 Rev. Fr. W. FABER

(First tune)

A. EDMONDS TOZER

f Unison

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In
 2. Our fa - thers chained in , pris - ons dark Were
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall

Red.

spite of dun-geon, fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat
 still in heart and con-science free; How sweet would be their
 win our coun - try back to thee; And through the truth that

high with joy When e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 chil - dren's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 comes from God, Our land shall then in - deed be free.

GENERAL

Chorus

Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to

The first system of the chorus features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to".

rit. *a tempo*
thee till death. Faith of our fa - thers!

The second system continues the chorus. It includes a double bar line. Above the vocal staff, the tempo markings *rit.* and *a tempo* are placed. The lyrics are: "thee till death. Faith of our fa - thers!".

rit.
Ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

The third system concludes the chorus. It includes a double bar line. Above the vocal staff, the tempo marking *rit.* is placed. The lyrics are: "Ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.".

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

122

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

(Second tune)

Traditional Melody

Unison

1. Faith of our fa - thers! Liv - ing still, In
 2. Our fa - thers chained in pris - ons dark, Were
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall

spite of dun-geon, fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat high with
 still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their chil-dren's
 win our coun-try back to thee; And through the truth that comes from

joy— When e'er we hear that glo-rious word:—
 fate,— If they like them could die for thee!—
 God,— Our land shall then in - deed be free.—

Faith of our fa - thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till

death, We will be true to thee till death.

123

GOD BLESS OUR POPE

1. Full in the pan - ting - heart of Rome, Be -
 2. From tor - rid South to — fro - zen North, That
 3. For, like the sparks of — un - seen fire, That

neath the a - pos - tles' crown - ing dome,
 wave har - mo - nious stret - ches forth,
 speak a - long the ma - gic wire,

From pil - grims' lips — that kiss the ground, Breathes
 Yet strikes no cord — more true to Rome's, Than
 From home to home, from heart to heart, These

Refrain

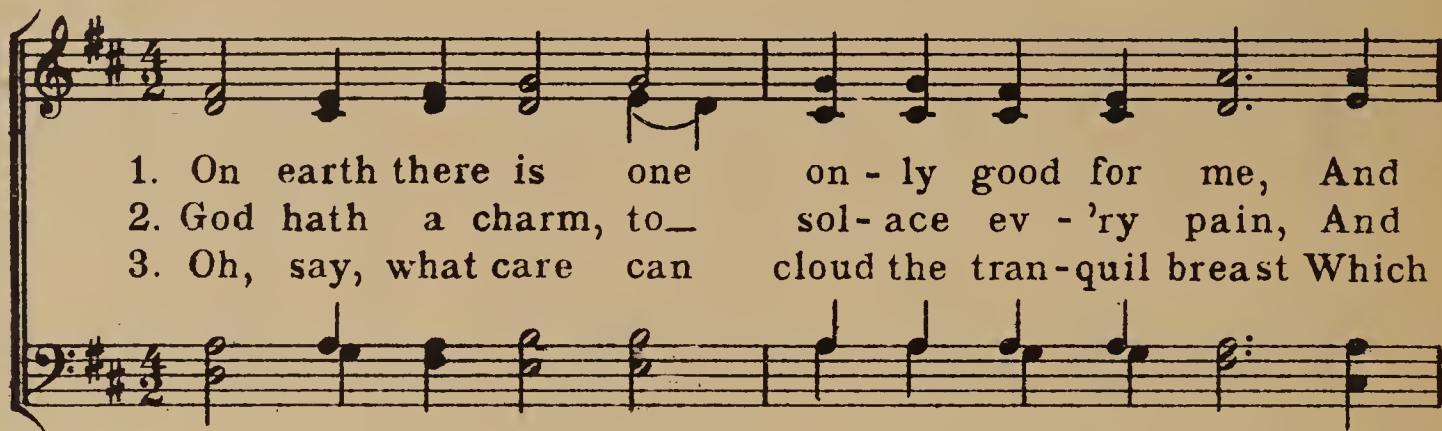
in all tongues one on - ly sound -
 rings with-in our hearts and homes; "God bless our Pope, the —
 words of count - less chil - dren dart,

great, the good, God bless our Pope, the great, the good?"

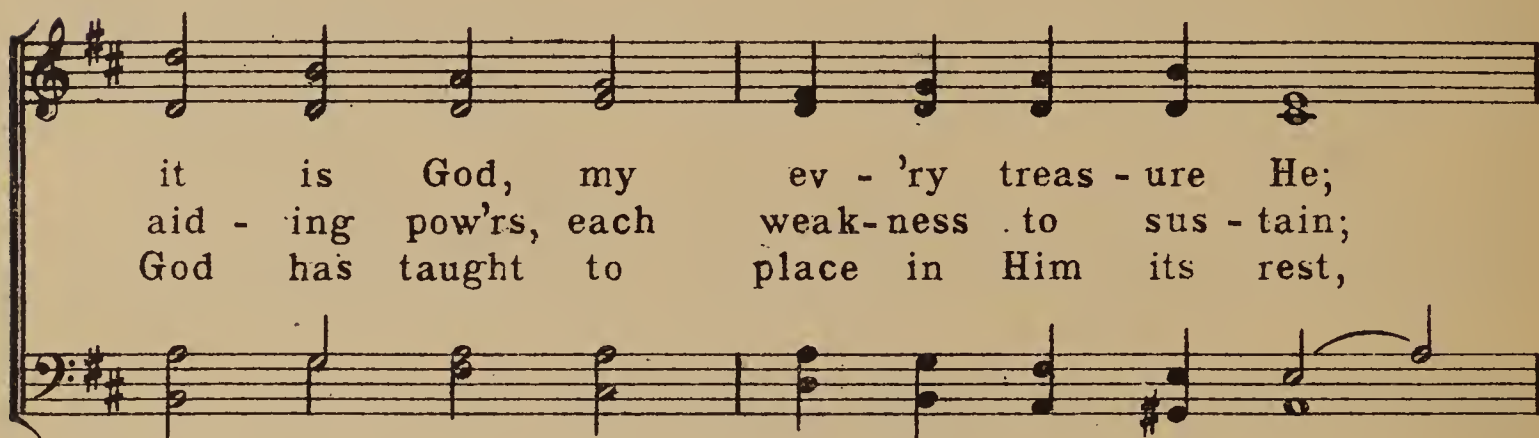
ON EARTH THERE IS ONE ONLY GOOD FOR ME

124

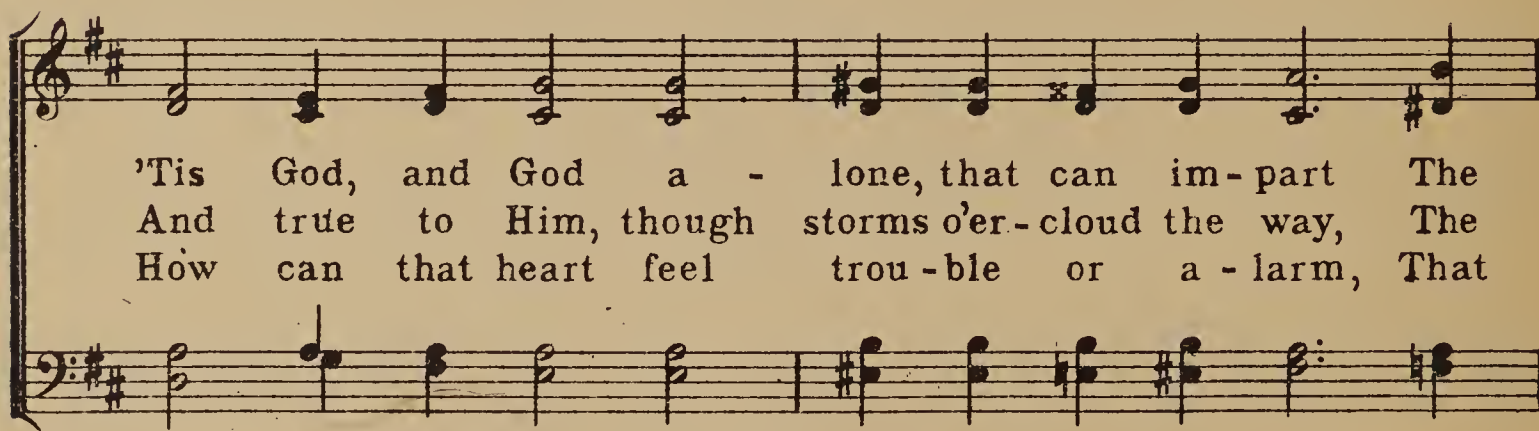
FRANK N. BIRTCNELL



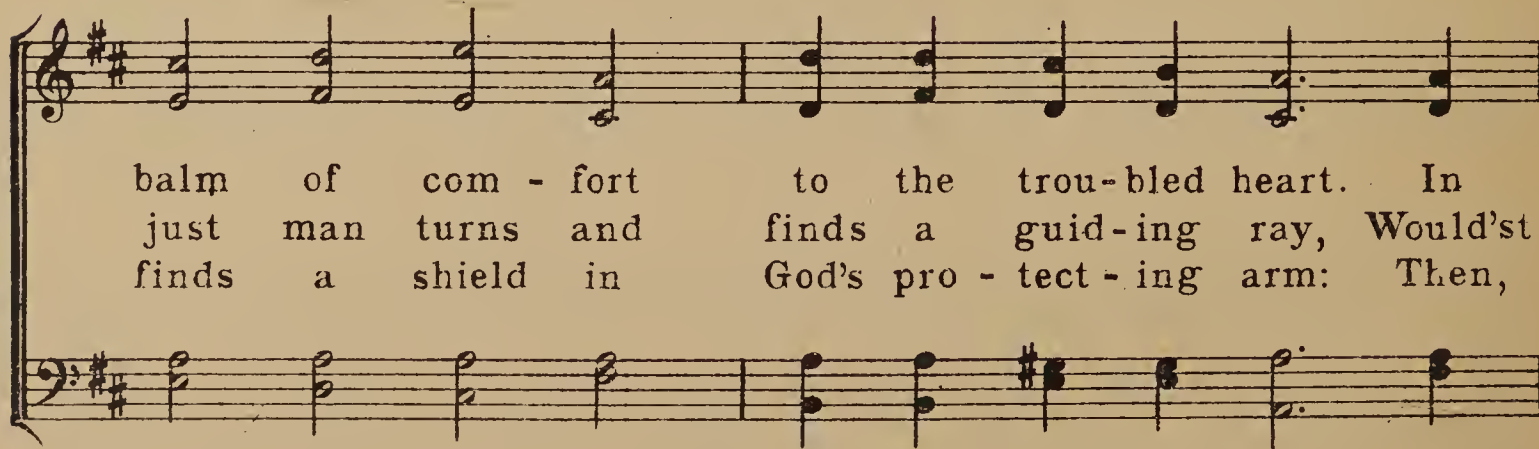
1. On earth there is one on - ly good for me, And
 2. God hath a charm, to sol - ace ev - 'ry pain, And
 3. Oh, say, what care can cloud the tran - quil breast Which



it is God, my ev - 'ry treas - ure He;
 aid - ing pow'rs, each weak - ness to sus - tain;
 God has taught to place in Him its rest,

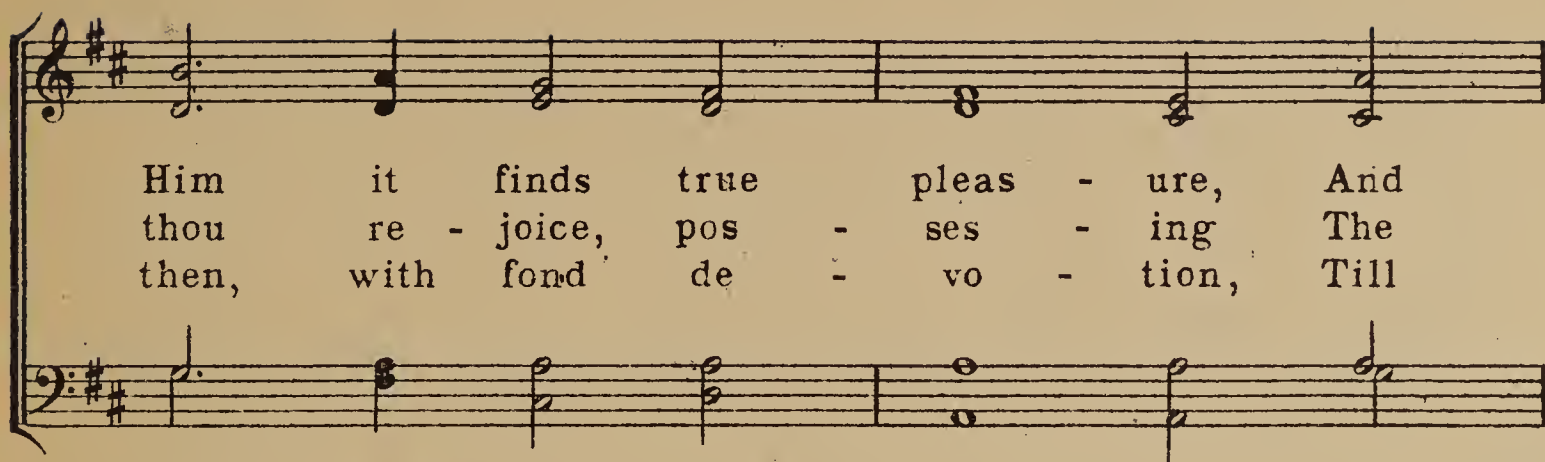


'Tis God, and God a - lone, that can im - part The
 And true to Him, though storms o'er - cloud the way, The
 How can that heart feel trou - ble or a - larm, That

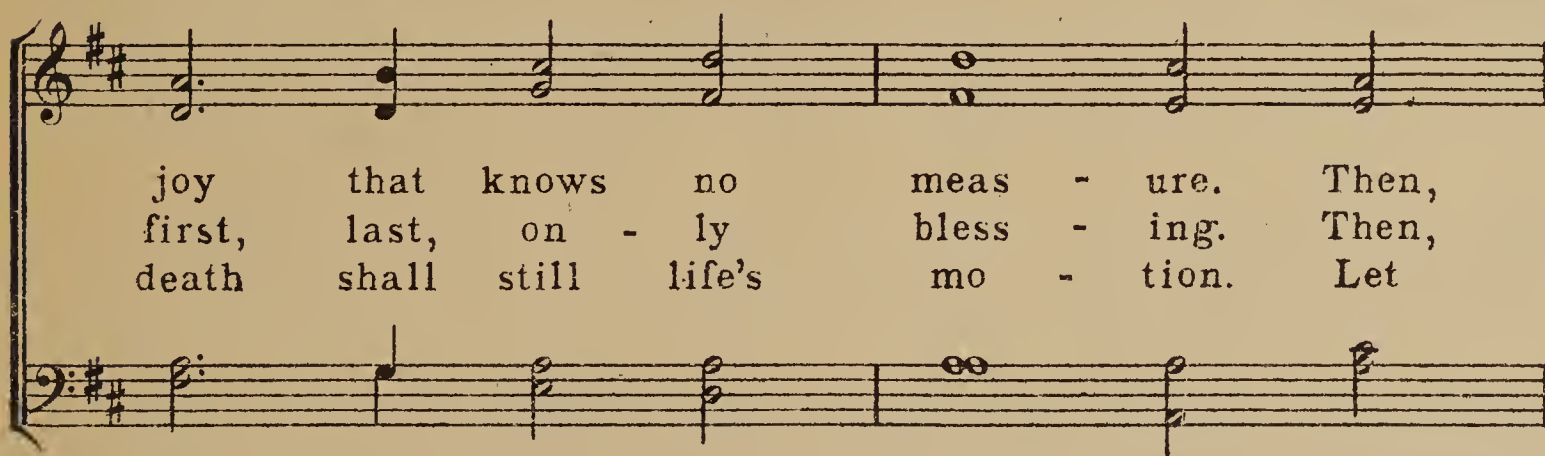


balm of com - fort to the trou - bled heart. In
 just man turns and finds a guid - ing ray, Would'st
 finds a shield in God's pro - tect - ing arm: Then,

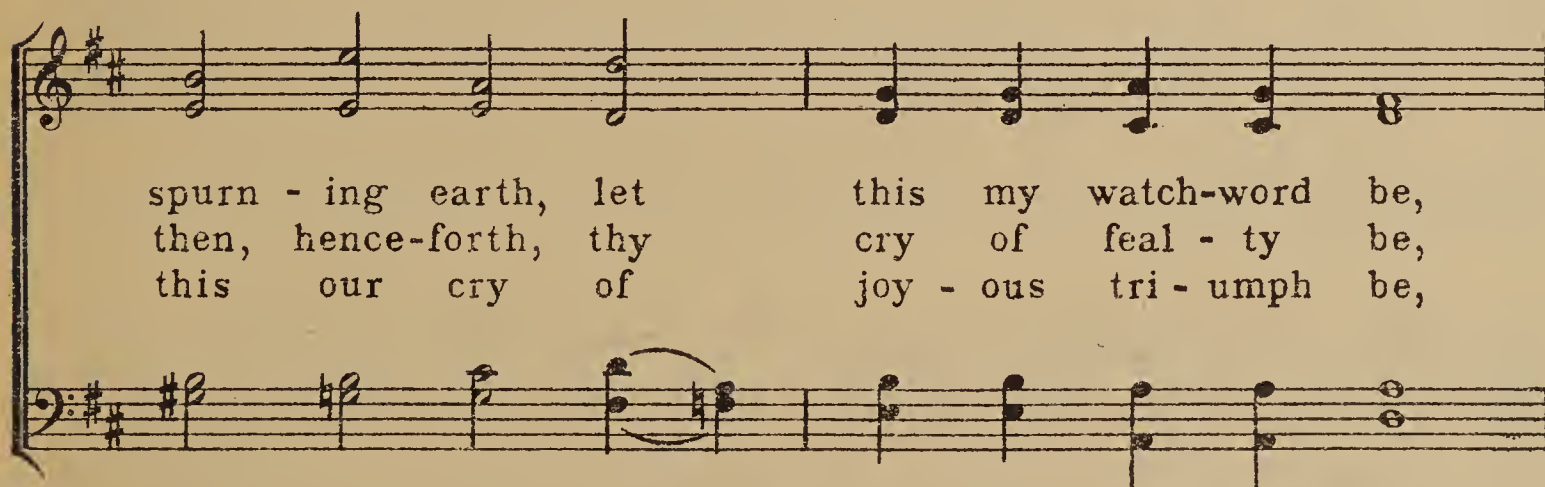
GENERAL



Him it finds true pleas - ure, And
thou re - joice, pos - ses - ing The
then, with fond de - vo - tion, Till



joy that knows no meas - ure. Then,
first, last, on - ly bless - ing. Then,
death shall still life's mo - tion. Let



spurn - ing earth, let this my watch-word be,
then, hence-forth, thy cry of feal - ty be,
this our cry of joy - ous tri - umph be,



Lord! I am Thine, my— love is all for Thee.
Lord! I am Thine, my— love is all for Thee.
Lord! we are Thine, our— love is all for Thee.

125

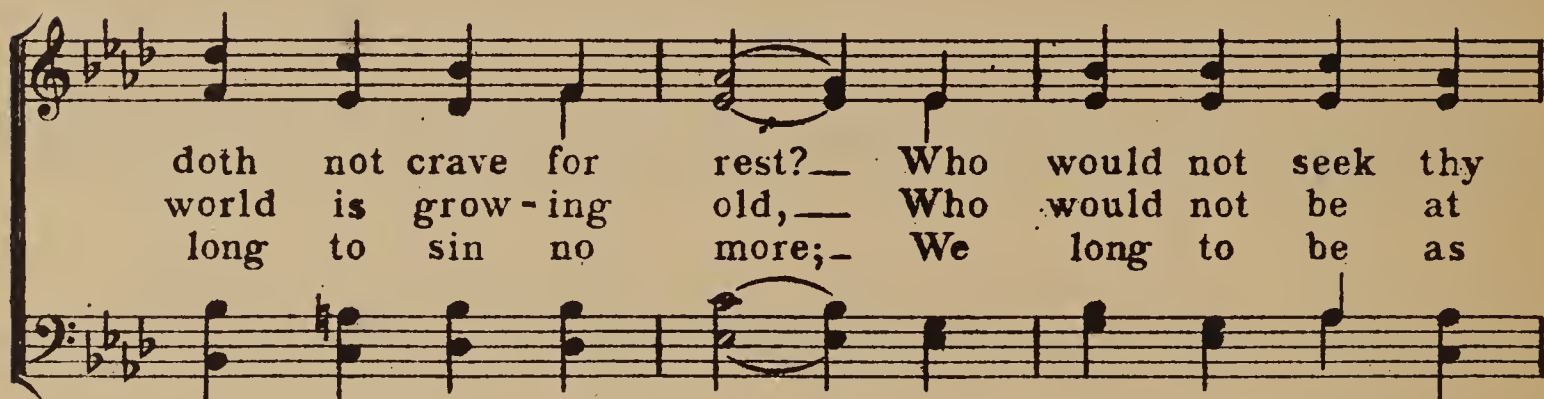
O PARADISE! O PARADISE!

Rev. F.W. FABER

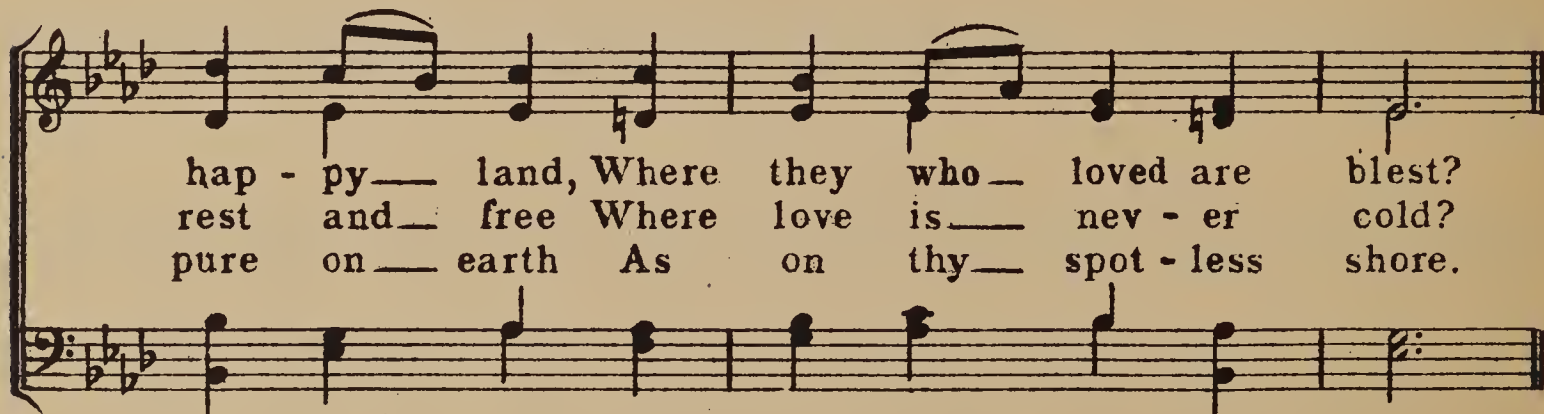
A. FRANCIS

First tune


1. O Pa - a - dise! O Pa - a - dise! Who
 2. O Pa - a - dise! O Pa - a - dise! The
 3. O Pa - a - dise! O Pa - a - dise! We



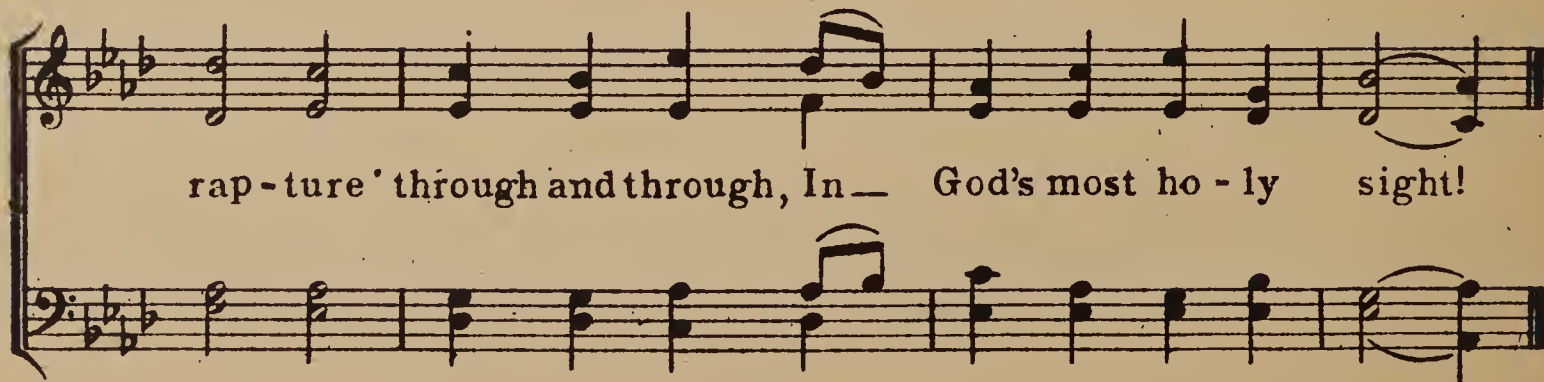
doth not crave for rest?— Who would not seek thy
 world is grow - ing old,— Who would not be at
 long to sin no more;— We long to be as



hap - py— land, Where they who— loved are blest?
 rest and— free Where love is— nev - er cold?
 pure on— earth As on thy— spot - less shore.



Where loy-al— hearts and true, Stand ev - er— in the light,— All



rap - ture' through and through, In— God's most ho - ly sight!

126

O PARADISE!

Rev. F. W. FABER

J. BARNBY

(Second tune)

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where
 old; Who would not be at rest and free, Where
 more We long to be as pure on earth, As

Where loy - al hearts and
 they that loved are blest?
 love is nev - er cold? Where loy - al
 on thy spot - less shore

true,
 hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

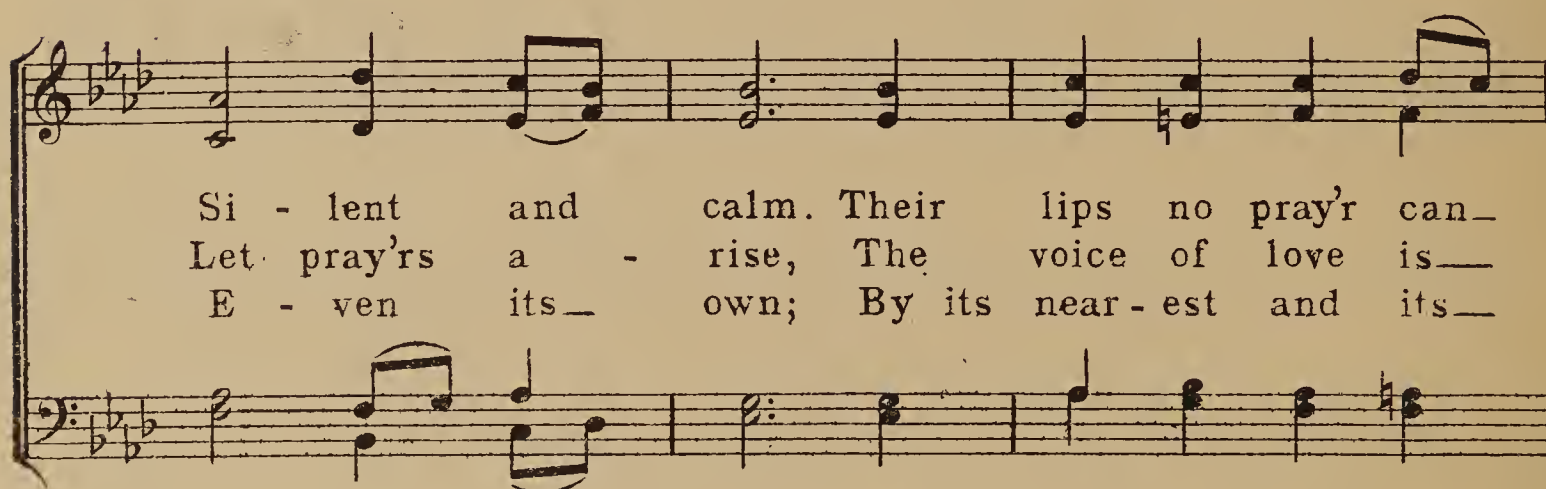
THEY ARE WAITING FOR OUR PETITIONS

127

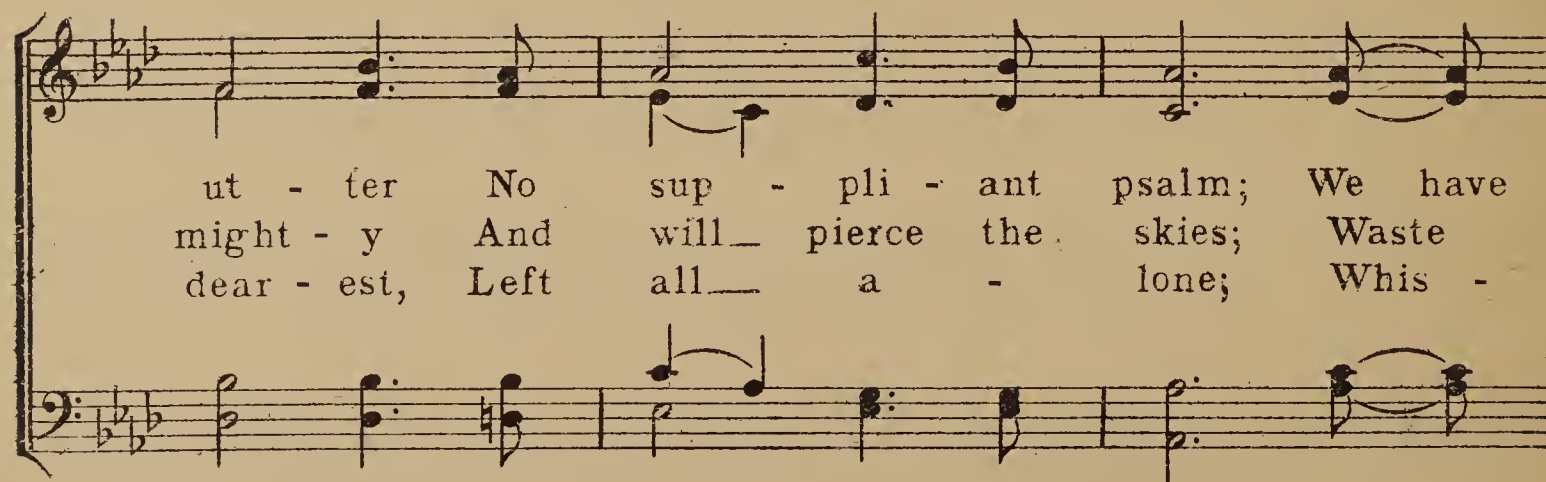
S. N. D.



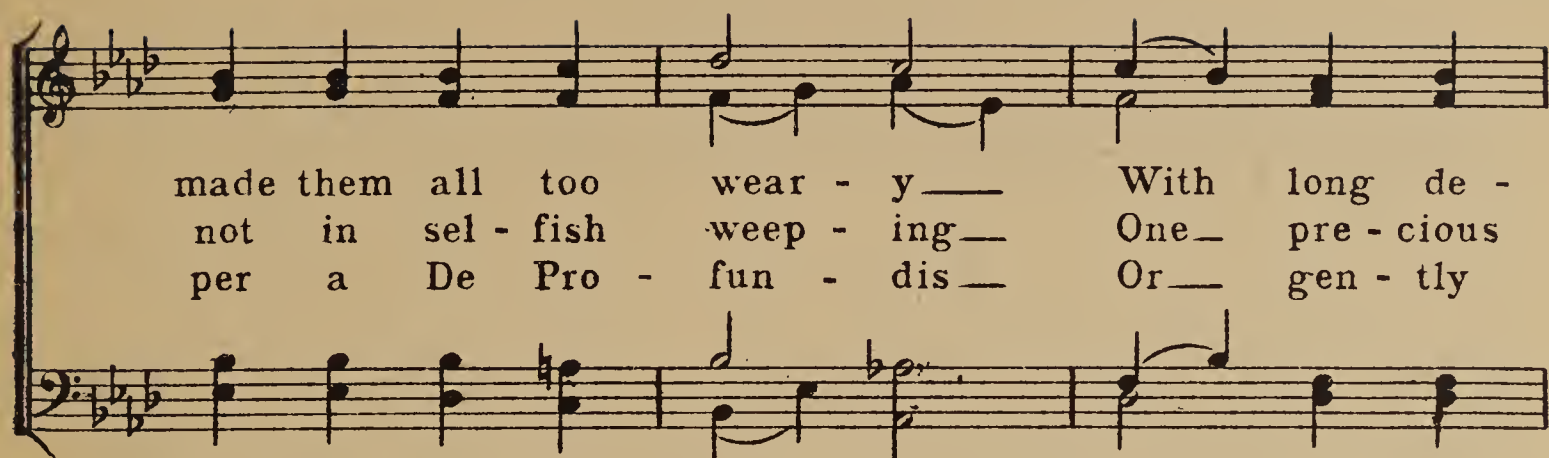
1. They are wait - ing for our pe - ti - tions,
 2. For the soul thou_ hold - est dear - est
 3. For the soul by_ all for - got - ten,



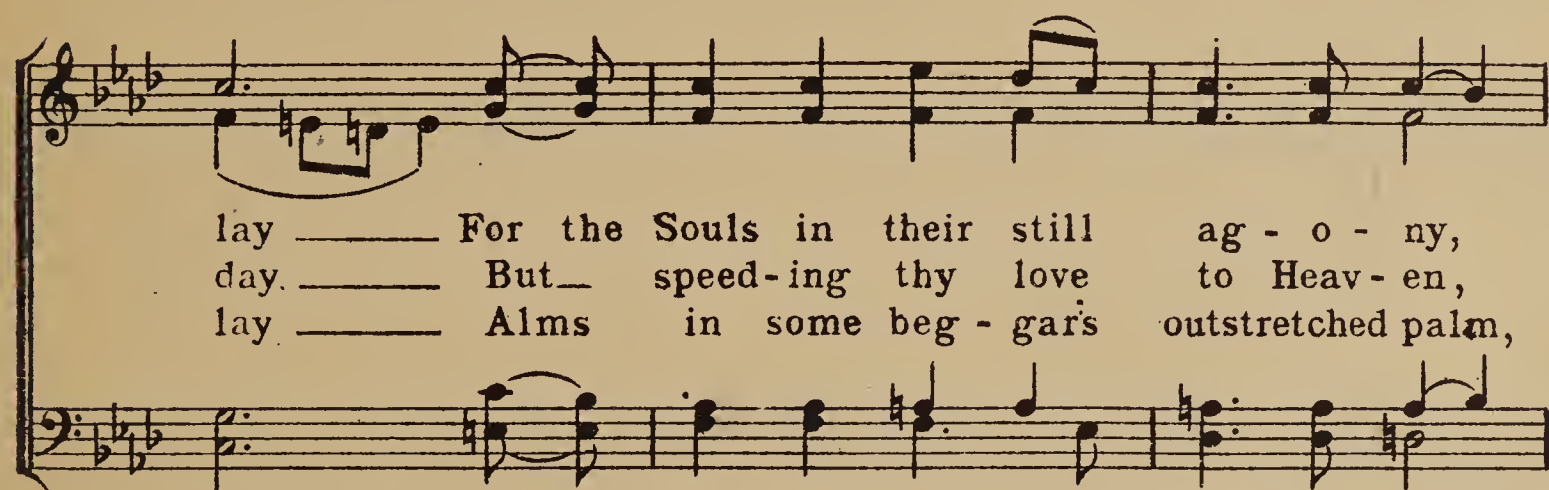
Si - lent and calm. Their lips no pray'r can_
 Let pray'rs a - rise, The voice of love is_
 E - ven its_ own; By its near - est and its_



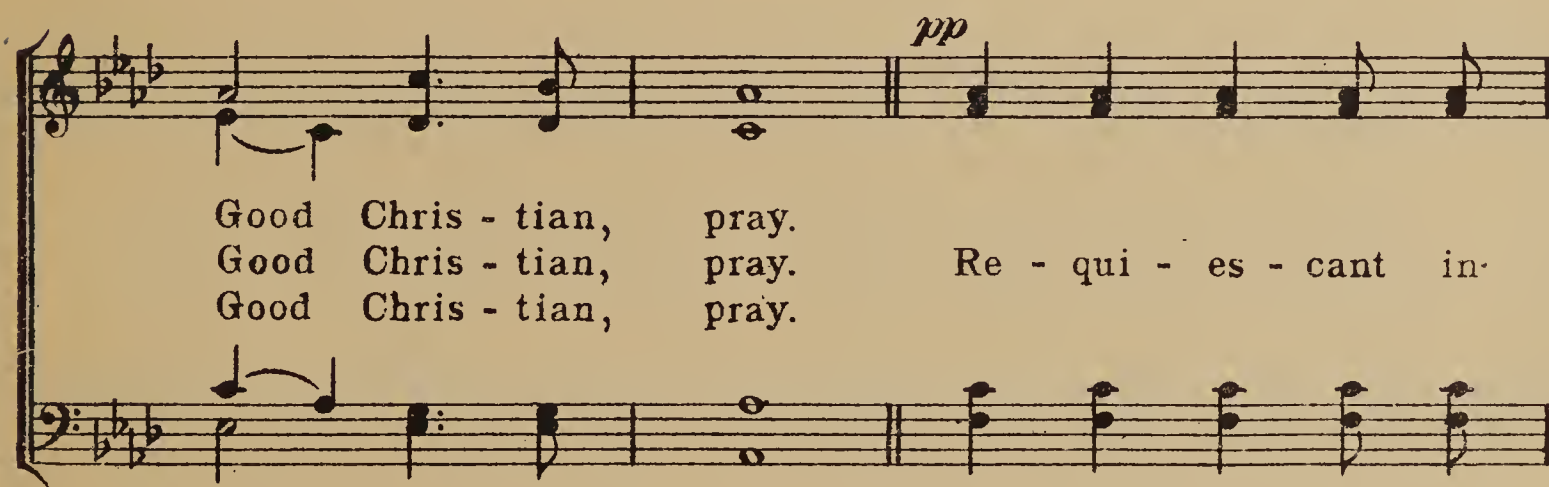
ut - ter No sup - pli - ant psalm; We have
 might - y And will_ pierce the skies; Waste
 dear - est, Left all_ a - lone; Whis -



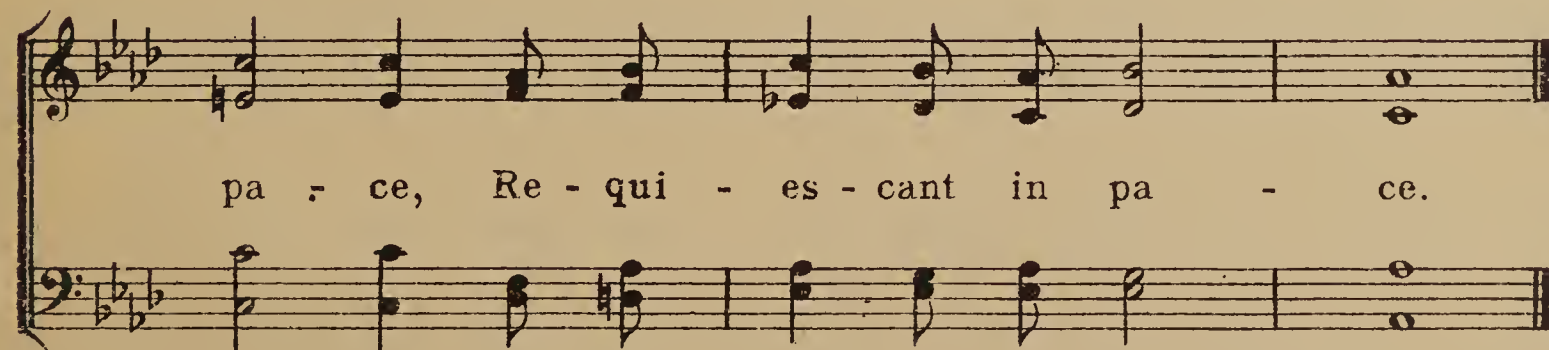
made them all too wear - y — With long de -
 not in sel - fish weep - ing — One — pre - cious
 per a De Pro - fun - dis — Or — gen - tly



lay — For the Souls in their still ag - o - ny,
 day. — But — speed - ing thy love to Heav - en,
 lay — Alms in some beg - gar's outstretched palm,



Good Chris - tian, pray. *pp* Re - qui - es - cant in
 Good Chris - tian, pray.
 Good Chris - tian, pray.



pa - ce, Re - qui - es - cant in pa - ce.

128

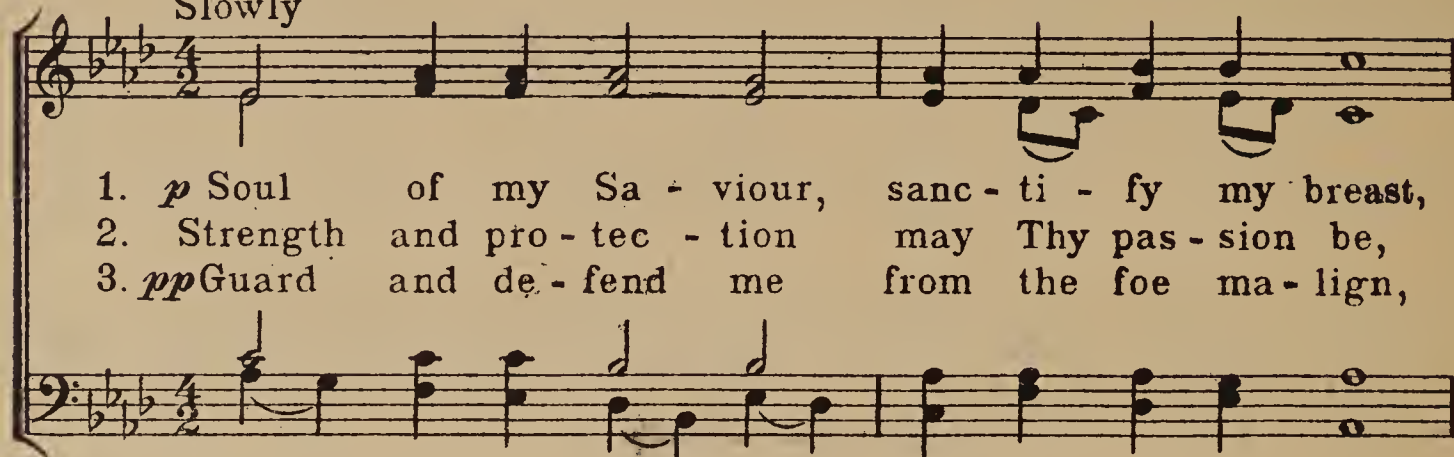
SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR

Rev. Fr. J. AYLWARD
First tune

Anima Christi

Fr. WM. MAHER, S.J.

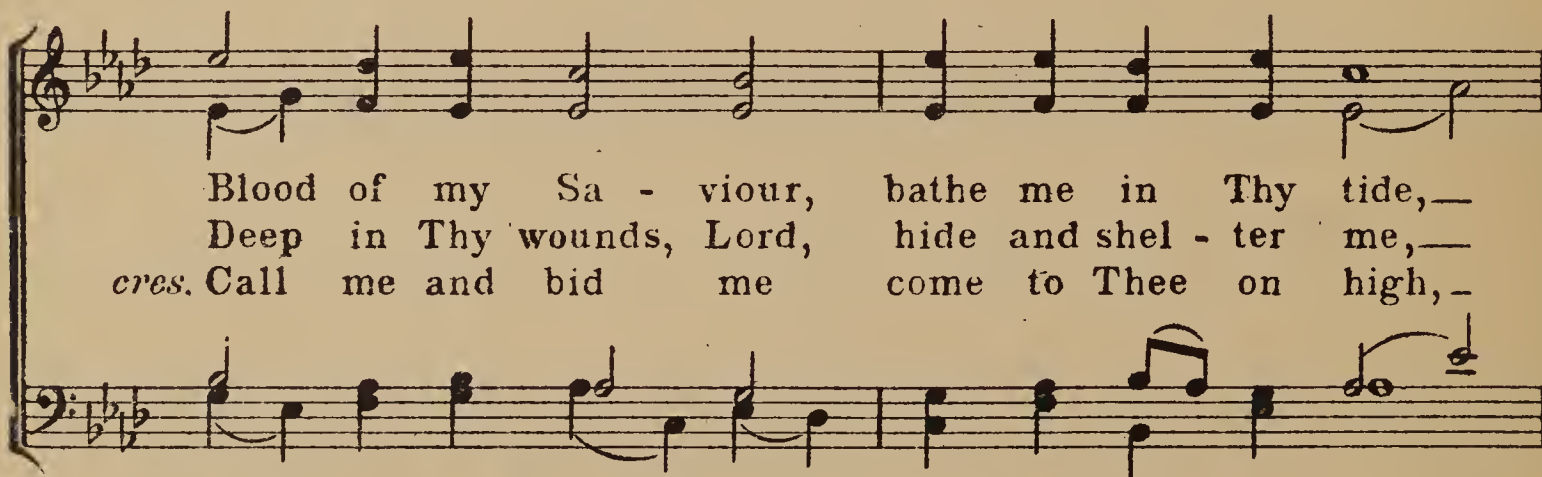
Slowly



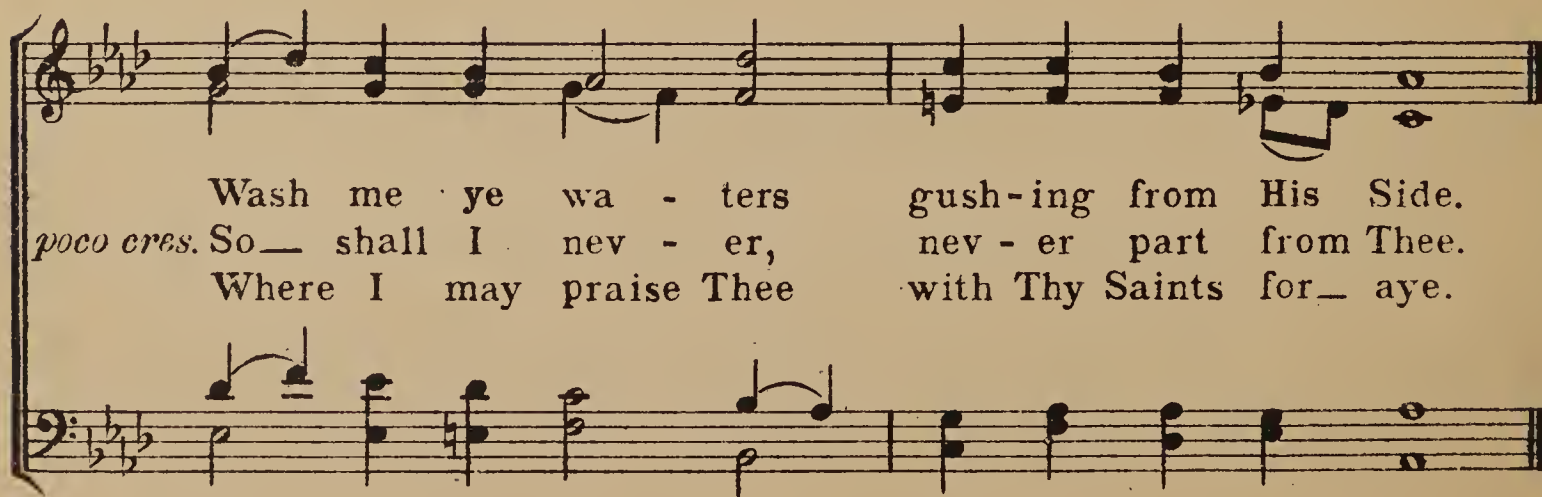
1. *p* Soul of my Sa - viour, sanc - ti - fy my breast,
2. Strength and pro - tec - tion may Thy pas - sion be,
3. *pp* Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign,



Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest,
O — bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;
In — death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly Thine,



Blood of my Sa - viour, bathe me in Thy tide, —
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me, —
cres. Call me and bid me come to Thee on high, —



Wash me ye wa - ters gush - ing from His Side.
poco cres. So — shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for — aye.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR

ANIMA CHRISTI

129

Second tune

1. Soul of my Sa - viour sanc - ti - fy my breast.
 2. O Cross, O Death of Je - sus, soothe my fears;
 3. Save me, O save me from my dead - ly foe,

Thy Bles - sed Bo - dy be my sav - ing guest.
 Je - sus, O hear my sighs re - gard my tears.
 Call me at death from off my bed of woe.

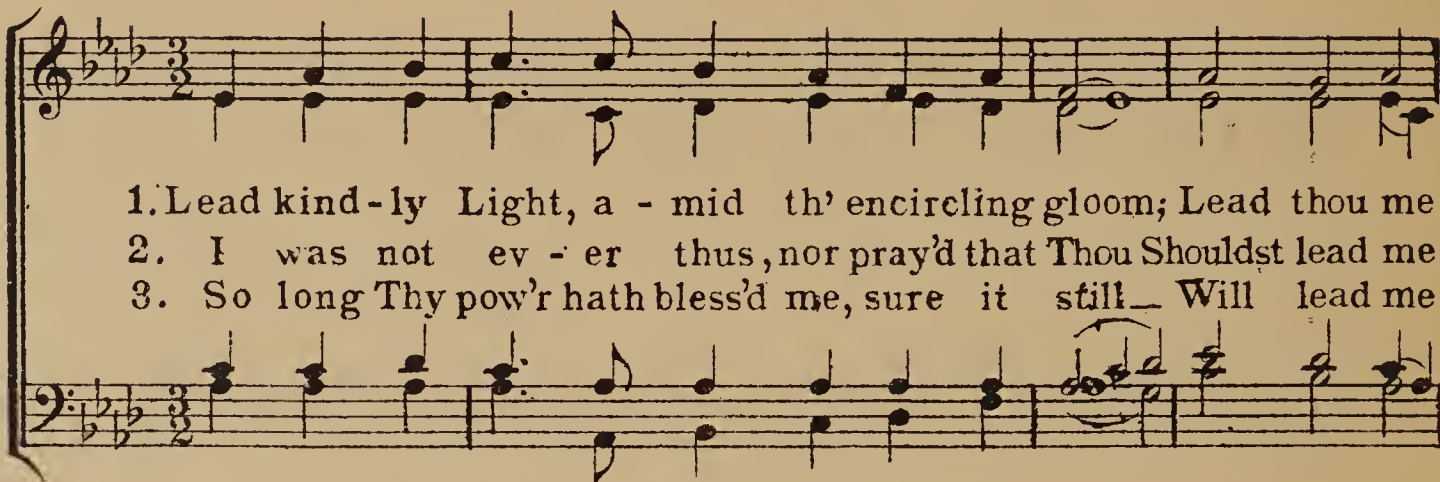
Oh my Re - deem - er, bathe me in Thy tide,
 O hide me in Thy wounds there let me stay,
 And take me to Thy arms to hear Thy praise,

Wash me, ye wa - ters, streaming from His side.
 And nev - er, nev - er more be turned a - way.
 A - mong Thy Saints in heav'n thro' end - less days.

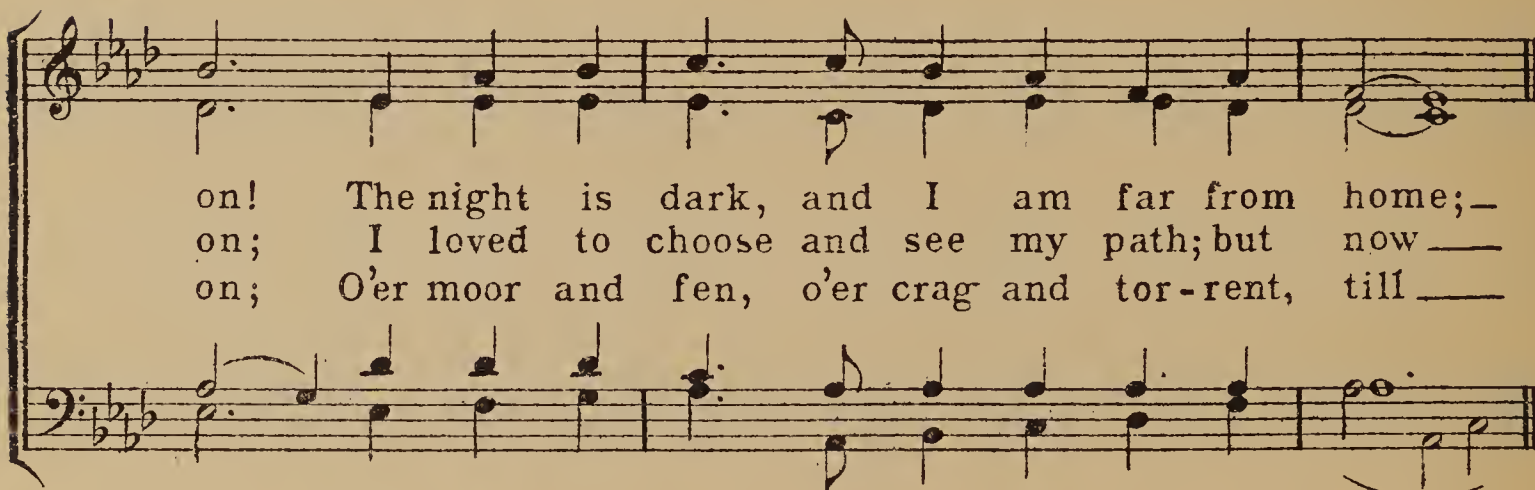
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

J. H. NEWMAN

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES



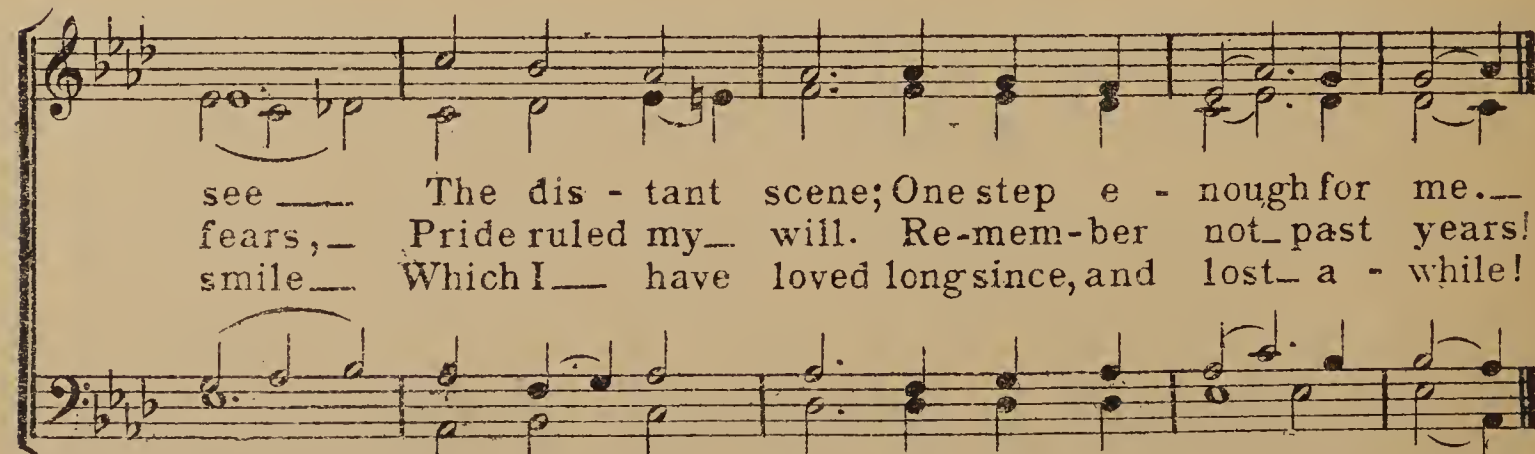
1. Lead kind-ly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom; Lead thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still - Will lead me



on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; -
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now -
 on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till -



Lead Thou me on! - Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to -
 Lead Thou me on! - I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of -
 The night is gone! And with the morn those an-gel fac-es -



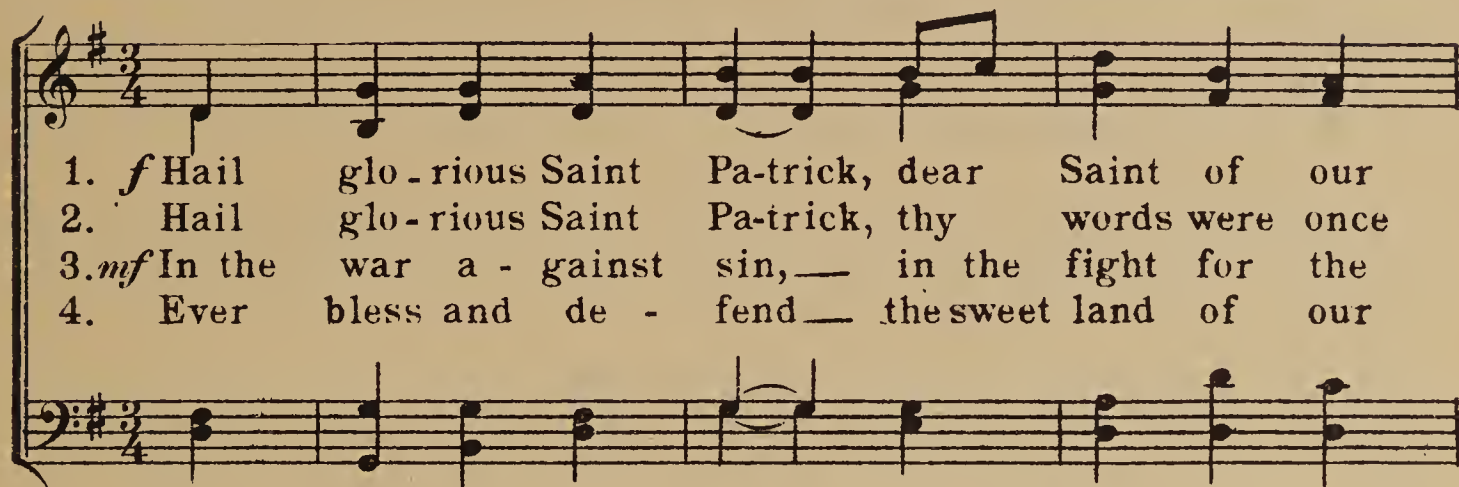
see - The dis - tant scene; One step e - nough for me. -
 fears, - Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 smile - Which I - have loved long since, and lost - a - while!

This hymn is not approved by church music commissions in some dioceses due to its association with Protestant Services

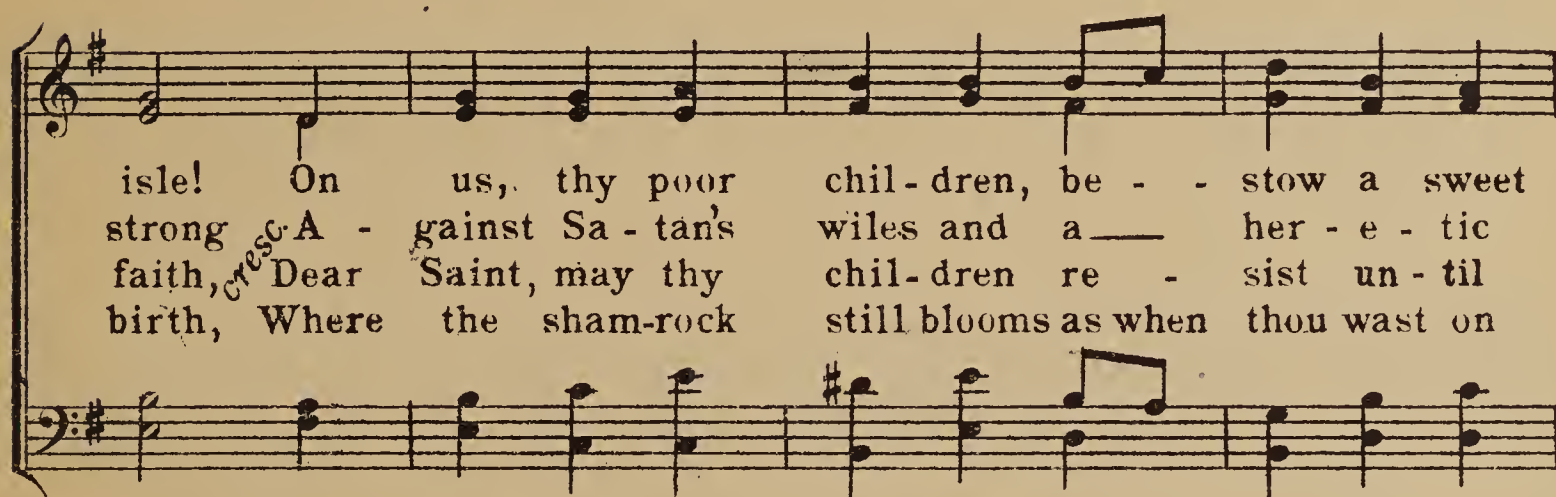
HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK

131 Sister AGNES

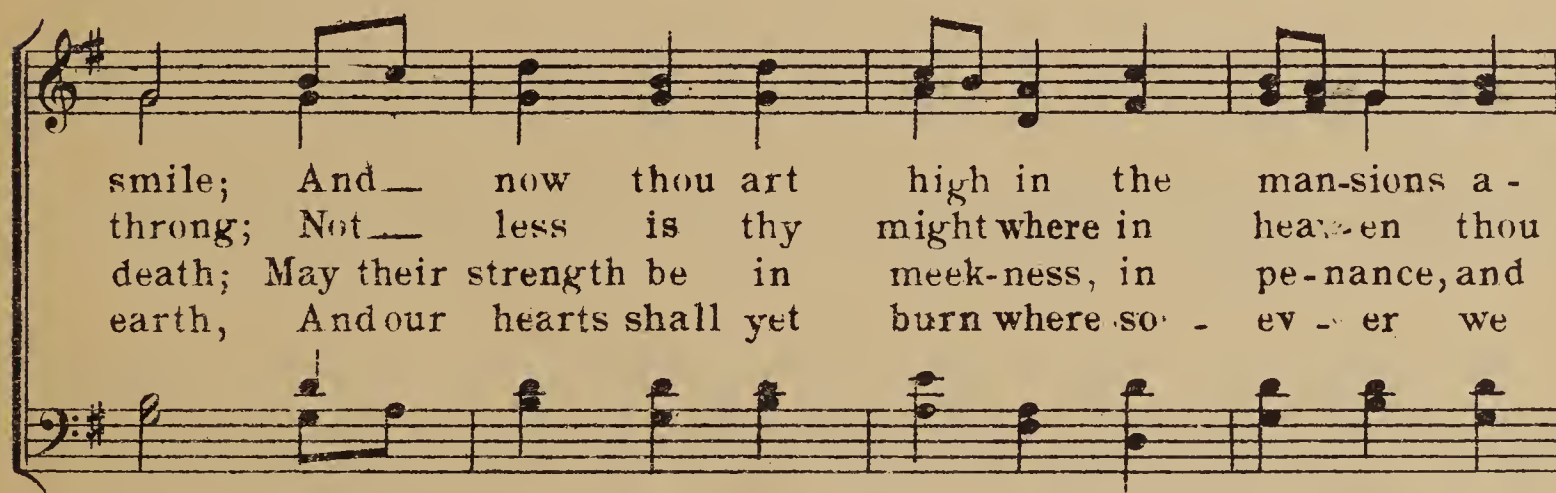
From "Trier Gesangbuch" 1872



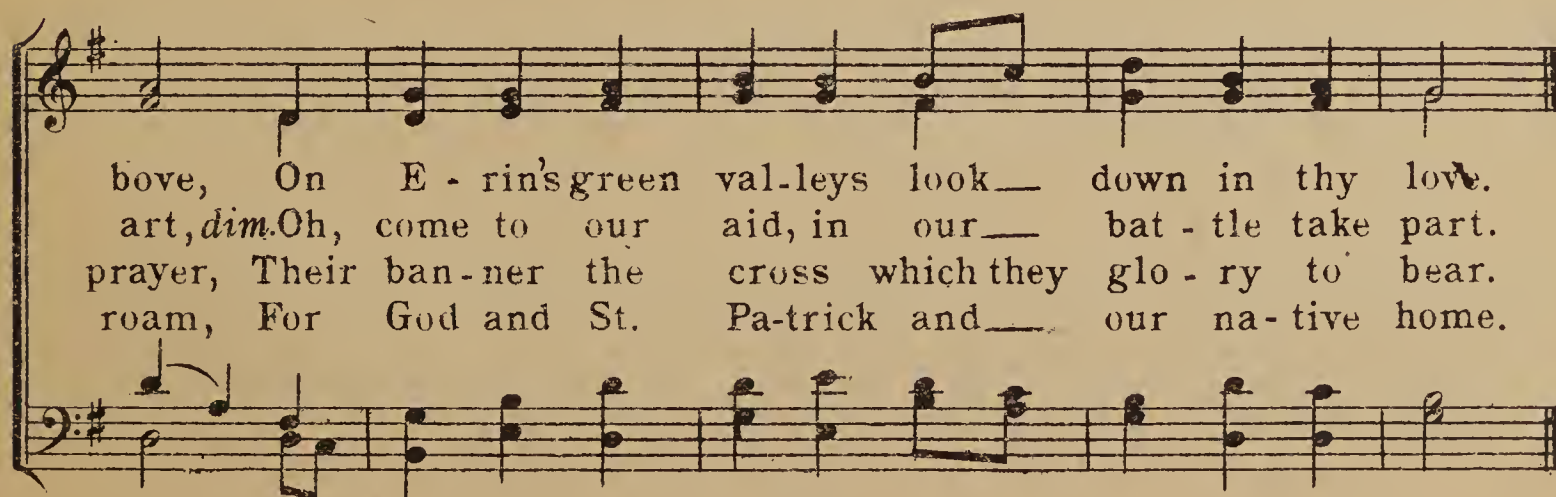
1. *f* Hail glo - rious Saint Pa-trick, dear Saint of our
 2. Hail glo - rious Saint Pa-trick, thy words were once
 3. *mf* In the war a - gainst sin, — in the fight for the
 4. Ever bless and de - fend — the sweet land of our



isle! On us, thy poor chil-dren, be - - stow a sweet
 strong & A - gainst Sa - tan's wiles and a — her - e - tic
 faith, *cresc.* Dear Saint, may thy chil-dren re - sist un - til
 birth, Where the sham-rock still blooms as when thou wast on



smile; And — now thou art high in the man-sions a -
 throng; Not — less is thy might where in heav-en thou
 death; May their strength be in meek-ness, in pe-nance, and
 earth, And our hearts shall yet burn where so - ev - er we



bove, On E - rin's green val-leys look — down in thy love.
 art, *dim.* Oh, come to our aid, in our — bat - tle take part.
 prayer, Their ban-ner the cross which they glo - ry to bear.
 roam, For God and St. Pa-trick and — our na-tive home.

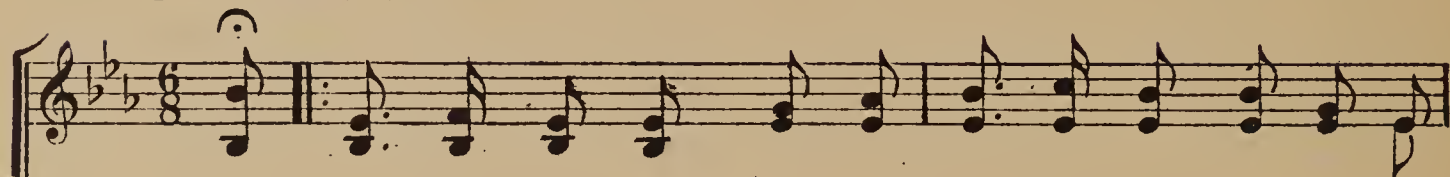
132

HAIL! GLORIOUS APOSTLE

M. J. BARRY

Irish Melody

Andante (♩ = 46)



Chor. 1. Hail! glo-rious A - po - stle se - lec - ted by God to en-
 2. To Ire - land he goes, in this man - ner dis - posed, And for
 3. Ah! now thou art placed in the king - dom of peace, O most



large the bless'd pale of Christ's faith - ful be - liev - ers, Ac -
 for - ty years la - bored with zeal for his peo - ple,
 ho - ly A - po - stle! Our faith - ful pro - tec - tion; Look



cept the weak ef - forts to hon - or thy vir - tues And -
 Who had been bur - ied in the gros - sest er - rors In -
 down — on Ire - land that once hap - py is - land, But —

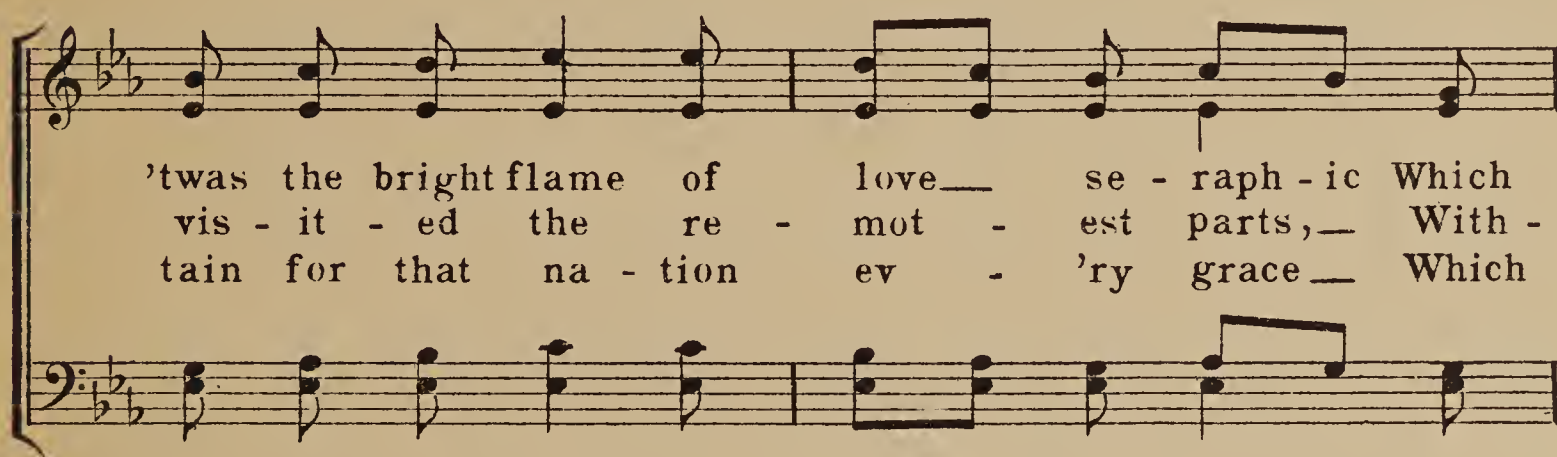


ST. PATRICK'S DAY SCHOOL SONG

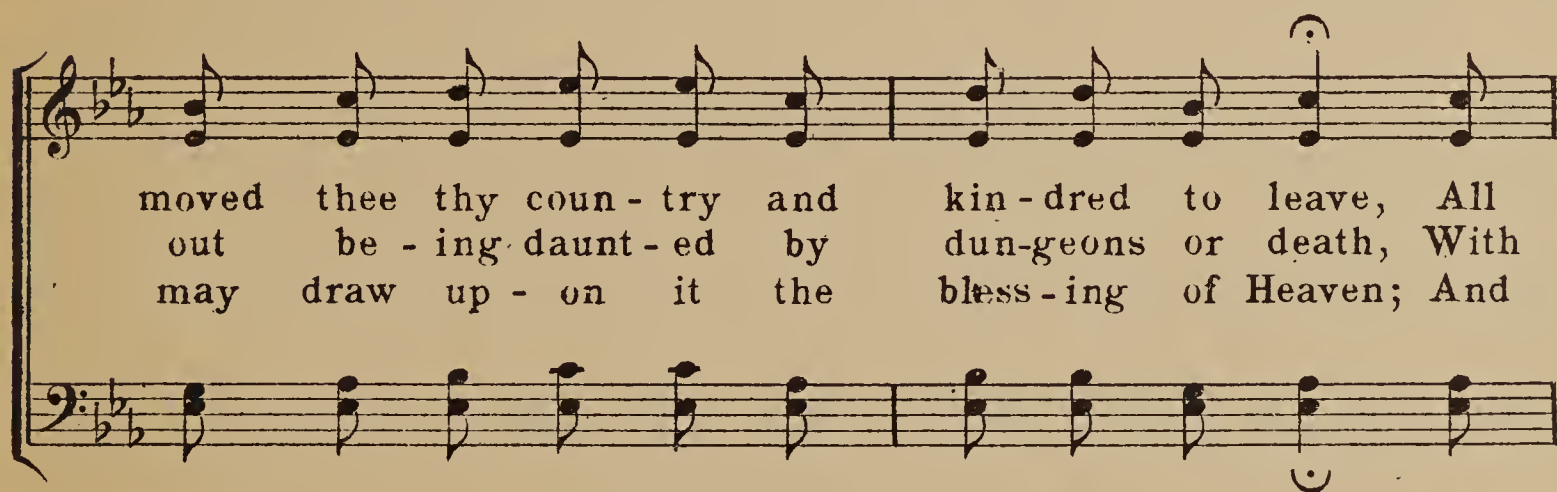
SOLO



chief-ly thy won-der-ful cha - ri - ty. For
all that re-gard-ed e - ter - ni - ty. He
now per - se - cut - ed and suf - fer - ing. Ob -

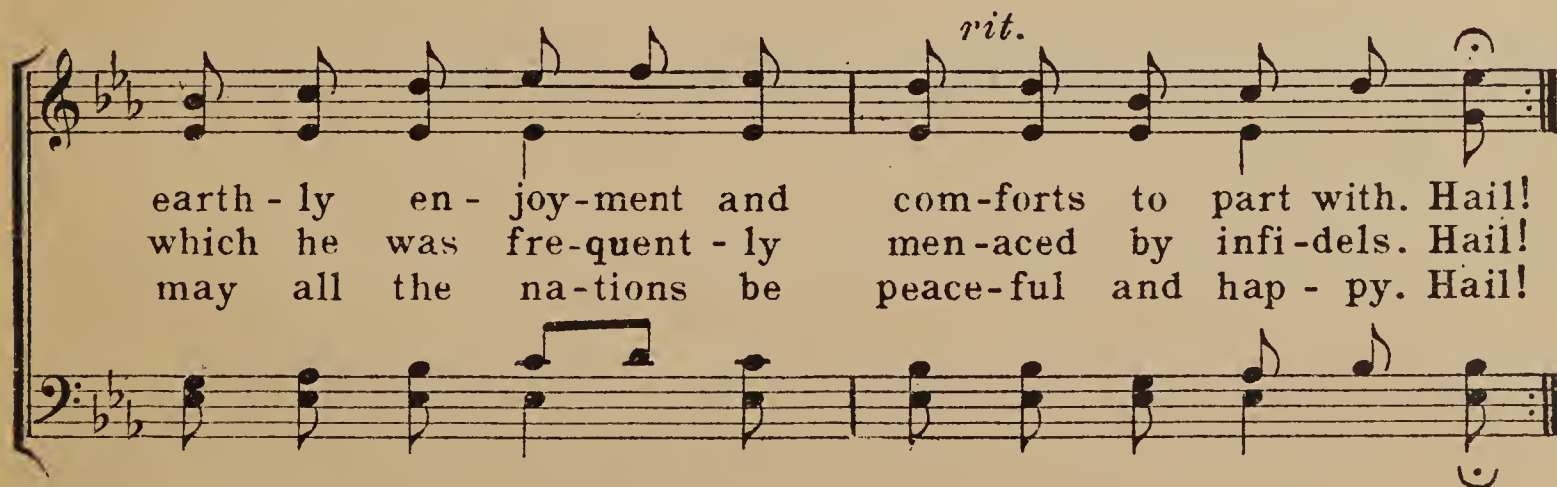


'twas the bright flame of love — se - raph - ic Which
vis - it - ed the re - mot - est parts, — With -
tain for that na - tion ev - 'ry grace — Which



moved thee thy coun - try and kin - dred to leave, All
out be - ing daunt - ed by dun - geons or death, With
may draw up - on it the bless - ing of Heaven; And

rit.



earth - ly en - joy - ment and com - forts to part with. Hail!
which he was fre - quent - ly men - aced by infi - dels. Hail!
may all the na - tions be peace - ful and hap - py. Hail!

SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US

133

Rev. Fr. W. FABER

GEORGE HERBERT

1. Sweet Sa - viour! bless us ere we go —
 2. Grant us, dear Lord! from e - vil ways
 3. Sweet Sa - viour! bless us, night is — come,

Thy word in - to our minds — in - stil; —
 True ab - so - lu - tion and — re - lease:
 Ma - ry and Jo - seph near — us be; —

And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly
 And bless us more than in — past days With pur - i -
 Good an - gels watch a - bout our home; And we are

Refrain

love — and fer - vent will.
 ty — and in - ward peace. Through life's long day
 one — day near - er Thee.

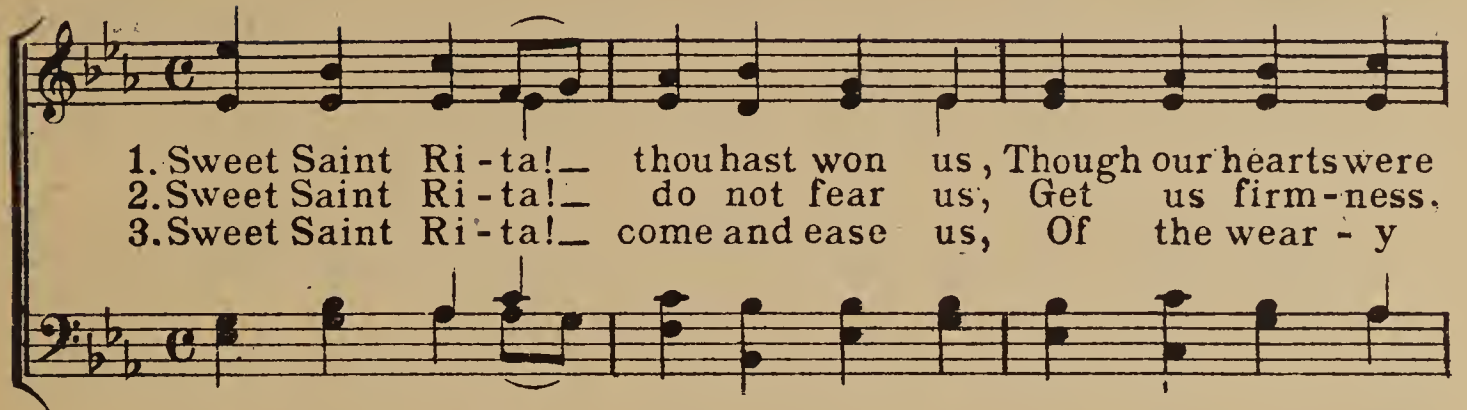
and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus be our light.

SWEET SAINT RITA

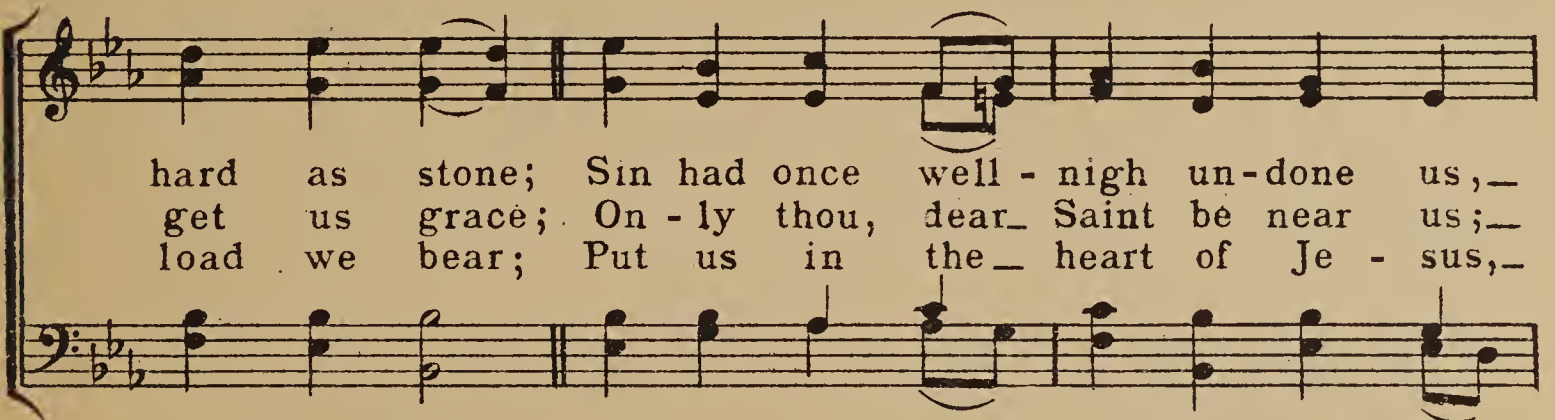
134

Adapted.

PHILIP BERNARD



1. Sweet Saint Ri-ta!— thou hast won us, Though our hearts were
 2. Sweet Saint Ri-ta!— do not fear us; Get us firm-ness,
 3. Sweet Saint Ri-ta!— come and ease us, Of the wear - y

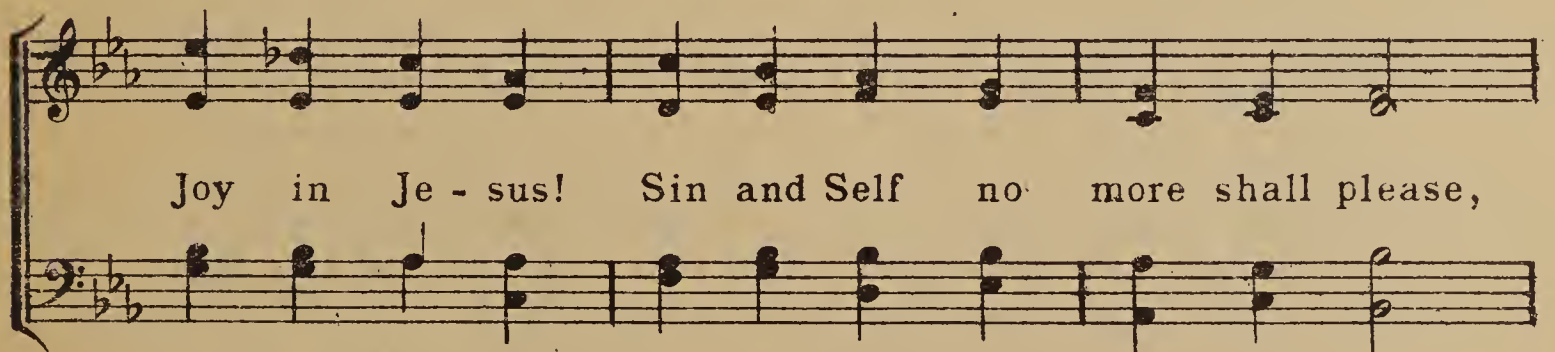


hard as stone; Sin had once well - nigh un-done us,—
 get us grace; On - ly thou, dear Saint be near us;—
 load we bear; Put us in the heart of Je - sus,—

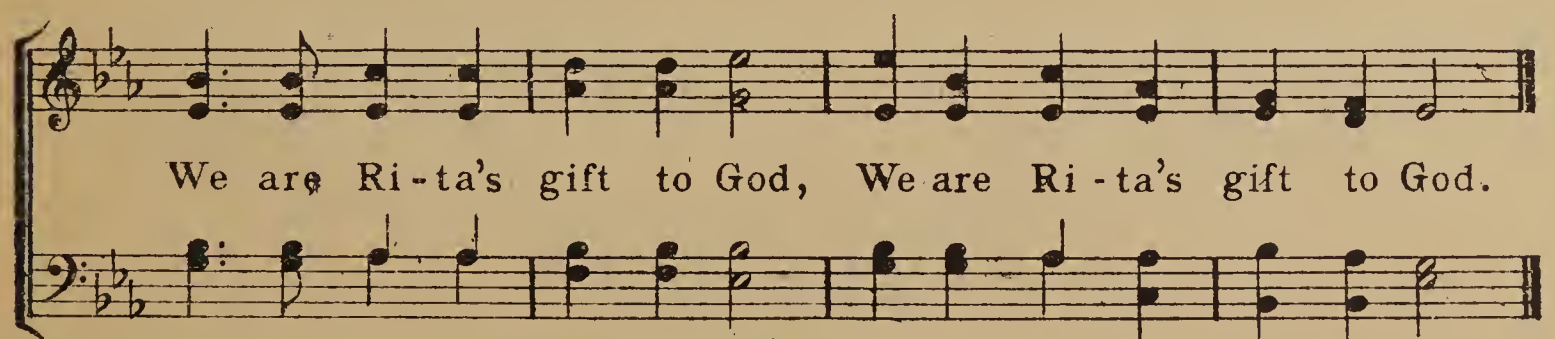
CHORUS



Now we live for God a - lone.
 We shall safe - ly run the race. Help in Ma - ry!
 Dear - est Saint, and leave us there.



Joy in Je - sus! Sin and Self no more shall please,



We are Ri-ta's gift to God, We are Ri-ta's gift to God.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

135 JACOPONE da TODI (d. 1306) (SEQUENCE)

Traditional

1. *p* Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ró - sa Ju - xta cru - cem
 2. Cu - jus á - ni - mam ge - mén - tem, Con - tri - stá - tam,
 3. O quam tri - stis et af - flí - cta Fu - it il - la

la - cry - mó - sa, Dum pen - dé - bat Fí - li - us.
 et do - lén - tem, Per - trans - í - vit glá - di - us.
 be - ne - dí - cta Ma - ter U - ni - gé - ni - ti!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 4. Quæ moerébat, et dolébat,
Pia Mater dum vidébat
Nati poenas inclyti. | 12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide. |
| 5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplicio? | 13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec ego víxero. |
| 6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Filio? | 14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In planctu desídero. |
| 7. Pro peccátis suæ géntis
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllis subditum. | 15. Virgo vírginum præclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere. |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum. | 16. Fac, ut portem Christi mortem
Passiónis fac consortem,
Et plagas recólere. |
| 9. Eia Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | 17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me cruce inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii. |
| 10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam. | 18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judícii. |
| 11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide. | 19. <i>f</i> Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
<i>cres.</i> Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victoriæ. |
| 20. <i>ff</i> Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac, ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. | |

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

136

Vesperas

Vatican Version



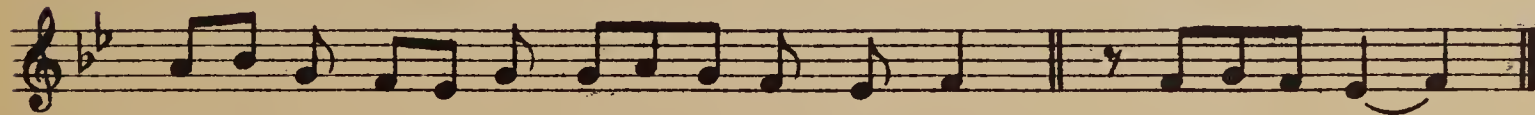
1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spí - ri - tus,
2. Qui dí - ce - ris Pa - rá - cli - tus,
3. Tu se - pti - fór - mis mú - ne - re,
4. Ac - cén - de lu - men sén - si - bus,
5. Ho - stem re - pél - las lón - gi - us,
6. Per te sci - á - mus da Pa - trem,
7. De - o Pa - tri sit gló - ri - a,



1. Men - tes tu - ó - rum ví - si - ta:
2. Al - tís - si - mi do - num De - í,
3. Dí - gi - tus pa - tér - næ déx - te - ræ,
4. In - fún - de a - mo - rem cór - di - bus,
5. Pa - cém - que do - nes pró - ti - nus:
6. No - scá - mus at - que Fí - li - um,
7. Et Fí - li o, qui a mór - tu - is



1. Im - ple su - pér - na grá - ti - a
2. Fons vi - vus, i - gnis, cá - ri - tas,
3. Tu ri - te pro - mís - sum Pa - tris,
4. In - fír - ma no - stri cór - po - ris
5. Du - ctó - re sic te præ - vi - o,
6. Te - que u - tri - ús - que Spí - ri - tum
7. Sur - ré - xit, ac Pa - ra - cli - to,



1. Quæ tu cre - á - sti pé - cto - ra.
2. Et spi - ri - tá - lis ún - cti - o.
3. Ser - mó - ne di - tans gút - tu - ra.
4. Vir - tú - te fir - mans pér - pe - ti.
5. Vi - té - mus o - mne nó - xi - um.
6. Cre - dá - mus o - mni tém - po - re.
7. In sæ - cu - ló - rum sæ - cu - la. A - men.

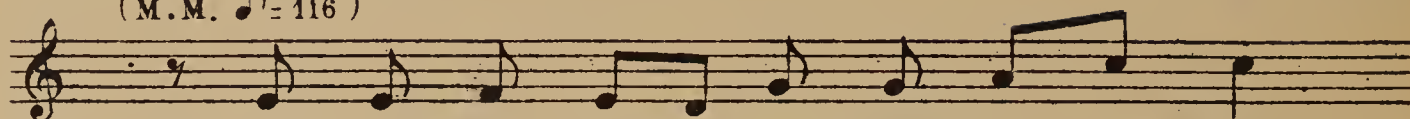
PANGE LINGUA

137

St. THOMAS AQUINAS (CORPUS CHRISTI)

Vatican Version

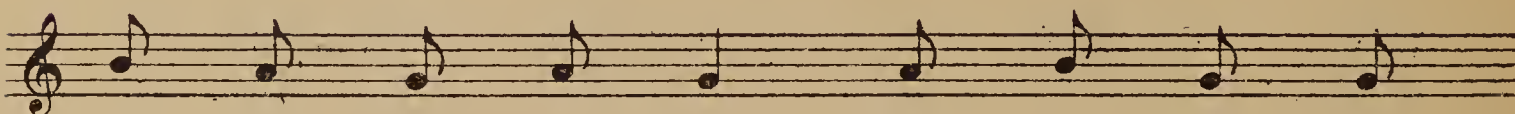
(M.M. ♩ = 116)



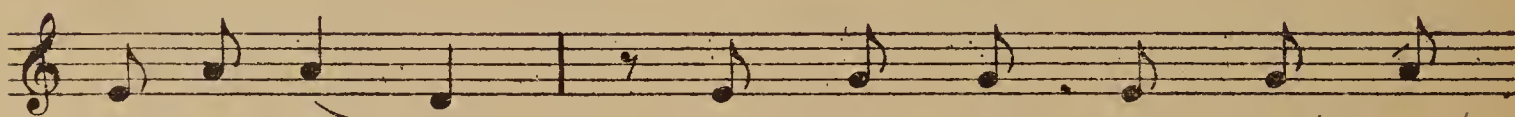
- | | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|----------------------|-----------|
| 1. Pán - ge | lin - gua | glo - ri - ó | - si |
| 2. Nó - bis | dá - tus, | nó - bis | ná - tus |
| 3. In | su - pré - mae | nó - cte | coé - nae |
| 4. Ver - bum | cá - ro, | pá - nem | vé - rum |
| 5. Tán - tum | er - go | Sa - cra - mén - tum | |
| 6. Ge - ni - tó - ri, | | Ge - ni - tó - que | |



- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Cór - po - ris | my - sté - ri - um, | San - gui - nis - |
| 2. Ex | in - tá - cta | Vír - gi - ne, |
| 3. Re - cúm - bens | cum | frá - tri - bus, |
| 4. Ver - bo | cár - nem | éf - fi - cit: |
| 5. Ve - ne - ré | mur | cér - nu - i: |
| 6. Laus | et | ju - bi - lá - ti - o, |
| | | Et in mún - |
| | | Ob - ser - vá - |
| | | Fít - que sán - |
| | | Et an - tí - |
| | | Sá - lus, hó - |



- | | | | | |
|---------|-----------------------|-----------|----------|--------------|
| 1. que | pre - ti - o - si, | Quem | in | mún - di |
| 2. do | con - ver - sa - tus, | Spar | so | vér - bi |
| 3. ta | lé - ge - ple - ne | Ci | bis | in - le - |
| 4. guis | Chrí - sti | me - rum, | Et | si sén - sus |
| 5. quum | do - cu - men - tum | No - vo | cé - dat | |
| 6. nor, | vír - tus | quo - que | Sit | et be - ne - |



- | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. pré - ti - um | Frú - ctus | vén - tris | geh - ne - |
| 2. se - mi - ne, | Sú - i | mó - ras | in - co - |
| 3. ga - li - bus, | Cí - bum | tur - bae | du - o - |
| 4. de - fi - cit, | Ad | fir - man - dum | cor sin - |
| 5. ri - tu - i: | Praé - stet | fí - des | sup - ple - |
| 6. di - cti - o: | Pro - ce - | dén - ti | ab u - |



- | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. ro - si | Rex | ef - fu - dit | gen - ti - um. |
| 2. la - tus | Mi - ro | clau - sit | or - di - ne. |
| 3. de - nae | Se - dat | su - is | ma - ni - bus. |
| 4. ce - rum | So - la | fi - des | suf - fi - cit. |
| 5. men - tum | Sen - su - um | de - fe - ctu - i. | |
| 6. tro - que | Com - par | sit | lau - da - ti - o. A - men. |

PLEA FOR GOD'S MERCY (PENITENTIAL)

Usually sung before the Miserere Mei (Ps. 50)
Also before Laudate Dominum (instead of Adoremus) during LENT

138

PARCE DOMINE

GREGORIAN

Pa-rce Do-mi-ne, pa-rce po-pu-lo tu-o:

Ne in ae-te-rnum i-ra-sca-ris no-bis.

139

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

Rev. J.E. TURNER, C.S.B.

1. O sa-lu-ta-ris Ho-sti-a, Quæ cœ-li pan-dis
2. U-ni tri-no-que Do-mi-no, Sit sem-pi-ter-na

o-sti-um: Bel-la pre-munt ho-sti-li-a Da
glo-ri-a, Qui vi-tam si-ne ter-mi-no No-

ro-bur, fer au-xi-li-um. bis do-net in pa-tri-a. *p Organ* A-men.

*The following group of Benediction Hymns may be obtained separately -
McLaughlin & Reilly Co., Edition No. 215

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

140

Andante

L. van BEETHOVEN

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a,
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no,

Quæ coe - li pa - ndis O - sti - um: Bel
Sit se - mpi - te - rna glo - ri - a, Qui

la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da
vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no No -

ro - bur fer - au - xi - li - um.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

141

Rev. J. E. TURNER, O. S. B.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quæ
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no, Sit

coe - li pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre -
sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam

munt ho sti - li - a Da ro - bur fer au -
si - ne ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in

xi - li - um. A - men.
pa - tri - a. *p Organ*

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

142

Adagio

C.E.MILLER

pp con espress.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti -
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi -

a, Quæ coe - li - pān - dis o - sti -
no, Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri -

um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li -
a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi -

a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS

W. J. MARSH

Slowly

p

1. O Sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a,
2. U ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no,

cresc. *f*

Quæ coe - li - pan - dis o - sti - um: Bei - la pre - munt ho -
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

p

sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
ter - mi - no, No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS

W. J. MARSH

Moderato

1. O Sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quæ coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no, Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre-munt ho - sti - li - a, Da
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no, No

ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
bis do - net in pa - tri a.

145

O SALUTARIS

Adagio

W. J. MARSH

p
1. O Sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae
2. U ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no, Sit

f
coe - li pan-dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre-munt ho -
sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi tam si - ne

p
sti - li - a, Da ro - bur fer au - xi - li - um.
ter - mi - no, No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS

Andante

W. J. MARSH

pp

1. O Sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a,
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no,

Quae coe - li - pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho -
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

sti - li - a, Da ro - bur fer au - xi - li - um.
ter - mi - no, No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

TANTUM ERGO

H. C. NIXON

Andante

1. Ta - ntum er - go Sa - cra - me - ntum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et

più f
 re mur ce - rnu - i: Et an - ti - quum do - cu -
 ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vi - rtus

me - ntum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i; Præ - stet
 quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o: Pro - ce -

fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu -
 de - nti ab u - tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti -

i, Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
 o, Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - men

TANTUM ERGO

H. O'C. HEWETT

1. Ta - ntum er - go Sa - cra - me - ntum
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que

Ve - ne - re - mur ce - rnu - i: Et an - ti - quum
Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor,

do - cu - me - ntum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i;
vi - rtus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o:

Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
Pro - ce - de - nti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

TANTUM ERGO

C. E. MILLER

1. Ta - ntum er - go Sa - cra - me - ntum
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que

Ve - ne - re - mur ce - rnu - i: Et an - ti - quum
Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor,

do - cū - me - ntum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i;
vi - rtus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o:

Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
Pro - ce - de - nti ab u - tro - que

Ped.obb.

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

TANTUM ERGO

Rev. J. E. TURNER, O.S.B.

1. Ta - ntum er - go Sa - cra - me - ntum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et

re - mur ce - rnu - i: — Et an - ti - quum do - cu -
 ju - bi - la - ti - o, — Sa - lus, ho - nor, vi - rtus

me - ntum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i;
 quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o: Organ

Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
 Pro - ce - de - nti ab u - tro - que

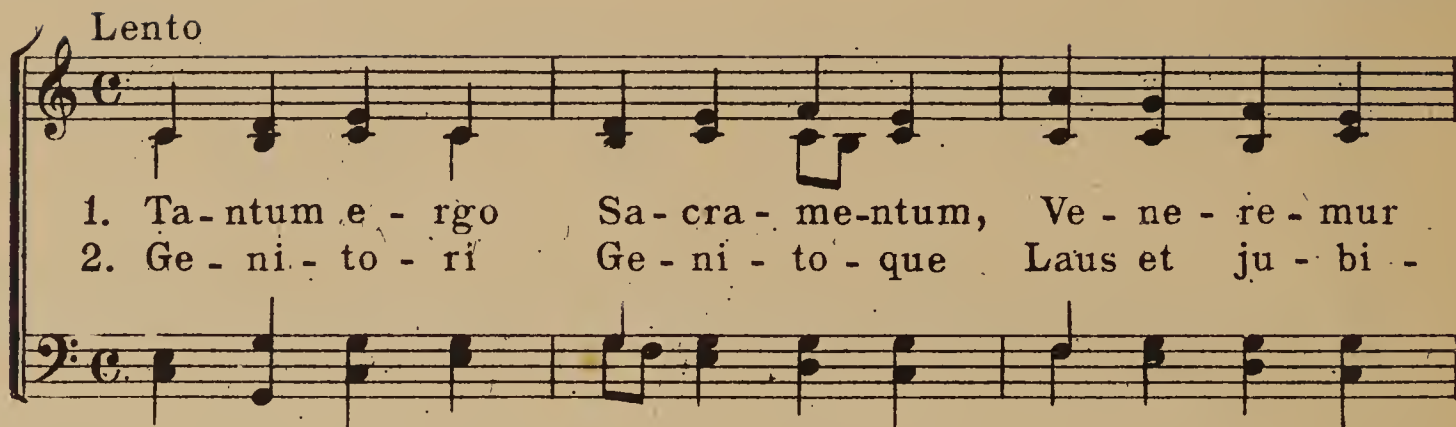
Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i
 Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

TANTUM ERGO

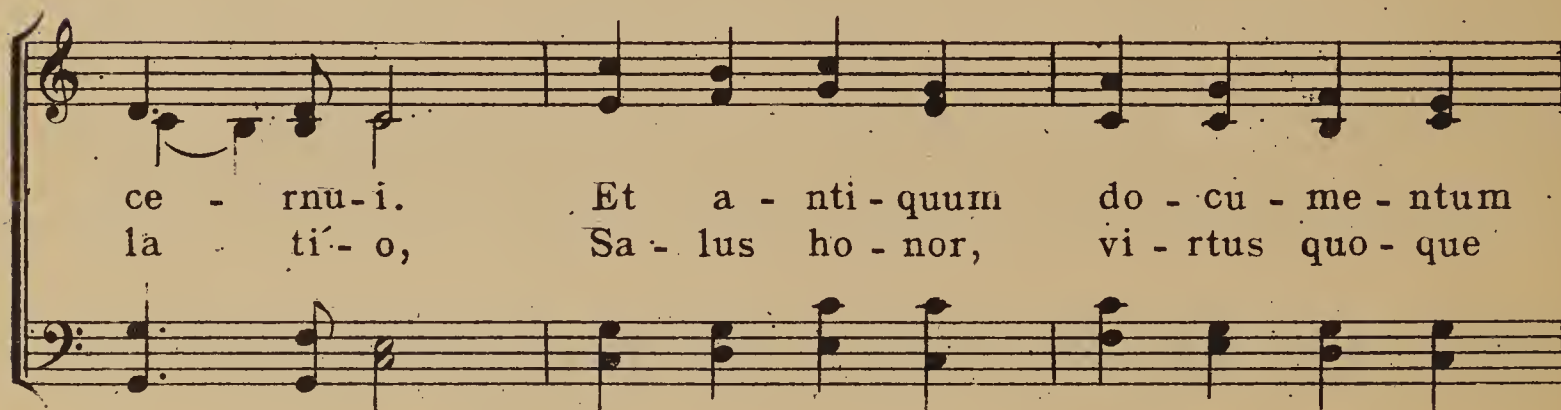
151

S. WEBBE

Lento



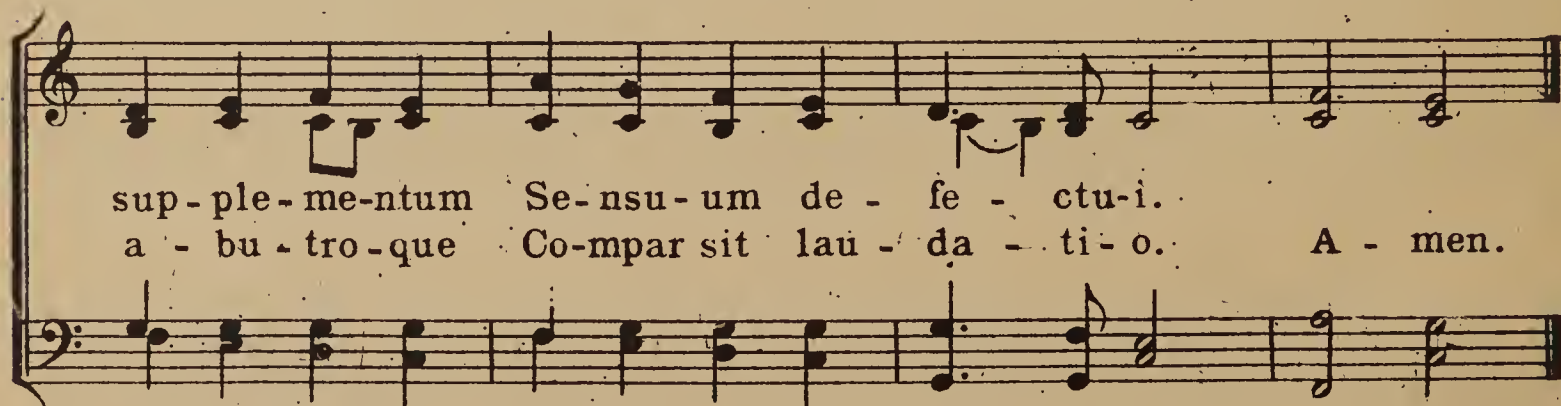
1. Ta - ntum e - rgo Sa - cra - me - ntum, Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi -



ce - rnu - i. Et a - nti - quum do - cu - me - ntum
la - ti - o, Sa - lus ho - nor, vi - rtus quo - que



No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i. Prae - stet fi - des
Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o. Pro - ce - de - nti.



sup - ple - me - ntum Se - nsu - um de - fe - ctu - i.
a - bu - tro - que Co - mpar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

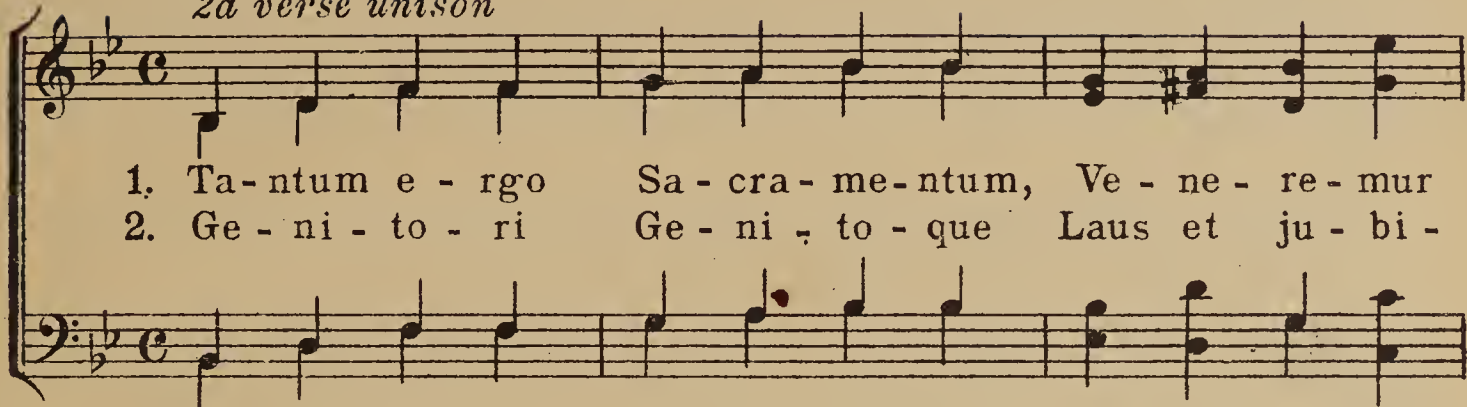
TANTUM ERGO

152

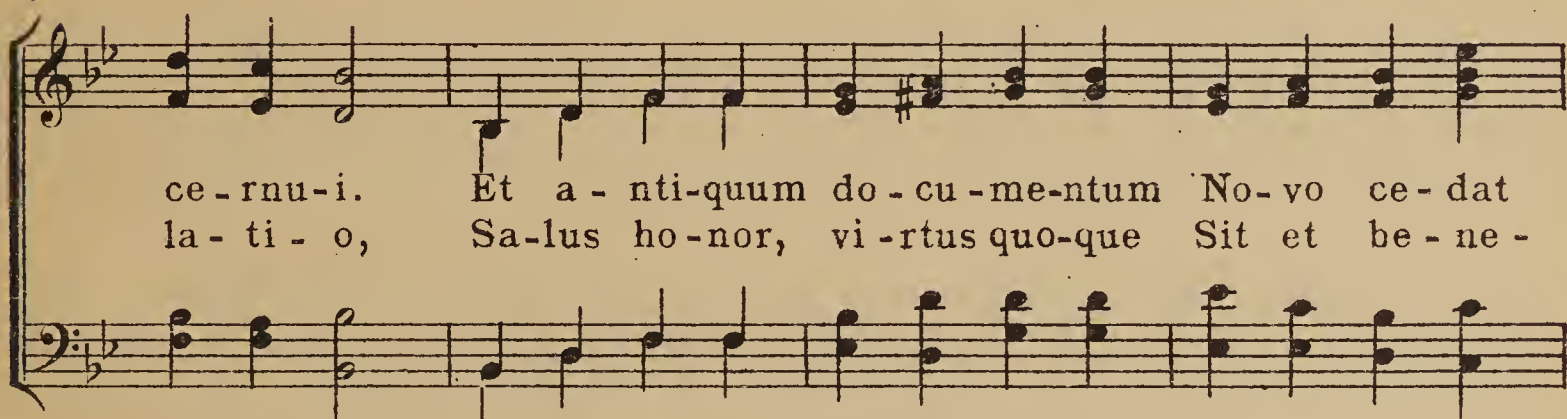
Moderato

W. J. MARSH

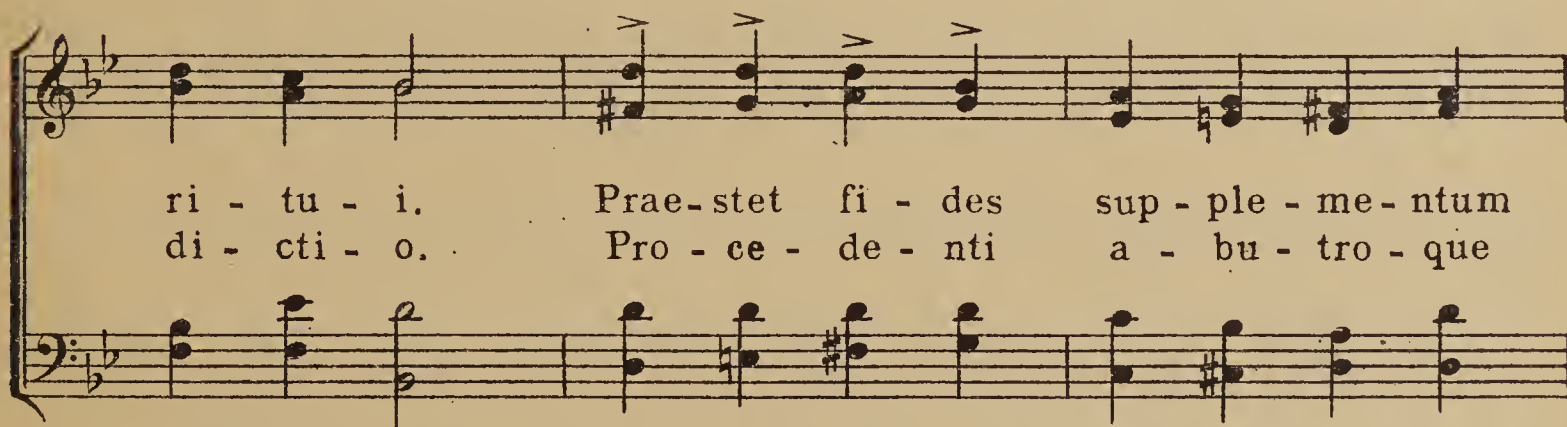
2d verse unison



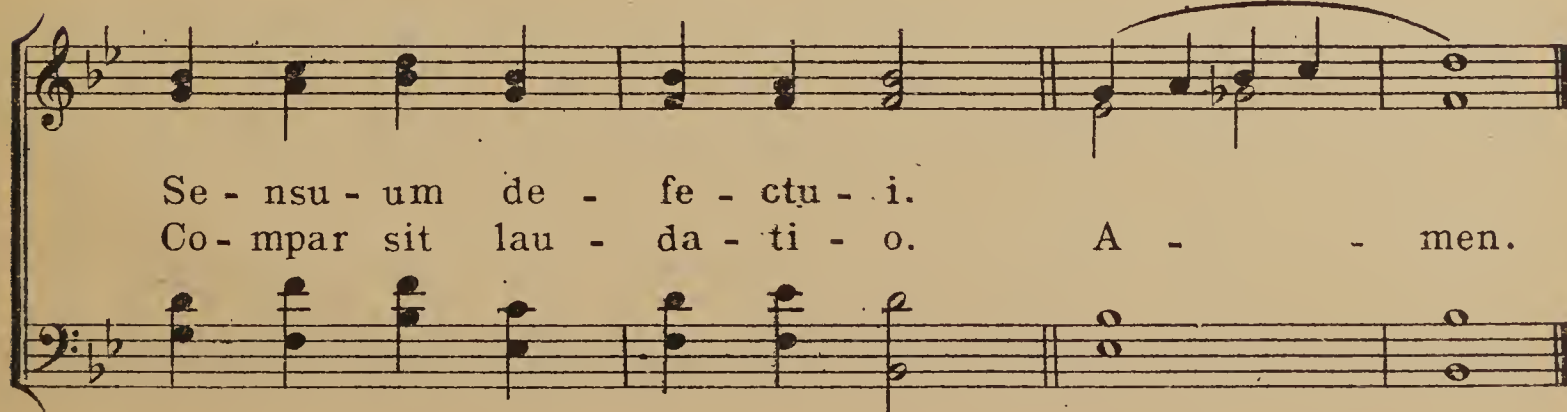
1. Ta - ntum e - rgo Sa - cra - me - ntum, Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi -



ce - rnu - i. Et a - nti - quum do - cu - me - ntum No - vo ce - dat
la - ti - o, Sa - lus ho - nor, vi - rtus quo - que Sit et be - ne -



ri - tu - i. Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
di - cti - o. Pro - ce - de - nti a - bu - tro - que



Se - nsu - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Co - mpar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - - men.

TANTUM ERGO

153

W. J. MARSH

Con moto

1. Ta - ntum e - rgo, Sa - cra - me - ntum, Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que; Laus et

re - mur ce - rnu - i. Et a - nti - quum
 ju - bi - la - ti - o. Sa - lus, ho - nor,

do - cu - me - ntum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu -
 vi - rtus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti -

i. Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
 o. Pro - ce - de - nti a - bu - tro - que

Slower

Se - nsu - um de - fe - ctu - i.
 Co - mpar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - men.

TANTUM ERGO

154

Rev. J. C. STANDISH

Unison

1. Ta - ntum e - rgo, Sa - cra - me - ntum, Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - que, Laus et ju - bi -

ce - rnu-i. Et a - nti-quum do - cu-me-ntum No - vo ce - dat
la - ti - o. Sa-lus, ho - nor, vi - rtus quo-que Sit et be - ne -

ri - tu - i. Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - me - ntum
di - cti - o. Pro - ce - de - nti a - bu - tro - que

Se - nsu - um de - fe - ctu - i. 2. Ge - ni - to - ri, A - men.
Co - mpar sit lau - da - ti - o.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

155

DUGUET (1780)

Moderato

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit

coe - li pa - ndis o - sti - um; Bel -
se - mpi - te - rna glo - ri - a, Qui

la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da
vi - tam si - ne te - rmi - no No -

ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um. A - - - men.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

